

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. XXXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

NO. 5.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In a recent interview with James Creelman, Count Tolstoi said of the United States:—

"America has lost her youth; her hair is gray; she is becoming senile. . . . A nation whose ideals have perished almost in a generation. . . . You produce nothing but rich men. . . . America is a nation absorbed in the pursuit of money."

To this, Count Tolstoi's charge, America must answer that it would be impossible to formulate a more superficial view of the conditions thus far developed by the American Republic. So far from money controlling the trend of affairs in the United States, the men who are immersed in the large financial transactions occupy themselves exclusively with Wall Street affairs, and play no part either in the delay or advance of the greater problems which are here being worked out with a rapidity and upon a scale never dreamed of in the history of any state of any previous time.

That our financiers believe they are controlling political events, I do not doubt. But because they control many individuals who in turn seem to control Senates and Houses of Representatives, both State and National, it must not be lost sight of that there is a public opinion which must be reckoned with, which overawes all selfish aims when they become of sufficient importance, and which, in a steady march across the continent, takes up in turn such apparently hopeless problems as the utterly corrupt municipal affairs of New York, of Pittsburg, of Minneapolis, and of St. Louis; and in these cities, one by one, brings order out of anarchy, puts felons in the penitentiary, and awakens a vast public conscience.

This public opinion, as will presently be explained, is not a haphazard throb, but the irresistible force of a hundred thousand brains, mentally equipped to deal with every kind of public wrong.

From a few hundred in 1850 the number of these capable, just-minded, determined citizens has grown to a hundred thousand in 1903, with a million more behind them, supporting the conclusions which they reach in behalf of the public weal.

There is no sort of financial interest which can control this body of thoughtful, earnest men. These have long since learned the status of the press, recognizing that portion which is disinterested, that portion which is under control for money, and that part which is guided by desire for social or political preferment. Talk with them in Boston, in Chicago, in St. Louis, or in San Francisco, and you find the sentiment very much the same: everywhere a fairly clear understanding as to men and motives: everywhere an earnest determination that the republican form of government shall advance toward its highest ideals.

Count Tolstoi, standing amidst the conditions which bind unfortunate Russia, can not measure in any way the progress of the American Republic. No wonder he is a pessimist, when so many Americans fail to understand. Our own press is filled with pages regarding trusts, telling of financial gambling, hopeless of the Republic, because of wrong-doing brought to light, and indicating that the American people have gone money-mad.

It is only those in the arena who can note the rapid strides toward right thinking and right action. How the body of earnest thought gets behind every opportunity to advance public interest and public honesty, and boosts it forward, until the public conscience occupies a vantage-ground

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

far in advance of previous thought ; gets behind a man like Roosevelt, well recognized in his strength and littlenesses and his somewhat hesitating integrity, and shouts encouragement for him to do right, until, strengthened by the public clamor—fortunately at the same time antagonized by the dangerous elements—he does that which is important for the public good.

There is exposure of petty stealing in the Post-office Department. It is the eruption which is Nature's healing process. It is the sign that the corruption is being eliminated from the system.

Count Leo Tolstoi, preparing to die after a life of useful thought, not always true, but always sincere, may carry with him the hope that on this western continent is being built the ideal republic of the world.

He fears its decadence. Here are the signs of its steady upbuilding:—conditions in the Continental Republic in the year 1903:—

I. Religious animosities have entirely disappeared.

II. The Republic is recognized, not as a perfect plan, but as an evolution ; with conditions hourly becoming better understood, and a wide-spread sentiment in favor of what is truest and best ; and ever-repeated efforts to improve and build upon lines benefiting the great mass of humanity.

III. Knowledge through books being spread everywhere : libraries in every town : books in every home. Over and above the general advance in the use of books, two great movements at work—public libraries being founded by Carnegie and others ; an organization for putting the best books in every home, at an almost nominal price, worked out by the genius of an individual, Seymour Eaton.

IV. Public schools and State colleges being perfected in every section.

V. True education taking the place of the pretended and the fictitious ; science being substituted for the dead languages ; text-books multiplying, teaching of man's own self and his surroundings—his health, his mental qualifications, his opportunities for happiness, his duties to his fellow men.

VI. A just estimate of the duties of the public servant and the ethics of his position is rapidly spreading, even to the remotest communities.

VII. Laws are being hourly reformed and more equitably enforced. Women as well as men receive fair treatment. Higher conceptions of justice prevail.

VIII. Great organisms of capital, attracted by the ease with which combinations may be made, are showing the economy in the single direction of large affairs, and how organization saves waste.

Do the American people fear these combinations ? Not in the least. When their lesson has been taught, more advanced conceptions of the public interest will prevail, and the problems which now seem so threatening will be solved, as much by the anxiety of those who have achieved these combinations, as by public desire.

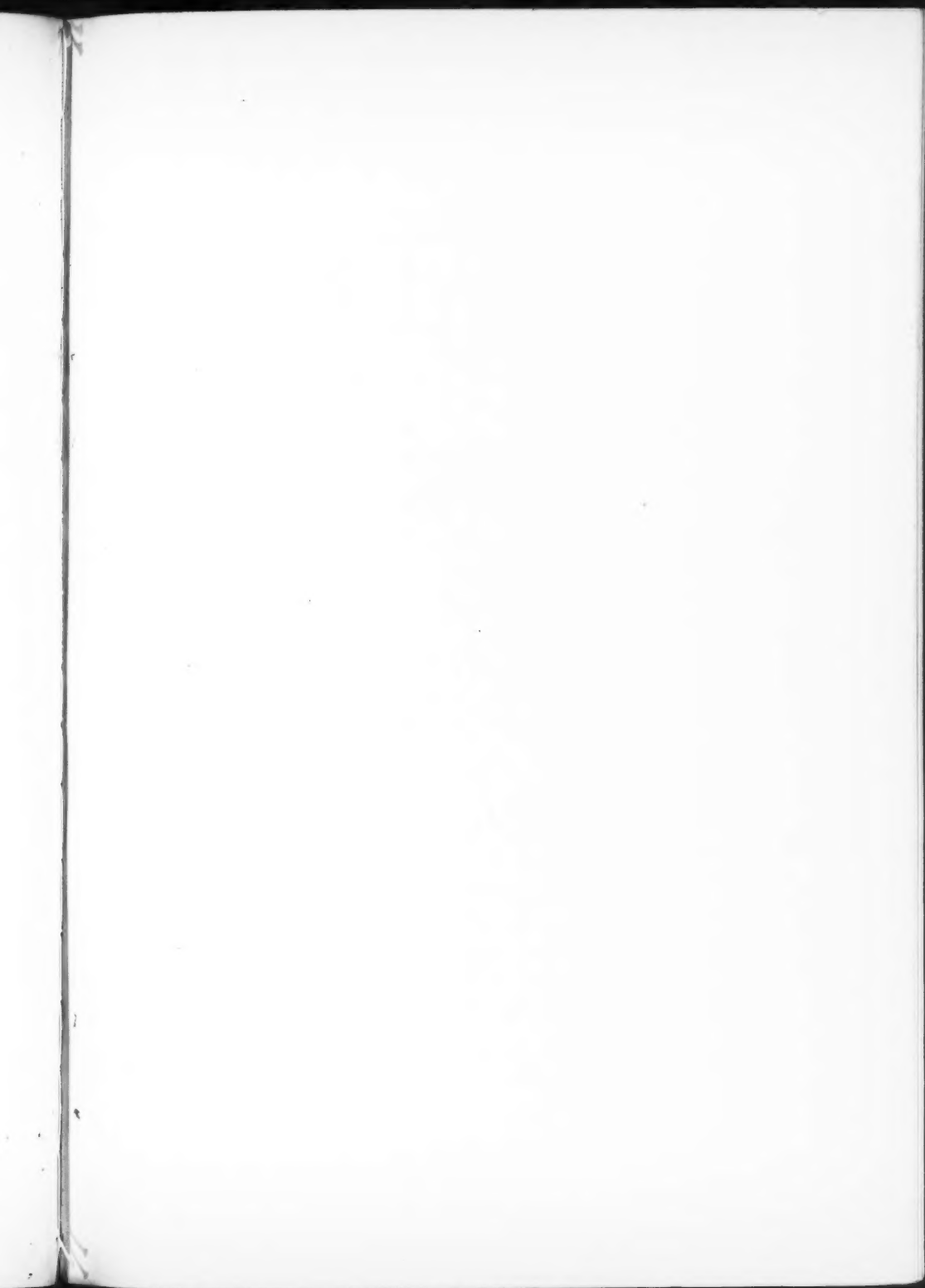
IX. Lastly, the man of just mind, of earnest intentions, of determined hand, and fearless in public action, is growing. In 1850 he could almost be numbered upon one's fingers and toes. Free books and cheap magazines have taught him ; every great public tumult has educated him. To-day he numbers a hundred thousand minds, as clear of vision as the few dozens of 1850. By 1920, the hundred thousand will be a million.

But even to-day he is in every community, and is invincible. The quiet undertone that has naught to do with financial problems or with greed, emanates from him. He has become so powerful that politicians recognize his subtle, irresistible influence.

No, Count Tolstoi ! Americans do not despair of their republic.

It is true that a few great aggregations of capital are eating up all the rest, and producing such momentous consequences in the wake of their operations that the danger seems of the most imminent character.

But, even while this is going on, the solution is being worked out by those who have the welfare of the Republic at heart, and the change will be easy and without physical disturbance, to a new and higher plane of public and business morality.





Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill.

"IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT THEY FELL IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER."
(See page 222.)

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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OFF FOR EUROPE.

SUMMER TYPES OF MEN AND WOMEN.

BY RAFFORD PYKE.

IF a student of national character should wish to understand the American people, he ought to look for his typical specimens in summer. In this way he will save an immense amount of time in travel; for during nine months of the year the observer has to go to his subjects. During the three summer months they come to him.

In June the regular structure of American life is wholly broken up. Vacation has become a fetish with pretty nearly seventy millions of human beings; and vacation means migration. Fifty years ago, a very few wealthy persons left the cities for a week or two in summer. Now everybody goes somewhere. It is not so much a desire for rest that moves them as a desire for change. The dwellers in town seek the country naturally enough; but the dwellers in the country also shift about. Those

from the mountains go to the seashore; those from the seashore visit the mountains. Eastern people rush to the West, western people stream eastward, Southerners come north. It is a national hegira, a flux of population, a craze for change. The interesting feature of it is that during the three months of this extraordinary *bouleversement*, all sorts of interesting and peculiar types of men and women may be found, not isolated and in their own natural haunts, but collected together in a few popular centers of summer life. Just as the person who sits day after day in a particular chair of a particular café on the Place de l'Opéra in Paris will in time see everybody of importance in the world pass by him, so the student of humanity by distributing his twelve weeks of summer among half a dozen wisely selected places can witness the whole panorama of American life. When

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"IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT THEY FELL IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER."
(See page 482.)

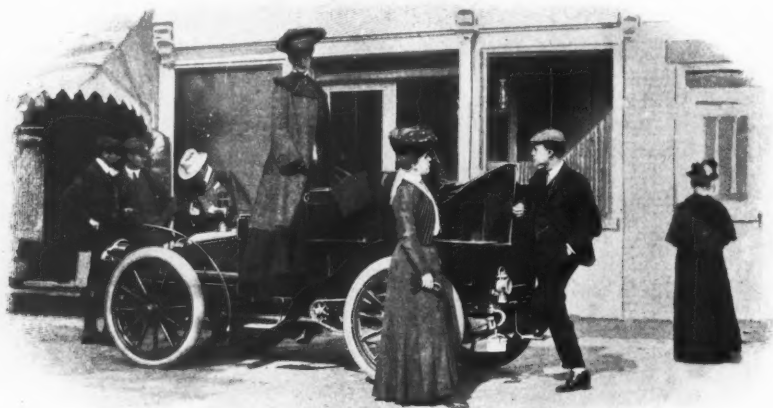
Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill.

September comes, everything will fly back into its proper place. The Californian will return to California, the Denverite to Denver, the Bostonian to Boston; and when you ensconce yourself in the flower-banked veranda of a sumptuous hotel, you will no longer have to wonder whether the engaging youth who inhales the smoke of a cigarette beside you is as opulent as he looks or whether he is a broker's clerk "putting on a front" for the brief period of his outing.

After the first frost has arrived, you must search for your specimens all over the million square miles of the United States. In summer they are at hand, and flung indiscriminately before you, in a tantalizing bewilderment of riches—East, West, North and South, men and women and girls and boys, all stung by that strange summer sensation which I may venture to describe as *æstivitis*. Now the chief characteristic of *æstivitis* is a disregard for conventionality. This is crystallized in a popular phrase, "Everything goes in summer." Everything, in fact, does "go." *Æstivitis* is the aftermath of spring—the child of those delicious days when Nature calls so softly yet so persistently, when work becomes a burden, when the formalities of life exasperate, when the most ingenious efforts of the practised entertainer pall, when everything that is usual grows stale. Deep down

in the obscurest adyta of the human consciousness there dwells an instinct which centuries upon centuries of civilization have only partially repressed and which is an inheritance from the primeval days of man's long infancy, when he lay upon the green breast of the earth, and had as yet no guide save the leading and luring of desire. It is an elemental instinct, and it thrills into active life at Nature's vernal call. No one has yet grown old who still can hear this penetrating call, a summons to throw off restraint, to return once more to the mystery of the woods and the music of the waters, to spurn the artificial, to set one's heel upon convention, to be free and joyous and untrameled. It is the revolt of Nature against Art; it is the revenge of Nature upon Art. It explains the effect of summer which deepens the note that sounds in spring, and, with its languorous heats, relaxes and enervates the will. And so the key to life in summer is a sense of careless freedom, of irresponsibility, of something that resembles lawlessness. Not that this lawlessness goes very far. The structure of society could not be seriously shaken every year and then made strong again. And so we see only a general relaxation of the bonds of custom rather than their breaking—a tendency rather than a consummation.

But look where you will, and you shall see in everything the evidences of a freer life.



A HOUSE-PARTY DIVERSION.



IN COACHING-WEATHER.

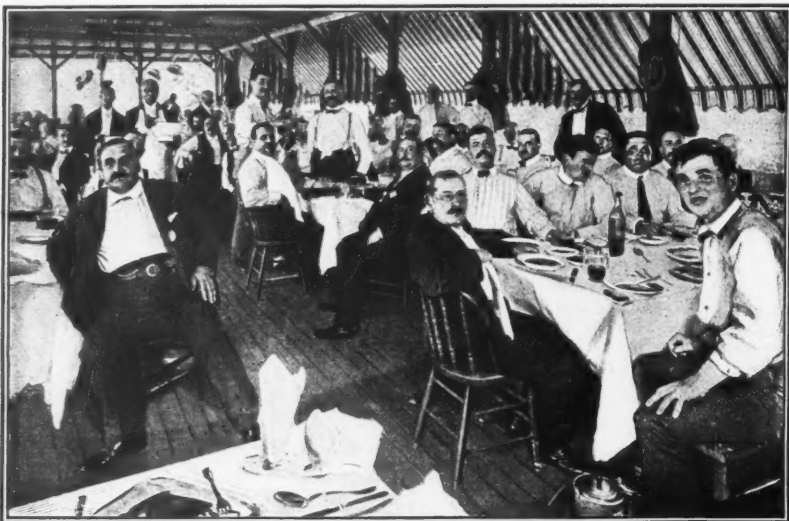
One finds them even in the town; for to the instructed eye the touch of summer has transformed the life of the great city. Down its great avenues that are like tracks of fire under the pitiless sun, there rolls an endless line of carriages. A drowsiness and torpor seem to have settled down upon the street, and only sheer necessity sends back and forth the slowly moving vans and the cabs which crawl like flies from place to place. Yet humanity is much in evidence. Groups halt before the shop-windows on the shady side of the great business thoroughfares. The roof of every stage is full of men and women. But they are not the men and women whose life is passed in cities. The high-pitched, nasal voices of the women, the awkward movements of the men, reveal their strangeness, even if they do not stare at every building which they pass, and make such comment as would stir the native resident to mirth. Excursionists, most of them teachers, country people, dwellers in winter months in distant, isolated little towns, they come for a few days or weeks to see the places and the sights of which they have read throughout the long evenings at home, and of which the memory will seem so wonderful in the evenings that are to come. They

acquire laboriously an extraordinary mass of misinformation. They listen to everything they hear. The men pretend to know, and the women reverently receive the knowledge and note it down. And they are lawless too, according to their own private definition of the word. They go in cable-cars through the most notorious of the city's slums, and look about them with trepidation and an awful blending of fear and hope, as they think that at almost any moment they may be witnesses of some dreadful crime. A shrieking drunkard in the hands of the police gives them indescribable sensations. The Chinese Quarter makes them feel that they have visited the Orient. A group of Italian women with bright colors setting off their swarthy faces as they chatter with a push-cart man is a brief glimpse of Naples or Palermo. And some of these pilgrims are more daring still. They recklessly absent themselves some evening from the roast-beef dinner at their boarding-house, and go forth to some Hungarian or French table d'hôte, where they eat atrociously cooked viands that are so "foreign." There is music, and the waiters bring them flasks of wine most curiously wrapped in straw. Of course, they do not drink the wine, but they have a stirring of

the heart that it should have been offered them. This is wild life indeed! And here are men all about them actually smoking! It will not do to tell of this when they get home in Jonesville or Jay's Corners. But the summer has stirred even their trammelled souls, and given them a sense of irresponsibility. And as the well-bred American girl will when abroad visit even Bruant's or the Jardin de Paris, so will some of the rural pilgrims ascend to a roof-garden, and witness, not without a shock, the performances of young women whose paucity of clothes and frankness of manner are quite in harmony with the season's influence.

There is a splash as of falling water, while soft music, exquisitely rendered, swells and dies away in a sensuous delight. The town is empty, is it? Yet the men who are luxuriously dining here to-night have familiar faces. They are not strangers, they are perfectly well-known. You can find them here and in like places in the winter, too. There is no mystery about them. They are the lights of the social world, the pillars of finance, the ornaments of the metropolis. Quite natural that they should be here when kept in town.

Of course, however, it is not in large cities that one finds the most interesting studies, but at the seaside and in the



AN OUTING ON THE JERSEY COAST.

But there are other evidences of the reign of summer than the presence of these unsophisticated strangers. Let us go to places of which the rural visitor has never heard, but which are familiar haunts to those who spend their lives within the city's gates. Glide upward in a smoothly running lift to the roof of a restaurant de luxe. It is night, and the place is suffused by the soft light of a thousand electric bulbs that glow like great jewels amid a mass of greenery. The perfectly appointed little tables, with their delicate napery, their crystal and silver, and their clusters of blossoms, are bowered among palms and tropical plants.

mountains, upon which streams of pleasure-seekers converge from every portion of the country. Of all the noted summer capitals, I take Atlantic City to be the most remarkable. Atlantic City is, indeed, unique. There is really nothing like it in the whole, wide world. If some foreigner of distinction—some curious investigator or peripatetic prince—were given over to me to guide to something extraordinary and vividly American, I should never take him to Niagara Falls or to the Brooklyn Bridge or to the Yosemite or to any other place or region of which Europeans have ever heard. I should hurry him at once to



THE HARBOR OF A YACHT-CLUB.

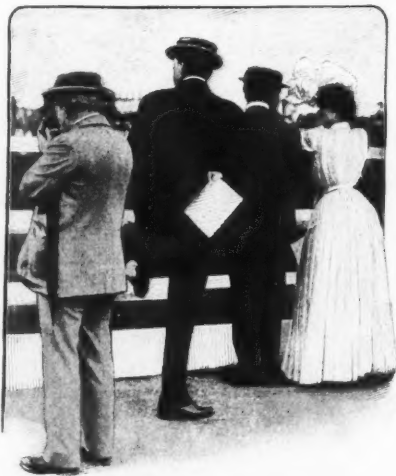


CRABMING ON THE SHREWSBURY RIVER.

Atlantic City in midsummer, with the assurance that he would experience for once a genuine sensation. Atlantic City is an eighth wonder of the world. It is overwhelming in its crudeness—barbaric, hideous and magnificent all at once. There is something colossal about its vulgarity, something fascinating in its kaleidoscopic multitudinousness. A glorious front of seashore extending unbrokenly for miles and miles along the majestic ocean; and then lining that superb sweep of coast, a frantic, fantastic lunatic's dream of peep-shows, cigar-shops, merry-go-rounds, bazaars, hotels, fortune-tellers' booths, Chinese laundries, theaters, barrooms and flower-stands—of every conceivable and inconceivable size and shape and color—blue, green, scarlet, gold and purple—smiling you in the eye beneath the brilliant sunshine, and making you gasp at the extravagant outrageousness of it all. And between this gaudy labyrinth and the sea runs seven miles of board walk crowded with forty thousand human beings, more or less, who roll along in basket chairs propelled by grinning negroes at every hour of the day and night. When darkness falls, then the whole place leaps out with a glare of electric light, until the entire coast seems to be a single sheet of fire. Huge piers thrust their noses far out into the ocean, and blazon forth, in flaring letters twenty feet long, the merits of Somebody's pickles and the virtues of Some-

body else's five-cent cigars. Brass bands crash discordantly into each other's tunes, scores of orchestras set to work in the different hotels and eating-places. Street-pianos plunk away unweariedly, and a dozen concert-halls send forth fragmentary bellowings that lend their seeming cries of agony to the universal din. It is infernal, astonishing and infinitely picturesque. No one can describe it; but if Rudyard Kipling should become insane, and at the height of his delirium write a poem about it, he might possibly convey a faint impression of what Atlantic City in summer is really like.

And the people who go there—the real summer crowd! Now there are many who sometimes visit Atlantic City, and there are those who often go there; but it is the ones who *must* go there and who couldn't possibly go anywhere else, that interest the scientific mind. They are persons whom one never in a lifetime would meet in any other place. They represent the strip of territory which runs indefinitely west from Philadelphia through Ohio and ends somewhere in the Mississippi Valley. The



AT THE GYMKHANA-RACES.



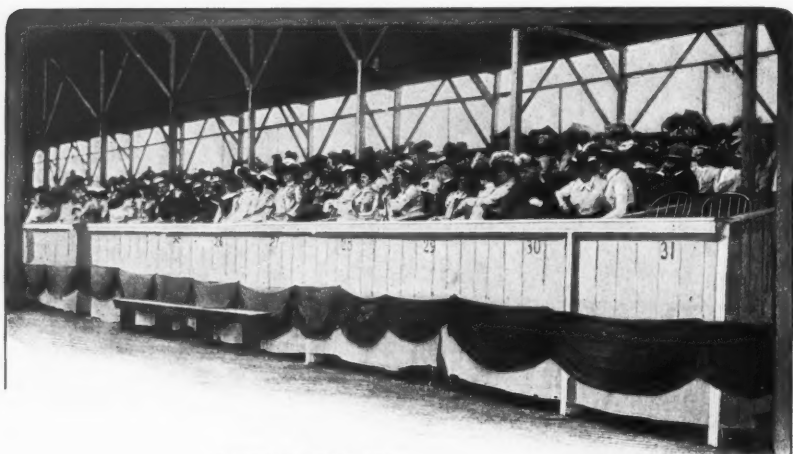
A TYPICAL SUMMER HOTEL.

men are mainly railroad men and manufacturers—not the great magnates, but their assistants and lieutenants. They have money in abundance without being vastly rich, and they come to Atlantic City in obedience to the curious summer instinct which I have already sufficiently defined. They know absolutely nothing outside the narrow limits of their own vocations. They never read a book, they rarely read a magazine, they only now and then look at a newspaper. They never think anything outside the subject of iron or coal or pork or wheat. They represent crass materialism in its most hopeless form; since they do not even know that there is any other life outside and beyond the life they live. They are a wonderful study, a truly fearful spectacle; they are the nether millstone upon whose flinty surface all the graces of life, all the ideality of existence are ground to atoms. They are incapable of even the enjoyment which they seek. But the glitter and music and bustle of Atlantic City stimulate them. And so they come here and sit in the stuccoed “grottoes,” and eat, and drink, and bully the waiters, and listen to the coon-songs that are played for them in one unending shriek of brass. A more joyless set of human beings you shall

nowhere find unless it be their womenkind, their wives and daughters who accompany them.

A curious lot of women, these. They have the self-repression of provincials, and they dress like princesses. Their day is nearly all devoted to their gowns, in changing which they spend much time, and in displaying which they occupy the rest. They talk but little; they do not often flirt. They know a great deal about milliners and manicures, and they are always superstitious; so that the thirty or forty palmists, wizards, soothsayers, and pseudo-Egyptians, whose stalls are found along the board walk, reap a fortune from them. Neither to them nor to the men they know do the days bring any genuine spontaneous pleasure. When the season ends, they feel that they have had a proper outing; and they go back to Altoona or Tonawanda or Chillicothe for another nine-months’ period of hibernation.

At Atlantic City, but more fairly represented at Cape May, and (by the survival of an old social tradition) at Saratoga, one finds another entirely different specimen—the Southern girl, or, if you please, the Southern woman. The Southern woman, so far as I know, has never been described



AN OPEN-AIR HORSE-SHOW.

from a psychological point of view. She is a frequent figure in romances, and the writers of romances always expatiate on her personal charms. How many novels, I wonder, have used the phrases "luxuriant, dark hair," "slumbrous eyes," "easy, indolent grace" and "soft, caressing voice, with a delicious Southern drawl?" At any rate, these descriptions are stereotyped, and they may be taken as true of the general type. But in the books, the Southern woman is made to act and speak and think precisely like any other kind of woman, except that in the more stirring stories she is supposed to be somewhat haughty and revengeful. Perhaps she is haughty and revengeful, but in the ordinary intercourse of life these two traits do not usually come to the surface. The most striking characteristics of the Southern woman, when one comes to sum them up, are three. First of all, the Southern woman is a man's woman, and not a woman's woman. In the second place, she is a self-confessed and confirmed coquette. And, finally, she is very elementary in both of these, so that she appeals more enduringly to boys who are elementary themselves, and to old men who find it refreshing to go back to elementary things.

Almost when she meets you, the Southern woman intimates that she has made innumerable conquests. She doesn't wait for you to find it out or to infer it from her

fascinations; but she tells you about it. You are permitted to assume, however, that she is not unwilling to break one more heart, and you are encouraged to offer yours for that purpose. It is evident from this that the Southern woman's talk is rather personal, and so it is. She practises all her fascinations on you. She assumes that you are humbly grateful to be ordered here and there. She wants to make you feel her moods, to be downcast at her displeasure, to exult at her graciousness—in short, to revolve about her as one of any number of attendant satellites. She will accept any amount of flattery, and she likes it in good, strong doses, with all the i's dotted and all the t's crossed; but she is not really impressed by it, and she takes it as her rightful due. In short, she is a coquette rather than a flirt; for in true *flirtage* there is much delicate shading and far less assumption.

The Western girl has no especial Eastern haunt in summer. She and her r may be heard almost anywhere. That Western r is a geographical curiosity. You begin to hear it in Northern and Middle New York. It is probably most intense and awful in Eastern Pennsylvania. It is softened a little in Ohio, but gains additional terrors in Illinois. All of Lilian Bell's heroines have it, I am sure. Then it gradually melts away as you go further westward, until, when you are out on the Pacific Slope, it

has entirely disappeared. Too much cannot be said about it; for it makes so many beautiful and accomplished women utterly impossible. And the pity of it! For Western women are so frank, such good comrades, and so finely American in the best sense, that it almost makes one weep to find so many of them incapable of uttering a sentence without setting one's teeth on edge.

Long Branch, which has begun to revive of late, is the home of the indolent. It is a place to be visited by every one, for it contains those extraordinary packing-box hotels which show in concrete form how

—are not to be found in any of these sophisticated haunts. Bar Harbor, Newport, Rye Beach, Saratoga, Cape May, Atlantic City—here, after all, the artificial is in the ascendent, despite of Nature. It is in the thousand little nooks and corners of the woods and mountains, that one finds what he is seeking. Little places where no one cares; where the sea murmurs or dashes on a rocky shore, where the forest's heart is full of fascinating vistas, where two can wander and be quite alone, where the twilight keeps its secrets well, and where the breath of the evening is full of



AT A ROOF-GARDEN RESTAURANT.

awful was American taste as late as the middle seventies. At that time, these great flimsy honeycombs of pine were supposed to be ornate and splendid structures, with their acres of Brussels carpet, and their blue and red and yellow furniture. Now you can pull pieces off them with your fingers, and they will presently be replaced by modern buildings. It is almost a pity, for they are so preternaturally hideous, and they are such an object-lesson for a study of the crude.

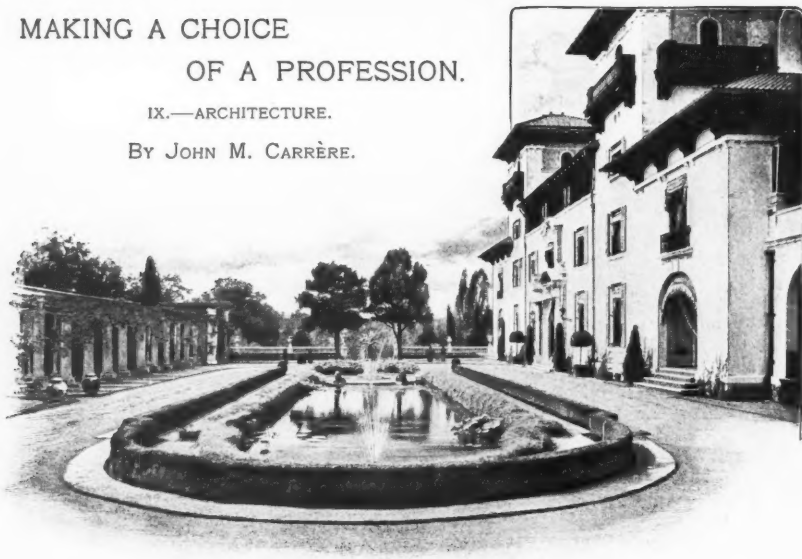
But perhaps the truest summer types—the types that in reality belong to summer

soft suggestion—it is here that the true summer types are found. And, after all, they are only human types—the clean-limbed, wholesome youth with his face tanned brown, and the frank-eyed, graceful girl who feels the mysterious influence of that companionship in the open air which is the most sure of all the *philtres d'amour* that human magic ever dreamed of. Why say any more? The summer comes and goes, and its sway is a sure one while it lasts—a story in which two have played a part, and which one of them remembers and the other one forgets.

MAKING A CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

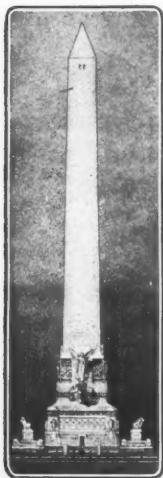
IX.—ARCHITECTURE.

By JOHN M. CARRÈRE.



LANDSCAPE WORK.

THE choice of a career is necessarily the turning-point in every man's life, and it is unfortunate that a decision upon which his own happiness and his usefulness to his fellow men so largely depends should have to be made when he is immature and unable to decide for himself, and when he is so impressionable that he is easily influenced by others, whose judgment is not always to be depended upon. This is especially true if a young man is intending to prepare himself for a professional life which is of necessity restricted in its field of action and its opportunities for ultimate success.



MONUMENTAL WORK.

In architecture, perhaps more than in any other profession, it is difficult for the would-be architect to decide wisely, because the nature of his studies and his duties in after-life are so complex that it is not only perplexing for him to secure a full realization of the obstacles

which he will have to overcome, but it is as hard for him or for his most intimate advisers to be sure that he is intellectually, temperamentally and physically qualified to make a good architect.

If he should intend to adopt the ministry, the law, medicine or engineering as a profession, or to follow a military or a naval career, or even if he were inclined to become a sculptor, painter or musician, his natural inclination toward any one of these careers would probably be well defined during his early life, and would have asserted itself during his school-days. If he were a thoughtful young man, and were approaching the subject seriously, he could, himself, or with the assistance of competent advisers, obtain a very complete idea of the profession which he was thinking of adopting—of its possibilities and limitations—and he would be in a position to decide with some certainty whether he was really fitted to undertake the task.

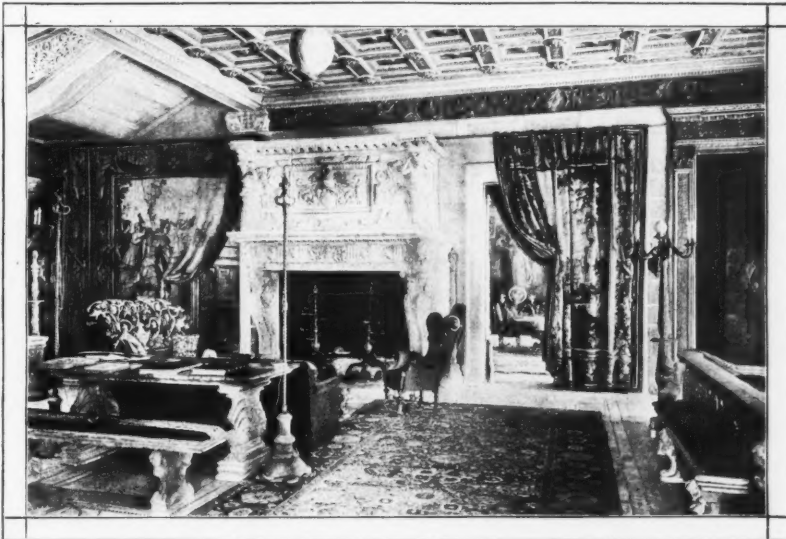
The choice becomes very much more difficult in the case of architecture because of the wide range of knowledge which he will have to acquire to become a master in his profession. During the course of his practise he will be confronted with problems of law, with problems of engineering in all of the various branches which enter

into a building, whether in matters of construction, heating, ventilation, sanitation, acoustics or other scientific problems. He will also be confronted with problems of color, mural decoration and sculpture, and, though he may not be called upon to solve any of these problems personally, he must be prepared to assist in their solution, and to be the guiding mind that will decide to what extent compromises, in any of these branches or in his architecture, will have to be made to bring them together harmoniously as one complete, useful and beautiful whole. In addition, however, to these problems, his knowledge of business will have to be sufficient to enable him to do justice to his



INTERIOR OF A BANK BUILDING.

client, whose money he is helping to invest, and to enable him also to manage his own office judiciously. In his relations to the contractors who will execute his work, he must possess sufficient judgment and experience to guide and direct, bearing in mind that each one of these men to whom he will have to issue



DOMESTIC WORK—HALL IN A NEW YORK RESIDENCE.



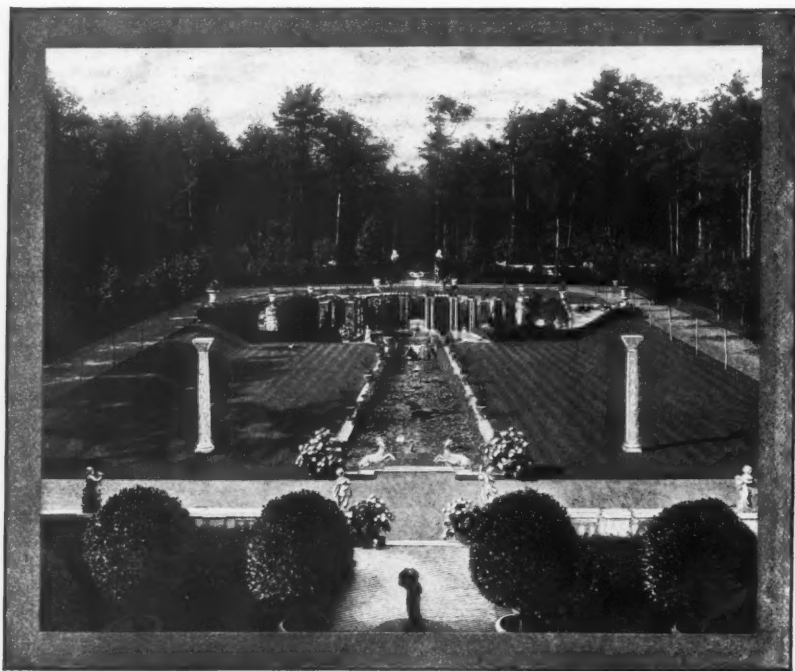
A SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE.

instructions are making a life-work of their specialty, and that most of them are unable to take into account the true relation of their work to the rest of the building. Their vision is limited to the execu-

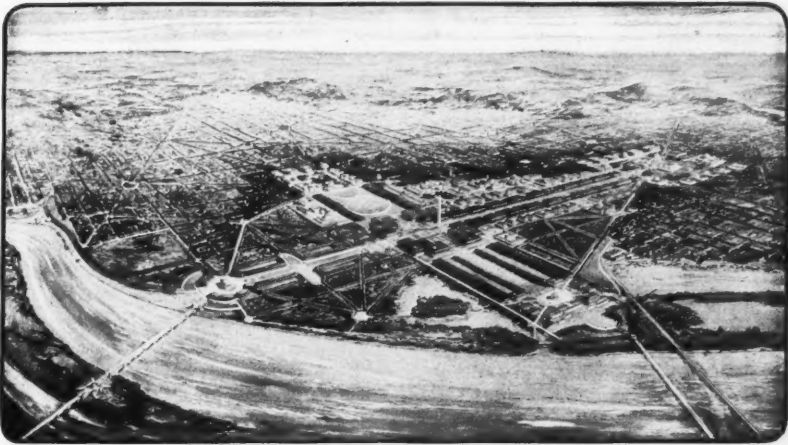
tion of their particular branch. The architect must therefore possess tact, in addition to knowledge and judgment, to enable him to obtain the confidence, not only of those who are working under him, but of those who are working with him, and for whom he is working, so that at all times they will be willing to listen to his advice. He must also be sufficiently pliable and reasonable, to be willing to receive advice and to modify his views, to adapt them to new conditions and to personal preferences, and still maintain the standard of excellence or the ideal for which he is striving.

But all of these considerations, however important they may be in their relation to the practise of architecture, are nevertheless subservient and secondary to the creative faculties which transform every structure, however useful and solid it may be, into a work of architecture, and, in its highest sense, a work of art.

When an architect is given a problem to solve, be it a residence, a commercial building or a public monument, his first duty is to become intimately acquainted



FORMAL GARDEN WITH FOREST BACKGROUND.



MUNICIPAL WORK—PLANNING FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF A CITY.

with every phase of his problem. The practical requirements must be fully understood and met in the solution of the problem, as the building would otherwise be without meaning; but the artistic conception—that is to say, the design in plan and

must be made to express these practical conditions which make the building necessary, in a manner that will be harmonious, beautiful, and a true expression of the ideals to be obtained.

His problem is similar to that existing in all creative work which consists in taking the conditions as they exist, and then expressing them in an idealized form; and the architect, to be an artist, must fully understand these conditions and be able to

idealize them. The difficulties of his task from this point of view are greatly increased by the fact that he is not dealing



EXPOSITION WORK.



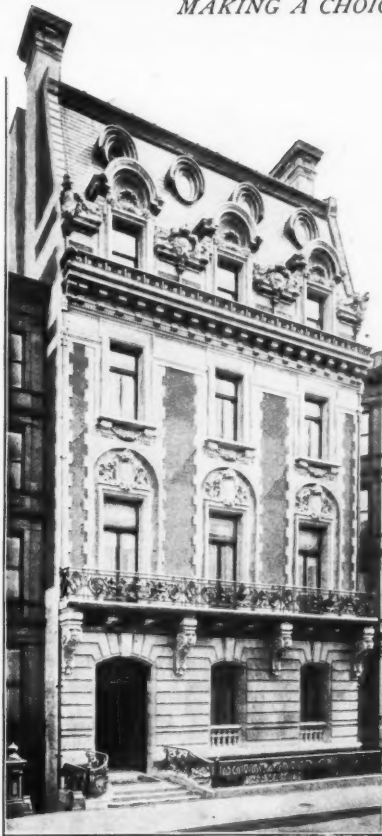
SEMI-PUBLIC WORK—A COMMERCIAL BUILDING.

with simple and direct problems, but that the solution of his problem is complicated by the many conditions surrounding it, and also by the fact that he is dependent on the work of others, working under his direction, to express his thought in the completed building.

The painter, the sculptor, the musician or the man of letters conceives and executes his work, and presents it to you in the finished form. The architect conceives it, with all its complexities, and must then depend upon others to execute it under his direction.

This brings us to a condition which is generally misunderstood—that the drawing which the architect produces is not the ultimate end which he is seeking, but is only the means toward that end, and when the drawing has been produced, its real purpose is to convey the architect's thought to others, and to enable them in turn to execute the work as an expression of that thought. The architect must be a draftsman, in order to express his thoughts according to the accepted methods, and it goes without saying it is most essential, if his imagination is not to be hindered, that he should be a facile draftsman.

When the architect has conceived his scheme, and has carried it through the preliminary process of study and development to the point where the drawing is completed and ready for execution, his work is only half done, and the fact that the second half of the work is to be done by proxy makes his share in it all the more important. His drawings, however complete, can only be partial expressions of the finished work, and, even with the greatest experience



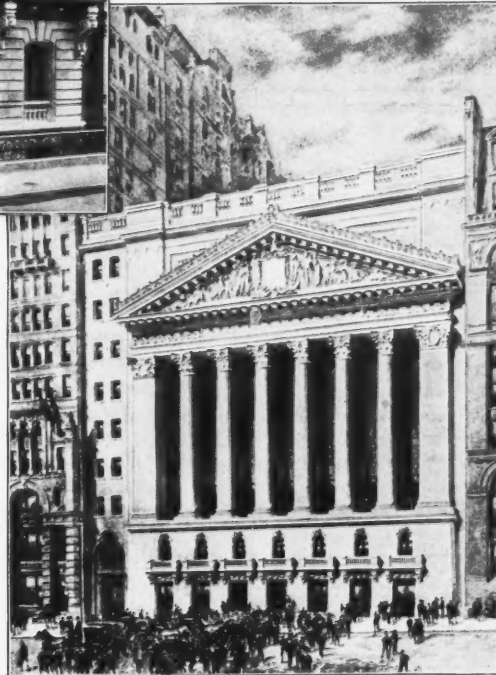
A CITY HOUSE.

and care, it is only by following the work from day to day, by modifying it as it progresses, to correct omissions or errors of judgment, that anything approaching perfection of design and execution can be obtained.

In the days of the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, the architect did less drawing. He was also the master builder. He probably did one thing at a time, and lived with it, and the very apt definition of an architect "as a modeler in materials" applies with special force to

his work. In his imagination, at least, he had the opportunity to mold his work, and to see it before him as the sculptor sees his clay, and to have intimate association with every phase of the work, its creation and actual execution. The fact that the problems in those days were very much simpler, and few in variety, made each successive building practically a restudy of the preceding one, which undoubtedly accounts for the Parthenon and other buildings of unsurpassed beauty. It also accounts for the wonderful and intricate structural developments of the Gothic period.

It is much to be regretted that the conditions under which we are building to-day make it impossible for an architect to follow his work as closely and as intimately as the Greek and Roman architects had an opportunity of doing. This is a misfortune which the architect should minimize as much as possible by devoting every



SEMI-PUBLIC BUILDING—A STOCK EXCHANGE.

moment of his time, even at the sacrifice of other considerations, to following the execution of his work.

Much of our modern work demonstrates the value of such supervision. We can daily see beautiful designs ruined in the execution, and indifferent designs made, not only bearable, but beautiful, because of the wonderful care, intelligence and art with which they have been executed.

In selecting architecture as a profession, it is therefore necessary that the would-be

When considered from the material point of view, or the possible profit to be made, the architect's opportunity of success is greatly increased by the very fact of the great variety of work within the range of architecture which presents itself for his selection, as he may develop efficiency in one of many directions, and by association with others may be able to meet every requirement of a successful architect of the present age.

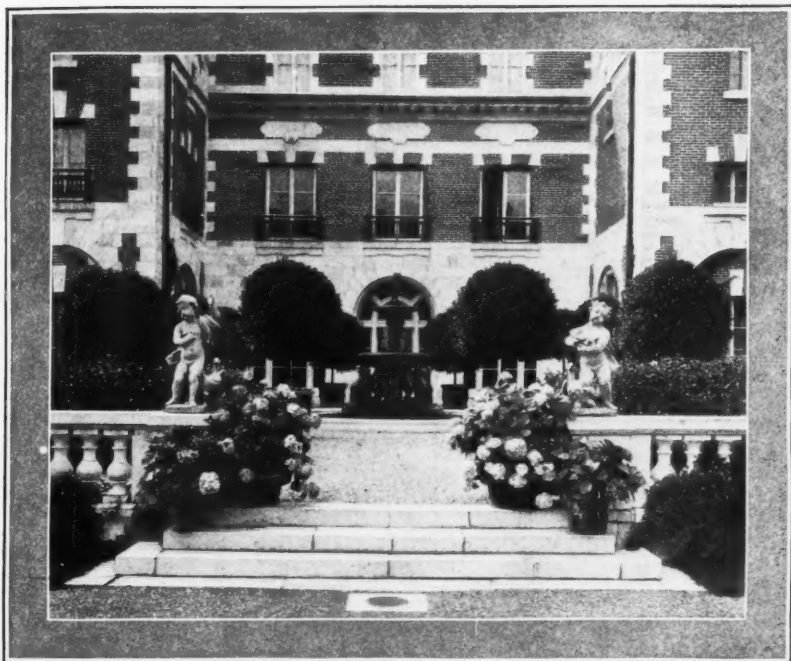
In my practise it has been my privilege



SEMI-PUBLIC WORK—OFFICE OF A BANK.

student should be made to realize all the difficulties to which I have referred, and to appreciate the fact that, to make a successful architect, he must master as many of these problems as possible. His temperament and natural inclination will soon lead him in one direction or another, for it is hardly possible for any one man to master all of these problems equally well. The field of his work will probably extend over problems so widely different in their character that association or collaboration may become necessary to ultimate success.

to advise many young men about to embrace architecture as a profession, and it has been my duty to guide others in their studies from the beginning to the point where they have become established, and sometimes in the course of their practise. A few have been successful beyond measure; the others have drifted in one direction or another—according to their tendencies—but have found it possible when not successful in the regular practise of the profession, to drift according to their natural bent into occupations which were

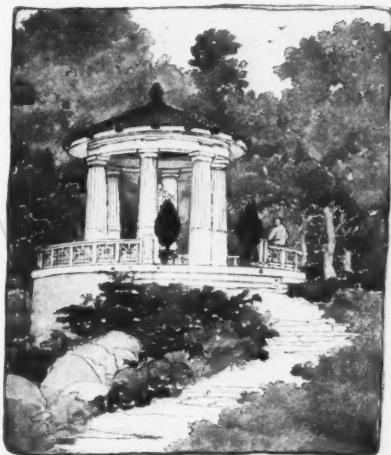


TERRACE AND GARDEN OF A COUNTRY HOUSE.

entirely congenial and where they have succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations, owing to the fact that the professional knowledge which they had obtained was of immense value to them in their work.

Considered from the material point of view, the financial reward which the architect may expect is slight as compared with other professions. The amount of work which may be entrusted to him may be very large, but the commissions received by him will be modest in comparison to the responsibility involved, and to the attainments which he must have to fulfil them. The expenses of his organization are so large that the ultimate profit is comparatively small, and it may be truly said that no architect has become rich through the practise of his profession. Yet it is equally true that in few professions is the practitioner more assured of a competency which will permit him to live in relative comfort, or to be happier in his work, than in the practise of architecture.

It seems to me that there are few occupations which are more attractive and where a man can enjoy his work more fully, no matter in what branch of the work he



SUMMER-HOUSE IN A PARK.



A UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

may be engaged. Every phase of the work is full of variety, novelty and interest; his association with his fellow men, whether working with them, or in his relation as architect to client, or as architect to the work and those who are performing it, offers the fullest opportunities for profitable and interesting intercourse and exchange of views. He is constantly in touch with things and with men, with new conditions and new problems to be solved, and every opportunity is offered to him, no matter how small his share may be in the work, of widening his knowledge and experience, and improving his mind. His life is full of activity, and he is in touch with most of the activities around him. When he combines with the true nature of an artist, good judgment, character, strong personality, the courage of his convictions, integrity, enthusiasm born of the true love for his art, he is bound to attain distinction, and achieve that sort of success which must have as much meaning to him as corresponding success can possibly have to men in any other profession. In achieving this success he has touched on more phases of human nature than is common with other professions, and his

work is enduring as well as useful; it adds to the comfort and happiness of mankind, and during its execution it has been the means of furnishing a livelihood to the many employed thereon.

The student of architecture has a long and tedious road to travel. His studies must be arduous and protracted, and he will require both perseverance and courage to lead him to success. He must, in the first place, possess, as a foundation,

a good general education before he begins to specialize; and, whether he will then immediately enter a school of architecture, and follow this step by a number of years of study and practise in an architect's

office, and eventually drift to Paris, or to some other foreign school, ending his education by a period of travel, or whether he will arrange these studies—all of which are valuable and complementary to each other—in some other sequence, he must be prepared to devote eight or ten years of his life to study and

preparation before he can think of entering upon the independent practise of his profession with justice to himself or to his work.

When a man once assumes the full title



A MAUSOLEUM.



A REMODELED CITY RESIDENCE.

of architect, and hangs out his shingle, he may have the good fortune to receive an important commission, and of making an immediate start and an early success, but this is the exception rather than the rule. He must expect to patiently work on, and to be satisfied to have his practise and his reputation grow slowly, and not be too easily disappointed if the work does not come as fast as he might well wish to have it, or if other difficulties arise in his path. Even under the best of conditions he must expect disappointments, very frequently through no fault of his, from the necessity of working with people or for people whose views are rather narrow, whose ideals are rather low, and whose enthusiasm it is difficult to arouse; people who lack education, and who cannot be easily made to appreciate the true value of the beautiful; people whose prejudices are so strong that, however reasonable you may be, or however earnestly you may strive to meet their views, are totally unsympathetic to your ideals. The architect must rise above these difficulties, realizing

that in most cases his work is one of education, that the people for whom he is working have not had the same advantages that he has, and that it is only by gradual process of assimilation that they can fully understand him, and eventually appreciate the possibilities of his art. But, on the other hand, he must be patient and receptive, and must endeavor to understand his client's point of view, and to assimilate everything that is good and personal and individual in it, and then put it into his work. What may be unreasonable prejudice on the part of an individual constitutes public opinion when held by the public at large, and, though it is his duty to mold public opinion, to guide, direct and suggest, he must not make the mistake of ignoring public opinion to the extent of trying to work against a well-defined public prejudice or in spite of it.

In architecture, as in every other calling, influence and position, as well as merit, will tell; and every sort of temptation to compromise with his judgment and his principles as a man and as an artist



DINING-ROOM IN A LARGE CITY RESIDENCE.



PUBLIC WORK—A FEDERAL BUILDING.

will also be thrown in the way of the architect, but in the same measure the opportunity is given to him to assert his character, and to live up to his convictions, never compromising with his ideals, either for the sake of personal gain or for that sort of applause which can be but temporary and without true value.

What the range of this work may be is in a measure indicated by the illustrations accompanying this article, which, although taken from the work of different architects, only partially cover the variety of problems which any one architect may be called upon to solve.

It is natural that temperament and natural ability should have much to do in determining in what field of work the architect is capable of making his greatest success, whether in the picturesque or the monument; whether with problems more or less practical in their character, or those which are more or less ideal in their purpose, and to this extent it is legitimate that an architect should specialize. Any other specialization is unjustifiable and unwise, as we can see from the very unsatisfactory results so far produced. Nothing, I believe, is less attractive and less architectural in its true sense, whether from the practical

or artistic point of view, than most of our railway-stations, churches and theaters, which are essentially the work of so-called specialists.

The position of the architect as a professional man to-day is recognized as the equal of that of any other professional man. His opinion as an expert is not sought as often as it should be, but his advice is becoming better appreciated by private individuals, business men, municipalities and the Federal Government. It is somewhat surprising that he has not yet been duly recognized when public honors are to be conferred, but the time will surely come before long when the architect will receive all of the recognition and honors to which he is duly entitled. It cannot fail to be otherwise, when our most distinguished architect has received the greatest honors that can be conferred by a foreign government, but has not yet been adequately recognized in his own country.

At the International Congress of Architects held in Belgium recently, the architect was officially defined as "an artist, a gentleman and a man of affairs." In my humble judgment, this comes very near to describing the ideal man, and to recommending architecture as an ideal profession.

THE EDUCATION OF A DÉBUTANTE.

BY EMMA B. KAUFMAN.

BESIDES being as infinite in its variety as the débutante herself, her education must vary with her fortune, as it does with her country.

The chrysanthemum of Japan and the rose of England have no similarity except that both are flowers. So with débutantes—they may be sisters "under their skins," but the world values them superficially from the outside.

There is a point, however, where the education of every débutante, whether destined to be a "colonel's lady" or "Judy O'Grady," properly begins.

I shall only refer to the cradle for an instant, long enough to

glance at the future débutante who may have a nurse wise in her generation—a nurse who not only understands the laws of health, but also the advantages of beauty. When this baby becomes a débutante, she will bless the guardian that clipped her lashes and trained her locks in the way a beauty's locks should grow.

This may sound frivolous, but what, pray, does a débutante suggest but frivolity? All that is called education is to prepare her to shine at scenes of gaiety, to fascinate her fellow creatures, to conquer at routs and balls, to marry—but that comes later,

much later. It marks the end of the débutante.

Nothing else punctuates it so emphatically nowadays. Her age may be any age from eighteen to twenty-five. It has changed,

as have her manners, since the days of crinoline and hoop-skirts. At eighteen her great grandmother was married. She was demure and silent. Her education was homely, as a preparative. She was scarcely known, and scarcely knew herself. All that is changed. Dorothea of to-day has a career to fill before she enters upon matrimony—the career of a débutante.

In fitting her for it, it would probably be unwise to consider her sphere,

especially in America, where the coquettish curl of an eyelash or the languorous droop of an eyelid may captivate a millionaire, and so create a queen of society.

It is the aim of every débutante and of the mother of every débutante for her to enter the highest social circles. In some cities in America this is accomplished through family; in some, through fortune. However, the advantage of having both—blue blood and a bank-account—cannot be denied.

The débutante may be as beautiful as a dream, but she must have clothes. Well-



From a miniature by Carl Weidner.

MISS CAROLINE S. EDGAR.



MISS TRACY.

made ones will, by our standards, add to her charms. She must have many things, in order to be properly set; indeed, there must be an inventory of effects. But before this, comes her education. It begins in the cradle.

Little Miss Dorothea's guardians have shaded her eyes from the light, until they are as bright as stars; they have pulled her sunbonnet down over her forehead, to keep off freckles; they have been careful to give her plenty of fresh air and plenty of sleep.

All this early training has prepared her for the hardships of her education, which should never have been more strenuous than to-day, when the charms of the woman of forty challenge her on every side. To compete with her, the débutante is obliged

to know things. She must have accomplishments and graces. She can't afford to be silent and demure. Youth may have been once her supreme advantage. To-day she must be interesting, although no one objects to her being unwrinkled besides.

A certain sort of talent—the talent to be charming, the talent to be decorative, even if she is not beautiful—is almost indispensable to the débutante. It is this talent that her education seeks to supplement. It aims to take the place of experience before she has had it, to tell her how to greet people before she has had the opportunity to meet them overmuch, to teach her how to talk, though she may never have learned to think.

Of course, then she goes to school or she has governesses. She is at the awkward age which poets have called Golden. No one notices her overmuch, which is good; because, later, she is going to be tremendously in evidence. She goes about, dreaming her own dreams her own way. She may have a sister who is a débutante—in which case she has glimpses of her in bewildering fluff and chiffon; she catches the ring of her laughter as she steals out in her bare feet to look over the balusters; she is thrown long-stemmed roses out of great boxes, and she learns that their constant arrival means that her sister is a



MISS HESTER GOUVERNEUR HONE.

belle; she hears a carriage-door slam late in the night, as she turns sleepily on her pillow. It all mirrors the fairy-land she is going to enter some day.

Later she hears: "Whatever makes that child stand so crooked. Eleanor never did;" or "Do see that she wears her hat if she is going out in the sun." And the maid, who is ever at her side, tries to make her comply with all the things she ought to do.

But it is the Golden Age, and Dorothea cares nothing about the future. She thinks it terribly stupid to be sitting over there on the veranda when there are red berries set high in thorns that scratch your hands when you try to climb over high stone fences to get them. For the life of her, she can't see why her nurse is always pulling her hat on, and carrying out the eternal command to see that she stands straight.

With her doll trailing behind her, she delights to go crooked. Meanwhile, her older sister has traveled the débutante's road to triumph. A day comes when Dorothea, in the prettiest gown she has ever worn, all lace and tucks and fluff,

assists at the wedding. She wears a sash that some one tells her matches her eyes; she carries a bouquet as big as herself; she tries to walk her very straightest for once in her life, for she is right in front of the bride. She feels as though every one were

looking at her, and, strange to say, she likes it.

The real education of Dorothea, the débutante, has begun.

Only a little later her mother takes her in hand. She is sixteen. Two years are to pass before her presentation. Two years! It seems an eternity, for she can't exactly see what there is to be learned that she does not already know. Miss Dorothea has had her ears and her eyes open longer than any one suspects. At sixteen she quite understands that the golden lights in her hair are admired, though she still wishes that, when she is called down into the drawing-room to shake hands with an



MISS M. S. WEBB.

old family friend, who knew her when she was a baby, she didn't feel it so difficult to get around the chairs and tables, and, above all, that her cheeks wouldn't burn so uncomfortably.

One day her mother says something



MISS CYNTHIA ROCHE.

graduating - school, or a finishing - academy. Various are the titles, but the object is similar; also, for the most part, the procedure. Probably every city in the Union, where there is a social circle, has one or more of these schools, according to the size of the circle.

The future débutante is to have a couple of seasons away from home under Madame This or That. Preparations for Dorothea's going-away are really elaborate. She must have at least half a dozen evening gowns, because Madame believes in entertaining. Twice a week her young ladies, as she calls them, are required to come down to the drawing-room and assist in receiving her friends and theirs. She must have at least four gowns suitable for the theater or opera, for part of her education will consist in listening to music and the best class of plays. It is all very exciting, and Dorothea realizes that she is at last on the highroad to becoming a débutante.

about the raw edges, and more about the companionship of girls. And then a plan is unfolded to her which is the beginning of her "finishing." She is to go to a convent, or a young ladies' seminary, or a

Let us suppose that she is fortunate enough to come into the hands of an able preceptress. There isn't a question, of course, about her being an arbiter as to manners and their modes. The débutante is the interpreter of fashion—one can't hope to develop her on lines more substantial. As for Madame, she is a descendant of the "First Families of Virginia," or the "Knickerbockers of New York," or of some titled family abroad. With the loss of her fortune, she has "consented to polish a limited number of pupils," et cetera.

Her curriculum includes fencing, dancing, deportment, grace, light callisthenics, voice-cultivation, one musical instrument at least, one foreign language at least, the art of conversation, literature, belles-lettres, and a few of the more homely studies.

Here Dorothea finds herself treated as a young lady. It forms in her the ambition to behave as one.



MISS ROSEMARY SARTORIS.

"My dear," she hears, "don't climb over the chairs. Move gently, always gently, slowly; a young lady should never be in a hurry; move the chair to one side. So—gracefully, quietly."

"Now, sit down. Float in front of the



MISS CAROLA DE PEYSTER.



MISS LANGHAM.

chair—don't flop, I beg of you, don't. And don't stiffen. You are not a manikin. Relax—bend from the waist—chest out—a little sideways. Sitting may be the poetry of motion, as it is an invitation to repose.

"And when you are once seated—oh, my dear, what are you doing with your hands? Why should they be in motion while the rest of you is at rest? Why should your fingers tap on the arms? The hour for your piano-exercises will come later. You play very prettily, and not for the world would I have you neglect to practise, but the arm of the chair was invented to give you greater rest."

Dorothea is having a lesson in deportment. But she finds that it is impossible to sit properly without first having learned to stand and walk properly. There are some exceptional girls to whom these things come naturally, but Dorothea is just an ordinary young person. She is very tall for her age, and

this worries her, until Madame, who is short and stout, assures her that she will outgrow all consciousness of her height when the rough edges are smooth. She explains that there was a time when a girl with so large a number of inches might have been considered awkward. She sighs a little, and adds that there is a fashion in height as well as in figures.

Dorothea is delighted that she was born tall enough, for she is certain they would have invented some way to stretch her if she hadn't been. They are trying to make her so very perfect. Every hour is employed.

She walks out with a governess who tells her not to tread on her heels, but to walk on the balls of her feet, and to keep her eyes on a certain post in the distance that is somewhat above her head. She learns that a double chin may be avoided, just as straight shoulders and the long neck that is called swanlike may be cultivated. In the attic of Madame's most excellent seminary there is a long, high-ceil-



MISS MARGUERITE MENDOZA.



MISS KNOX.

inged room devoted to light callisthenics. "Very light," Madame explains; "I am of the old school. I believe in grace, not muscle."

She encourages her young ladies to play the old-fashioned game of battledore and shuttlecock that their great-grandmothers called the Game of Graces. The most vigorous of their exercises is fencing, though they may ride horseback if their mothers desire. Dancing is an exaction. What débutante in the world was ever fit to be presented if she couldn't lead a cotillion?

One day, while she is still at the "finishing-school," Dorothea receives a note from an elderly French countess who announces to her that she will drive to the school to see the little granddaughter of her dearest American friend. Dorothea is somewhat perturbed, as she has never met the countess.

Madame detects this and also an inval-

able opportunity for a lesson. "My dear," she begins, "how are you going to greet the countess?"

Dorothea has learned to welcome her friends and Madame's very prettily at the biweekly receptions. She has learned the difference between deference and cordiality. But now Madame tells her something new.

"When in Rome," she says, "know how to do as the Romans do. That will prove that you are educated. Before you are presented to the great world, where you are to be admired and successful, you will have traveled, you will have visited in the salons of Paris and the mansions of England. You will have learned their customs. You will know how to comply with them."

So it comes to pass that, when Dorothea receives the French countess, she makes her a deep and sweeping courtesy. She kisses her hand softly, with gentle reverence, and she seems to understand as well as a young girl may how to warm an old lady's heart.

It is Madame's pride to prepare the débutante for any emergency, any sphere. "How is it possible to tell where life may lead you?" she asks. "You may be called to preside over an embassy or a palace."

Dorothea is only home for a few weeks, when her brother is on the wharf, waving good-by to her, and calling her, in honor of the occasion, "old girl." The most expensive and expansive part of her education is about to begin. She is going abroad for the final touches. It is not a trifling matter, this education of a débutante. She must know her London and her Paris, at least. So she travels forth to make a study of the fashions they set. She has probably been abroad before, but never for the finishing touches.

She has a maid now, instead of a governess. Professors are engaged for her on the other side. She continues her dancing and her riding and her belles-lettres. She studies music and art, her costumes are handsomer and more grown up, and she is permitted to accept certain social invitations. Through her grandmother's friend, the countess, she meets Josephine and Marie Louise, two typical French girls. They are a little older than she; in fact, they are already débutantes. They are very quiet, very demure, very simple and apparently very childish. When there are older people



MISS MORGAN HILL.

in the room, their remarks consist chiefly of "Oui, madame" or "monsieur," and "Non, madame" or "monsieur." It is said very charmingly, with appropriate inflection and animation, but, still, Dorothea reflects that it is not very profound or very interesting.

The conversation in their presence is very stiff, very formal. The literature of the seventeenth century is discussed. In the height of it some one has the hardihood to mention Zola and the effect of his books. Straightway Dorothea speaks tritely of his realism. The countess raises her eyebrows; Josephine and Marie Louise lower their eyes, and appear not to hear, and the subject is changed.

"How intensely stupid they are!" Dorothea is thinking. "To live in Paris and know nothing—it doesn't seem possible."

Presently the young people are left alone, and Josephine looks up, still demurely. "Of everything Zola has written, I prefer 'L'Assommoir,'" she says, calmly.

"What! You read Zola?" cries Dorothea.

"But, yes! We read all the novels. We read everything." An animated discussion follows, in which the French girls reveal their worldliness and their knowledge. Dorothea's eyes open wider and wider, and, at the end of it, she asks: "Why do you appear to know nothing, when you know so much?"

Josephine explains: "Till we are married, we are supposed to know nothing. We have had no actual experience. Innocence, even stupidity, is our charm. But you may notice that even our very, very young married women, those just married, are brilliant, confident, interesting. My dear, that is not acquired in a day. Our rôle is to appear to know nothing—knowing everything. You, my dear, you are as posée as a married woman—you tell all



Photograph by Bradley, New York.
MISS STUART.

you know. We are taught silence—you are taught speech. Voilà!" The French girl shrugs her shoulders, and Dorothea is a bit puzzled; for it seems to her a trifle insincere to appear so ignorant. She is still more puzzled when some one says to her: "But every one knows they know."

The American débutante can't quite see the good in so much reticence, but, nevertheless, she observes that conversation in France goes at a rattling rate, in spite of the silence of the young girls. As the days wear away she begins to see that the world does not revolve about her, and that the things she learned at the seminary are in no way remarkable. The simplest creature she meets seems to know as much as she. Meanwhile, her cultivation has continued. She has a singing-lesson every day after the coiffeur's visit. She has perhaps attended a couple of balls, and she may

even have been presented at the court of England. But, above everything, she has had the great advantage to meet a woman of the world who takes an interest in her. She is an Englishwoman, who, at forty-five, is almost as young as when she was eighteen, with the fascination of experience added. Dorothea admires her tremendously, and exerts herself to the utmost to please her.

One day she sings for her. She chooses her most elaborate piece—the prayer from "Tannhäuser." Melba has sung it the night before at Covent Garden. Her friend presses her hands together and listens, apparently calm. At the end of it she is silent. Then she says: "Sing something else." Dorothea, with flushed cheeks, suggests "Tristan und Isolde," or a song from Verdi's "Otello."

Her friend looks at her sadly and answers irrelevantly: "How little you know yourself! My dear, has it ever occurred to you that you have your limitations? Like your individuality, they may be part of your charms. It will pay you to study them. With your voice, you can't possibly sing Wagner."

Dorothea bursts into tears. It seems a terrible thing to be limited.

But her friend of forty-five is quite calm about it. "Look about you," she

says. "Open your blue eyes, which, when you forget yourself, have the most adorable way of blinking, and observe that the women who are most successful in the social world, where it is to be your mission to shine, rarely have tremendous talents. If they had, they would probably forsake the social world for the artistic. A woman is never a belle simply because she plays or



Courtesy of "Town and Country."

LADY MARJORIE GRAVILLE.

sings brilliantly. She is a belle, because she is sympathetic, because she has charm, because she is magnetic, whatever that may be. She is adored, perhaps because her voice is husky, perhaps because she squints, even perhaps because she is angular, or because there is a certain something unusual about her. She is the woman who makes of her imperfections charms. She creates fashions to fit her limitations. She makes market of her individuality. Always bear in mind there may be a million copies, but only one original.

"The mission of a society woman, which begins when she is a débutante, is to study her world. She must know the men and women by whom she is surrounded; otherwise she can't win them. Set it down as a principle that they are not half as anxious to have her shine as they are to shine themselves. At the same time, learn to appre-



MISS JENNIE PEARCE.



MISS ELEANOR ROOSEVELT.

ciate your good points and to make the most of them."

By this time Dorothea has begun to doubt if she has any. She has, instead, a full appreciation of her limitations. Her youth is one. It is also an advantage, but it must limit even the American débutante. Dorothea recalls the attitude of Josephine and Marie Louise. She almost longs for the comfortable barrier that custom has established for them, and that they do not have to surmount until they have secured a husband to assist them.

The European trip is about to end, and there is no question but that Dorothea has been splendidly educated. She has traveled through Italy, France and England. She has been in and out of the picture-galleries and churches, she has seen the noted buildings, she has visited the theaters, heard the best plays and the most famous singers. She has acquired poise, and is much more thoughtful than when she left America. "In six months she developed six years," her mother writes her father, in the letter she sends, enumerating some of the items of expense that must be Dorothea's in the next few months. Heading the list are clothes. Dorothea is taken, of course, to one of the great couturières of the world. At a glance it can be seen that she is an American, and the forewoman immediately begins:

"Mademoiselle, they are wearing——" She is amazed when Mademoiselle quietly assures her that she doesn't want what "they" are wearing, but something quite different.

She speaks to her of the lines of her figure and perhaps of the shape of her shoulders, possibly somewhat too high. "Do you think they should be accentuated with trimming? Of course, they are individual," she adds, tentatively. The couturière is at her feet—she recognizes the girl who knows.

The education of the débutante is at last completed. Only the added experience of years can develop it farther. The great day has come, and, on the American pier, her brother is waving a welcome to one of the most distinguished young women he has ever seen.

Then come a few weeks devoted to shop-

ping, and seeing some of her friends, many of whom, like herself, are preparing to emerge from the schoolgirl stage, and become social butterflies. As the last week of Novem-

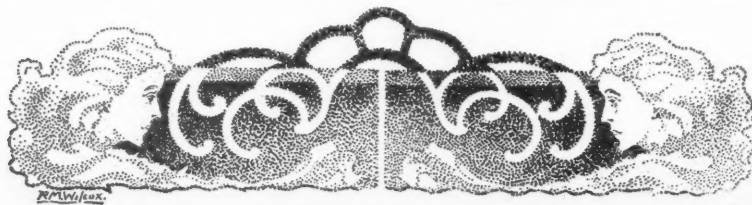
ber draws near and the first days of the social season dawn the town house is topsyturvy with arrangements for the débutante's presentation. Servants are scurrying hither and thither. Flowers are arriving in boxes almost as beautiful as the flowers are. The kitchen is given over to chefs, the halls are a forest of roses, the ballroom is a grove of palms.

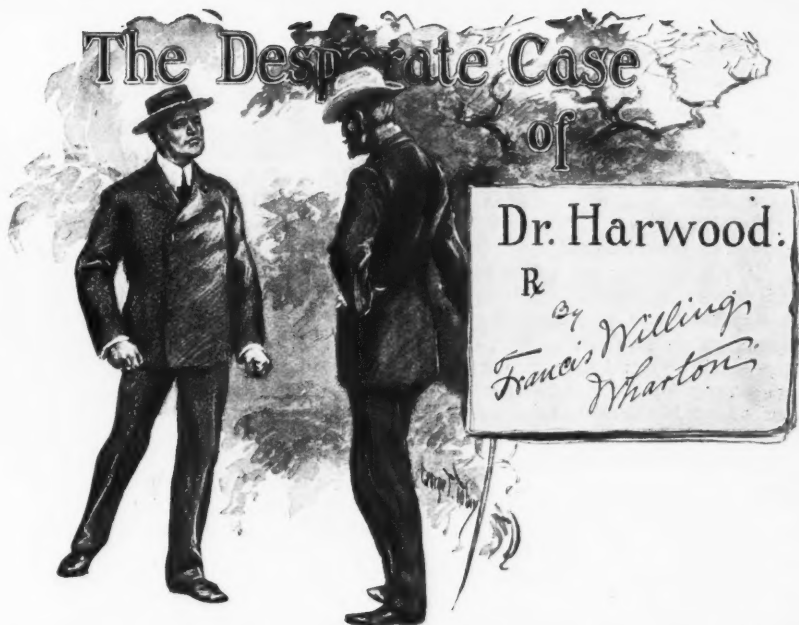
Up-stairs the débutante is being made ready. Idly she looks into the glass, and seems to be watching her maid as she makes her beautiful and still more

beautiful. Meanwhile, she is thinking of her limitations, and wondering if she will succeed in spite of them.



MISS LULU SPIZER.





THE room was big and square, with lofty doorways and windows, whose ample corners even the bright light of a red-shaded lamp and the blaze of a wood-fire left unlighted. Heavy, dark-red curtains hung at the windows, but they were not drawn, and through the unshuttered casements light streamed out on the darkness. It was the custom of the house, and to those who stumbled in haste up the chestnut avenue it was like a beacon as they came to find its master, the well-known doctor of Guildford.

It was for this that the lamp stood on the table near the window, a table covered with heaps of papers which had been pushed aside to admit a tray, on which glittered a decanter and a water-jug.

It was a wet, chilly night in early December. Drawn around the fire were three men whose easy attitudes betokened that they had dined.

The host sat between his guests, his big, burly frame exhibited plainly by the slight chair on which he sat astride, resting his arms on its back.

George Harwood had a marked physiognomy, easy to criticize, about which ordinary words of praise seemed inapplicable,

yet full of power. His swarthy color, the curl of his black hair, his blunt, wide features and full lips seemed almost touched with the stigma of mixed blood, but a fineness in the wide nostril, a shapeliness in the general contour of the face and head put speculation again at fault.

His guests were the opposing type of male humanity. One, slight, sickly, with a high, intellectual forehead and light-blue eyes filled with an eager spirit; the other, slight-framed also, but with an air of buoyant health on his tanned, ruddy cheek, and young, vigorous grace in his attitude.

There had come a moment's pause in the flood of their talk, and it was Harwood who broke it.

"This is a red-letter night," he said, "to have you both together—the two best friends I have, the only friends I have in the world. We must drink a toast. Boys, what shall it be? To our next meeting?"

Wayne, the younger of his two guests, broke into a light-hearted laugh.

"The witches in 'Macbeth' have been before us," he said. "'When shall we three meet again, in thunder, lightning and in rain.'"

The blue eyes of Lestrangle grew merry.

"We are the next thing to witches," he answered. "We are monstrosities, all three of us—doctors in practise, and bachelors every one. Let us drink to our wives and our weddings."

Wayne shook his head emphatically.

"Not I, for one," he returned. "I refuse the toast. I shall think many times before I saddle myself with a woman."

"You are a boy yet," answered Lestranger, "but Harwood and I are getting on. He's thirty-four, and I beat him by a year or more. I always date from college. It's ten years since we parted," he went on, scrutinizing Harwood. "We've both changed, of course; but you, George—there is something I miss. You are in the prime of manhood, and you don't look old, but your laugh—and your eyes—what is there in the ten years we have talked of to change your eyes?"

Harwood was silent, but turned his black eyes full on his questioner.

"You see, Wayne"—Lestranger turned to the man whom he addressed—"George and I were boys together, went through college and our medicals together, and a year afterward abroad; then I got my chance in Florence; it suited my health, and he went to Broadwood. For ten years we haven't been able to reach each other. I've written steadily, but"—he turned to Harwood—"you were a poor correspondent, George."

Harwood leaned toward the fire, and knocked the ash off his cigar.

"I wrote to no one," he said.

"Did you forget?" went on his friend. "Did I grow a rusty memory? I should hate to think that. I bothered my friends with so many stories of you that they thought you too good to be true."

"Too good!" Harwood raised his brows, with a laugh.

"I don't mean too moral," returned Lestranger, smiling, "though you never broke the ten commandments that I know of, George."

"Didn't I?" answered his host. "Well, I have since—every one."

"Not the sixth"—Lestranger broke into a laugh—"unless it was an accident of the profession."

"Not the sixth, surely," he repeated, "or would I stand here unhung? The de-

canter is empty—you are a boon companion worth having, Dan. Robert, there, is no good at all on an evening like this. Throw a log on the fire while I go and fill this," said he, leaving the room.

There was a momentary silence. Lestranger settled his slight figure in the big armchair in which he sat, and fixed his ethereal eyes on his companion.

"What a magnetic creature Harwood is," he said. "Don't you feel it? The air is always charged with electricity when he's about. He makes life a thing of passionate sensation—he gives a fillip to the imagination of any woman, I'll be bound, and even stirs a man's more sluggish blood. I always turn myself inside out when I am with him, and," he went on as his host entered, "and, in return for all my confidences, what have you told me, George? Surely, you must have more than a growing income to tell of."

Harwood placed the decanter on the table, and, coming to the fire, stood near it.

"Principally other people's fun, Dan," he said. "I've had thrilling things happen, but they were all cases and their contingent troubles."

Lestranger caught him by the arm, with a laugh. "Not a bit of it!" he cried. "I see it writ large on you. You have been in some mischief—who was she?"

Harwood shook his head. "I've liked a good many women a little, but a doctor doesn't live in love easily. Do you think so, Robert?" He turned to the younger man, whose light-hazel eyes studied his two companions.

"He sees too much of human nature," he agreed. "He admires women, but they don't attract him; that is, if he is more mental than animal—there is the other type."

"To which, thank God, I don't belong!" subjoined Harwood, grimly, "though most people think I'm something of a brute, at first sight."

Lestranger shook his head. "Confess something, or I shall believe it's very black indeed," he persisted.

Harwood shrugged his shoulders.

"What shall I say? There are two charming sisters, living not far away, who think an unmarried doctor fair game. They can't see how Wayne and I can escape their

different kinds of loveliness, but they don't know us! We are wary, Robert and I. I have been at it so long that I should be adroit by this time."

Wayne got up and stretched his slender frame.

"Well," he said, "I must go 'round to the Wrights, but I'll be back." He turned to Lestrangle. "I will leave you to unlock his lips, and discover what you can." He ended with a nod to both men, and went out. A moment later they heard him whistling as he ran down the steps in the rain.

Harwood stood looking out into the darkness, then, with a gesture toward the night outside, drew near his friend.

"What do you make of my assistant, Dan?" he asked.

Lestrangle knitted his brows.

"His face is curiously familiar," he answered. "Where did you fall in with him?"

Harwood slipped down into the chair near the fire.

"He turned up a year ago at the hotel here, and was called upon suddenly, and, when I got there later, we fraternized. I found he was looking for work, he stayed with me for a while, and I persuaded him to settle here. He got rooms, and, in a way, has been like my assistant ever since. He is an excellent surgeon, quick at diagnosis and perfect with children—steady, gentle and firm. He studied in Edinburgh and London, and has lived in Paris. I have become attached to him. He sends my moodiness flying, he makes me young and gay again while I am with him—and then he interests me. I can't make him out. He says frankly there is something he doesn't want to talk of, so we both fight shy of our pasts. There is an indefinable charm about him which delights me."

As Harwood ceased speaking there fell a silence on the two men, and the crackling of the fire was heard plainly in the quiet of the room. The pause was a long one, and their thoughts had time to travel to a distance when he spoke again.

"Dan," he began, slowly, staring into the blaze, "you asked me for some of my stories, and I'm going to tell you one, though I—I am in a sense breaking confidence in doing so. You ——" He

stopped and looked in the other man's face, then turned to the fire again. "You were always—safe."

Lestrangle jammed his hands into his pockets, and he also watched the logs burn. "I am," he answered, "safe as the grave."

Harwood gave him one steady look and turned to the contemplation of the fire.

"I was in—never mind where—on a consultation—never mind when—and the other doctor, a younger man, told me this story and asked my advice. I said—but you can tell me what your opinion would have been when I have done. In the town where he lived was a woman, wife of the other doctor of the place, a man between forty-five and fifty. She was younger, say thirty, or thereabouts. The town was big enough to employ both men, and their relations were friendly, very friendly. Of course, I knew the people. I had been to their house, a big comfortable place. The other doctor, not my friend—we will call him——" he hesitated.

"Call him Julius," said Lestrangle; "I see that Caesar's wife is not above suspicion."

Harwood's color had deepened in the hot firelight.

"Very well," he answered. "We will call him Julius. Doctor Julius spent his money on horses and such things. He was little with his wife, yet she was pretty."

"Describe her," said Lestrangle. "I like to know the outward and visible signs."

Harwood leaned back and folded his arms on his chest.

"She was not tall," he answered, slowly, "rather slight, but rounded, too. Fair-haired, fair-eyed, fair altogether. She was a pure, good creature, with no thought of evil; but her temper was quick, flashed into fire, and died and left her penitent, tender——" He stopped.

Lestrangle bent forward and rested his hand on Harwood's knee. "Don't, don't go on," he said, "with this flimsy disguise. Of course, I know that you are the man—why not be frank with me?"

Harwood's eyes met his with a strange flash.

"Frank with you—frank with you," he repeated. "Well, then, I will be, but remember you have brought this on yourself.

What I will tell you I have told no man. It isn't pleasant to hear, nor yet to tell, but lately—lately"—he passed his hand over his eyes—"I have been possessed by fancies. Perhaps you can exorcise the spirits. I am afraid of turning too often to this ever-ready friend,"—he touched the glass near him—"and if I do, matters will go worse with me, not better. But to go on, to be frank with you—that's it, isn't it, Dan?" He stopped and fixed his eyes on his friend's face.

Lestrangle nodded.

"Well, then," began Harwood again, "I was telling you about Mary, how open, passionate she was, in every feeling, and how I loved her; for slowly it came to that. I went often to the house, saw her about, and I—I loved her."

Lestrangle eyed him with a very gentle gaze. "Foolish George," he said.

Harwood met the softness of his eyes with a faint smile.

"Foolish George," he repeated, and went on. "I can see the living-room in her house now. It was full of her presence, of her charm. I found out that she was unhappy, and in a little while she—she told me why."

"Doctor Julius, of course," interjected Lestrangle.

"Of course," assented Harwood. "She had married him out of a sort of gratitude and a hope of protection and kindness. It took her just twenty-four hours to repent. It was not only that his love was of the meanest, poorest kind, that he rapidly cooled toward her, that he was unfaithful to her, but that, in living with him, she felt that she was gradually learning life as he saw it, losing her purity, her trust. When I met her, she had been married two years, and her heart was broken—and—" He hesitated, and Lestrangle finished his sentence.

"And you undertook to mend it."

"No," Harwood answered, slowly. "To give her another in exchange—my own, which I took from my breast and laid in her hands."

There was a moment's pause. Then Lestrangle spoke.

"Rather a costly way of doing things," he said.

Harwood's eyes met his.

"There are times when you do not count the cost," he returned. The other man shrugged his shoulders, and Harwood went on. "So she told me all. She gave me an insight into the simplicity, the innocence of a woman's mind. To know a woman like that creates an ideal—she sets your love apart from your lower self—and so, though we loved each other, we never broke faith with her husband. She transfigured my idea of life; in return, I gave her myself, and Doctor Julius came to know it."

Lestrangle made a gesture of protestation. "But how and why?" he cried. "You were twice a fool. If a man sets to work to spoil his happiness, need he write it on his face?"

Harwood shook his head. "It was not my doing. It was Mary's. She had eyes out of which each emotion looked plain, she had a voice that expressed each change of feeling, and Julius was no fool. And then happened that strange thing that occurs not infrequently in this strange world—having no love of her left, no trace of tenderness, he yet became servant of another passion, jealousy. It strengthened every evil instinct, and it even created new villainess in him. He began to lay traps for her, to get her to commit herself. He was cool, clever, in league with the devil; and one night, after he had wounded and mocked her, drawn her on and chafed her spirit till it bled, she did what he had tried to make her do, avowed her love for me. Then he turned on her and insulted her. I cannot give the scene between them, but the upshot of it was that, while he poured on her his contempt and abuse, he told her, in revenge for her daring to love another man, he should no longer seek amusements away from home, that she should have fit associates in the people he would bring to the house—men like her lover, women as wanton as herself."

Lestrangle got up and shook himself.

"The beast! What did she do?"

"She came and told me all," went on Harwood. "I begged her to go away with me, but she said Julius would follow us and ruin me as well as her. He wanted nothing better. She was almost frenzied with hate and fear of him. I comforted her as best I could, and told her I would meet him on his way home that afternoon,

and force from him some compromise—I would protect her, and the thing she dreaded would never come to pass—so she went home, and I went out to my work. It was August. It had been a damp, hot month, with a luxuriant, rank beauty of growth in the trees and leaves and flowers that surpassed anything I have ever known. The days were long, heavy, hot; the afternoons were flooded with ripe sunshine; the sunsets were gorgeous, fiery and oppressive. I remember the feeling of the air one evening when I was sitting in the fields. I watched the sun sink down among some wooded hills before me—sink slowly, redly down; and as the light waned, the shadows turned purple, the grass grew dank, and I shivered with a sense of animal closeness to nature, animal farness from God." He clenched and unclenched his hands restlessly as he talked. "It was on such an evening that I waited for Julius in the woods near his house. I knew he was to visit a woman who lay dying, and would take that way home. The sunlight filtered through the trees, its slanting beams reddened the brown earth. Some leaves had fallen. They crackled, and I looked up to see the doctor coming toward me.

"Well met!" he cried. "I come from Widow Claxton's death-bed. You can give me news of the Weldon boy. Is he alive? He has been a long time dying."

"He is not dead yet," I said, "but I wanted to see you on other business."

"We both stood still.

"What is this other business?"

"Your wife."

The changes in Harwood's face, in Harwood's voice, ran the blood cold through Lestrangle's veins. He seemed to stand upon the spot with the two men.

"The doctor grew white with quiet hate," went on the young man. "He used a word I will not repeat in connection with her name, and added: 'What have you to say of her?'"

"Then I said my say—how I would go, how she would agree to anything, but her self-respect she must have. That was not much to ask. I waited for his answer. He looked at me. He was a gaunt, tall man, active, and spare of frame. His face, always grayish in color, was framed in a dark beard. His eyes were small,

dark, deep-set and had a shifting and yet ferocious expression that made you watch him as he watched you. But his mouth, the thin lips pressed into a sneer, held more of his character than all else beside, a coarse, a clever, a malignant mouth. He twisted it with a slow smile as he faced me.

"Your request is unique," he said. "I am to leave my wife free to become your mistress."

Lestrangle made a suppressed movement.

"I would have killed him," he said.

Harwood looked at him. "Not then," he said. "I controlled myself. 'You do not understand,' I said. 'I am to go—to leave the place. She wishes to be a good woman. Let her fulfil her wish.' Julius laughed.

"You have been so discreet, you two," he said. "Had you been ordinary sinners, I would have laid you by the heels long ago, and dragged my name from her in the divorce court; but since you are too careful for that, I shall have the satisfaction, at any rate, of leveling the pride of a woman who is too pure to care for her own husband. In these days to come she shall know what company a woman like herself should keep. You may join us, you may —" I will not repeat the words, Lestrangle, but it was then I struck him." The young man leaned forward, his fingers locked, gazing past his companion into the air beyond. "I can see him as I can see you," he went on, "—so clear, so plain. He ended his vile sentence, and, as the last words fell upon the air, he threw back his head and laughed, and I sprang at him. I caught him by the throat, and shook him. I can feel it gasping in my hands. We struggled, he wound his long legs about mine, and brought us both to the ground. He was so filled with hate of me, and love of his own life, that he gained the strength that three such men as he might have, and it needed all my power to keep him under. We fought in silence, rolling back and forth, until I suddenly felt the sharp point of a knife graze my ribs, seeking my heart; and, before he could get his arm free to strike, I caught his head in my hands and beat it on the roots of the trees; and then I became aware that he made no resistance, and, rolling off him, I lay still to get a horrible dimness out of

my eyes. Then I got to my feet and looked around—where was he? Where was the man who was the source of such bitter hate and fear, who held such terrible power in his hands—then I saw, lying on the ground, a strange body, and I tried to think. It had grown twilight. The sun was dropping out of sight, the shadows thickened, and I looked down at my blood-stained hands, and tried to plan a way. I had not meant to kill him, but I would not hang for this. I knelt down beside him and raised his head. There was a deep hole in the back of it, and much blood on the ground. I listened to his heart. It was silent. He could not go home to Mary and insult her. That much was accomplished. He must not be found very soon—best not found at all. He was known to be a man of eccentric and bad habits of life. He might have gone off somewhere for a day or two. But what to do with this? It was darkening fast, but there was daylight still—the river! That was the way. I picked him up and carried him. I think I was half mad then, for I strode along without precaution. I came to the stream. It was deep, and the mud thick at the bottom. I took stones and put them in his pockets, stuffed them between him and his waistcoat; and then I took off my clothes, and, getting into the water, swam to the middle of the stream, and let him down. He sank—sank—some bubbles rose, but his body lay quiet at the bottom of the river. I swam back and looked my clothes over. My cuffs were red. I washed them white again. The sleeve of my coat was stained. I washed it, too, but it would not come quite clean again. Then I went back to the place. I dug up the bloody dirt, and buried it. I filled up the hole, and stamped it down. I rubbed away the marks of our heels where I could see them, in the gathering gloom, and scattered leaves over it all; and during this, met no one. Then I went home—and that's the story, Dan."

He ceased speaking, and there was a moment's silence in the room. Lestrangle leaned forward, his hands clasped so tightly the fingers made red stains upon the backs.

"Is that all?" he said.

Harwood relaxed his tense attitude, and met his eyes with his somber gaze.

"There was talk, wonder, a sort of investigation of his usual haunts, and that was all."

The clear blue of Lestrangle's eyes flashed. "But—Mary?" he interrogated.

Harwood turned to the fire, and rested his chin upon his hands.

"I went the next day"—he spoke slowly, heavily, as though the words were dragged from him—"and asked how she was, but did not ask to see her, and so on the day after, and I did not try to see her till the talk had died away—it was several weeks perhaps. Then one day I stood in the strange, familiar, unfamiliar house, and waited in the room I knew so well—stood by the window and looked out through the vines, and, hearing a sound, turned to see her coming toward me. She stopped, there was a question in her eyes and a hope—the hope died; something in my face had answered the question. She stood quite still, and she did not hold out her hand—her gentle, white hand. It was always fair, but, coming from the sleeve of the black dress she wore, it looked like a flower. I longed to take it in mine, and then I felt—for I tell you I have fancies, Dan—I felt his throat quivering under my fingers, and I looked at her, and I was glad, glad the thing was done, and I have never gone back on that, never, even when—" He stopped and passed his hand over his brow, as though to wipe away something.

"Go on," whispered Lestrangle.

"I asked conventional questions," proceeded Harwood, "—her plans and so forth. She trembled, and the truth came suddenly on me. She was afraid of me—of him—of the past and of the future. Her love had died in her fear. I could not endure it! All my life and all my strength seemed to go from me! Was this love? Was this faith? Was this constancy? Something of this I said, not as it surged within me; for she chilled me, and held me captive in the limits of her nature. She answered me at last—a few words in which her horror held the chief part. She was sorry for me, but love me, stand by me, help me to live my life—she put out her hands and shuddered, and so we parted—parted, and she left me robbed. Dan, of everything I valued, peace and faith and love." He got up as he spoke,

and, standing before the fire, folded his arms upon his chest. Lestrangle groaned.

"Just then I got this chance at Guildford here," Harwood went on, "and I came, resolute to put together the broken bits of me, and be of use to other men, and I worked on through the bitterness that seemed to build itself like a wall about my heart, between me and the light; but, as the time went on, I lost courage, Dan. I have grown morbid and half cracked. I sit by the fire here alone, and I go over my life; I come to that evening; I feel its air, warm and damp upon my cheek; I see the same sunlight; I meet him; we have our talk; the fight begins, ends; I carry him to the river, and, when it is all done and the leaves scattered over the ground, the vision fades—but I am alone. Do you know what it is to be alone with things like that? Sometimes it is Mary; we talk together; I feel her near me; her loveliness, her shallowness; we part in bitterness again, and I am alone—alone."

He rested his arms upon the mantelshelf, and buried his face in his hands. Lestrangle groaned.

"And it is getting worse," Harwood turned and stared at him with troubled eyes. "To-day I went to the waiting-room of the hospital to tell a man about his wife. I was sorry it was a bad case. I came toward him. His back was toward me. I laid my hand upon his shoulder. He turned—the horror of it! It was Julius! I sprang back. My eyes grew dim. I felt a touch upon my arm, and met the gentle, concerned gaze of the wondering man before me. A girl died in the hospital the other day. She had grown to look so like Mary that I could not rid myself of the thought that it was she; and so it goes, Dan. You asked me why I don't laugh as I used to do, why I have different eyes, and now you know." He made a gesture that had a sort of despair in it. Lestrangle bent toward him, and laid his hand on his arm.

"But, George," he said, "what is going to be the upshot of it all? What are you going to do?"

Harwood shrugged his shoulders. "Do!" he repeated. "Nothing. What can I do? I give myself a year—then enough morphia to lay me under the ground. I prefer

that to a cell somewhere. But come, Dan, I must not ruin our whole evening——"

Lestrangle interrupted him.

"Don't be a fool," he said, roughly. "Do you think I can break off like that? Tell me what I can do to help you?"

Harwood fixed his eyes on him. "Help me?" he returned, with a bitter smile. "Well, I think if you found a woman, noble and courageous, who would say to me: 'I know your story, and, in spite of it, can love you,' if she were also beautiful and charming, why, then I think I might be able to try life at her side—short of that——" He shook his head.

"You ask much," answered Lestrangle, slowly, "but give me time. 'Promise, George, that you will—will not——'"

Harwood turned to him, fiercely. "I promise nothing," he said. "There comes to me at times such a longing for the end of it——" He stopped, abruptly. "Here is Wayne," he added, in another tone of voice, and the two men turned to greet the young man who stood in the doorway with a dripping umbrella. Behind him a servant entered to give a message to Harwood.

"I must be off," said the latter, his face very grave. "You'll forgive me, Dan, but I shall have to answer this call. I will be back as soon as I can. You must be tired, after your journey. Have a nightcap with Robert, and tumble in." He rested his hand lightly on Lestrangle's shoulder as he passed him. "I will see you in the morning," he added as he went out.

Wayne drew near the fire, and, slipping down into the chair opposite Lestrangle, looked at him.

"It's beastly wet," he remarked.

"You don't look as though a little water would hurt you," rejoined his companion, smiling, his blue eyes busy with a keen scrutiny of his face. "By the way, Harwood said you studied in Paris. I wonder whether I could have seen you there."

The younger man brought his light-hazel eyes to bear on his questioner. They were big, wide-open eyes, alert, a little defiant in expression.

"I don't remember your name," he answered, "and it isn't a common one."

"I suppose I must be mistaken." Lestrangle got up and lit a cigar. "I must

be, of course. George tells me you are in a sort of alliance."

Wayne laughed, a light-hearted laugh that showed his white teeth and gave his mouth a charming expression. When he was silent, the tightly pressed lips suggested a sort of antagonism to life.

"That's one way to put it," he said. "I am really a sort of doctor's apprentice."

"Not a bit of it," Lestrangle answered. "Harwood speaks very highly of you. Are you aware," he added, in a friendly voice, "that your coat is wet and your boots soaking?"

For answer Wayne got up, and, slipping off his coat, hung it over the back of a chair, and set it near the fire. "Thank you," he said. "I forgot about the rain. I've got a pair of shoes in Harwood's room. I'll go up and get them." He left the room, whistling under his breath a soft little whistle that accompanied him everywhere.

Lestrangle took a hard pull at his cigar and set it firmly between his teeth.

"Now," he said, aloud, "if I can concentrate my mind, I can remember where I have seen that face."

There was silence in the room. Suddenly he struck the arm of his chair.

"I've got it!" he cried. "Paris, a fête, races, the Grand Prix—Nina Havelock! That's it!" He gazed around the room in triumph. Then his face fell. "Fool!" he said. "That was a woman! This is a man! Oh, Lord!" He got up and walked about the room. "What good will a woman do me?" he muttered. "The likeness is extraordinary. He might be her brother, but she had none." He stopped by the fire again. "How Warner stared at her that day, with his miserable, hungry eyes, and gave his life afterward in that absurd duel to prove his love. She became a hospital nurse afterward—and studied medicine—studied medicine, by heaven!" He sank down in his chair and grew silent, and, when Wayne entered, he merely greeted him with a little nod. The latter lit a cigarette, and, sitting down, wrapped the scarlet silk dressing-gown he wore about him, and passed his hand over his coat.

"It will be dry shortly," he remarked, and then he, also, leaned back in silence.

They smoked steadily in the warmth of the room, and at last Lestrangle spoke.

"Wayne," he began, slowly, "I am worried about Harwood."

His companion watched his cigarette-smoke curl upward.

"So am I," he answered.

"Can you account for his troubled state?" asked Lestrangle. "Is he in love with any one?"

"I think not," returned Wayne, considering the end of his cigarette. "Certainly, I have seen no signs of it."

"He reminds me," the other went on, "of a friend of mine who died in Paris years ago—shot in a duel about a girl. Warner—Charles Warner. Did you ever meet him?"

"Warner," Wayne repeated. "No, I never did."

"He was a fine fellow," Lestrangle continued, "and more in love than I ever saw a human creature. Did you ever meet the girl, a Miss Havelock? She was widely known at the time for her beauty and her spirited riding."

The younger man had rested his arm on the low, padded back of his chair, his cheek sunk in his hand. He seemed to consider Lestrangle's question, and, after a moment, answered it with a negative ungarnished by further words.

Lestrangle stared into the fire as he went on. "That's all beside the point. The point is what to do for Harwood, and I have the answer if I could put it into action. Get him a wife!" He stopped and fixed those gentle, intense eyes of his on the young man before him, whose look never wavered from the fire. Through the youth of the face for the first time he saw signs of a life lived hard, the bright color that had held its healthy hue there in the evening had faded, the hazel eyes were brilliant with fatigue, the corners of the mouth, robbed of their smile, had taken a less aggressive set. Lestrangle leaned eagerly toward him. "I say," he repeated, "find him a wife! What do you answer to that?"

The young man, thus challenged, turned on him with something almost savage in his manner.

"We differ," he said. "I think less of women, it seems, than you do. I see no

one within twenty miles fit to mate with Harwood for an hour, and as to tying him to one of them for life——” He shrugged his shoulders with a sort of disdain that kept Lestrangle’s gaze fastened on him.

“You are thinking of some commonplace creature,” he returned, quickly, “but suppose there should come in his way a rare person, compounded of strange opposites, a woman, yet with the courage and brains of a man, would you refuse to advise him a try at domesticity after his years of loneliness?”

“I know of no such person,” Wayne said, shortly. “Do you?”

The two men faced each other. Lestrangle had a spot of red on each cheek.

“I think I do,” he returned, dropping his words out slowly, “if she will come out in her true colors.”

The face he watched hardened. “Oh, if there is any thing false about the colors she is sailing under, it’s all up with her so far as Harwood is concerned; so, if I were you, I’d let things stand as they are, and be glad, at least, that he isn’t married to a fool. That’s what the best men generally come to.”

Lestrangle shook his head, and, throwing the end of his cigar into the fire, took a turn about the room.

“You don’t understand how pressing the situation is,” he said. “He needs a woman. No man can fill the place that’s empty here.”

Wayne turned to the fire and shaded his face with his hand.

“Harwood’s story,” went on the other, hurriedly, “is not one to be faced by any ordinary woman, I admit that. His life is not to be lived except with the help of some strong nature who shall come to him at this crisis in his life. You do not understand him as I do, and you do not know him as I do——”

Wayne interrupted him with a gesture.

“I know him ten times better,” he returned, fiercely, his voice hoarse and low. “I know that softness, weakness almost, is what attracts him in women, and not to save his soul could he conquer his temperament. Your creature of nerve and resource that you described just now,”—he crimsoned to his brow, but proceeded, sternly—“would wring from him respect

and comradeship perhaps, no more; his passion he would expend on some——” he stumbled over an adjective—“on some child, such as he told us of an hour ago. No, I tell you, let him alone; and if such a woman comes into his life as he could love—then—then encourage him to attain her.”

Lestrangle stopped before the fire and jammed his nervous hands into his pockets.

“All very well, my dear fellow,” he answered, impatiently, “but that takes time, and time is what we have not got to spare. Harwood needs help now—now. I believe it stands in his reach. I believe I have fallen on a fact that will color his whole life anew. Will you tell him of it, or shall I?”

The other man had risen also, and leaned against the mantel.

“You will without scruple violate another person’s wishes as to the conduct of his own life, a life on which you have no claim?” His voice shook, but his eyes blazed into those of his companion.

Lestrangle uttered a low groan.

“Ah,” he said. “I understand. There is something of which you are ashamed—there is——”

“Nothing, before God,” the answer flashed back at him.

“Then, as bad or worse, you do not love him. I could not have believed it possible to live with him as you have done, to come in contact with every phase of his noble nature, and not love him. Forgive me. I withdraw.” He turned wearily and sank into his chair again. There was a long, heavy silence. It grew on them, and rested like a weight. Suddenly a sound of wheels broke it, a door opened, a voice outside gave an order.

The younger man raised his head and listened; his companion’s eyes had sprung to his face, and, resting there, filled swiftly with light. Rising, he held out both hands, and laughed.

“You did not answer me,” he cried, “but your face does! Do not try to deny it. I warn you that I shall tell him everything I believe before I go to-morrow.” His delicate, refined face shone as though a lamp showed through its transparency, and he added a gesture of deference, of homage. “Forgive me,” he whispered, “for treating you like a man.”

Their eyes met, and Harwood, flinging open the door, and coming to the fire, glanced at their reddened faces.

"Have you two chaps been fighting?" he asked, with a weary smile. "Jove! I'm getting soft in my old age. It was dull work driving against the rain and wind, and the little girl hadn't gained either. That takes the heart out of you—to see them getting steadily worse."

Lestrangle came up beside him as he lay back in the big armchair, his head on its back, his eyes half closed.

"Good night, old chap," he said, laying his hand fondly on the broad shoulder near him. "Good night. Come to bed soon, and don't you two talk cases." He walked to the door. "Good night," he added to the tall, slender figure, wrapped in its heavy, red silk gown, that faced him with eyes blazing. "I am a man of my word, Wayne, don't forget that." And he left the room.

Harwood clasped his hands behind his curly head, and, his lids drooping over his dark eyes, looked down into the fire.

"What does the beggar mean?" he asked, idly. He got no answer. His companion, after one hasty turn about the room, had gone to a seat behind the big writing-table, and, leaning both elbows on it, had covered his face with his hands. Harwood twisted about in his chair as the silence lengthened, and, rising, crossed to the table and sat before it.

"Tired?" he said, gently.

The hands were withdrawn from the face opposite him. Wayne leaned back and looked at him.

"Yes—no," he stumbled out the words. "Your patient was no better?"

Harwood shook his head and began sorting the papers before him. The other watched him, and slowly hardened into a set image.

"Harwood," the low, soft, hoarse voice began, "I have something to tell you. Promise me that you will sit still and hear me to the end."

Harwood stared at the countenance before him. It was aflame with color. In kindness he dropped his gaze again on his papers.

"Fire away. Of course, I'll hear you to the end."

Wayne's hands clenched. The next words came through set teeth.

"Harwood, I'm going to leave you. I'm going away."

The busy hands at the desk dropped into their owner's lap; he looked up and bent his frown sternly on his companion.

"Going away?"

"Yes. I'm going away. It isn't from choice, but I must go."

Harwood stared, then uttered a laugh.

"How utterly ridiculous the boy is," he returned. "Must! Must! You simply can't go. I won't let you, that's all."

Wayne's arms folded tightly.

"You will when I tell you all," was the answer. "Go over there in your chair by the fire, and listen."

Harwood got up and took a long turn up and down the room.

"Go ahead," he returned. "So it's coming, is it? The secret that has stood between us. Well, I'm prepared, and it would not be possible to upset our friendship. Do you want a drink?"

A short laugh that was almost a sob went with the denial he received, and then, as he sat before the fire, that half-defiant, half-pleading voice began again.

"Harwood, I have deceived you——" It hesitated.

"So I supposed," said Harwood, smiling into the fire. "But you haven't deceived me as to your being the most delightful companion I've ever had, and the best assistant in the operating-room. You can't go back on that very well." He laughed.

"Don't, don't," Wayne began again. "Listen I—I am not a man." Harwood smiled again. "No, I know that. You are a boy if there ever was one."

Wayne's nails cut the flesh. "No, I am not a boy either, I am——" The other man rose and sank into the seat opposite the speaker.

"A roaring lion, I suppose," he ended for him, half lightly, half grimly.

Their eyes met.

"I am a woman," said Wayne.

The black eyes of the man who faced him shone like weapons.

"Come, come," he said, sternly, "be sensible, be——"

"I mean it! I mean it!" was the answer. "Don't, don't persist. How can

I go on? Believe me, George, I mean it." Suddenly the brown head, with its short, curly locks, fell on the arms resting on the table, and she shook from head to foot.

Harwood also leaned on the table near that graceful head as it rested on the scarlet silk sleeves, and stared down at it.

"Are you mad?" he said.

She raised her head and looked at him.

"Look at me. Look!" she said.

Their eyes met, and hers dropped beneath his stare, and the color flamed into her cheek.

He put out his hand, and, taking hers, turned it palm down on the table; then, pushing back his chair, he uttered a low sound. "By the Lord, it's true!" There was silence. Harwood turned from her, and struck his knee with his clenched hand.

"How blind I've been. How dull, how besotted in my own misery. I've always suspected what selfishness there lay in me, and since I've thought of putting this wretched body of mine under ground, I've thought of little else. So—so—you're a woman—a woman. That accounts for it! The sort of content I've had with you, one doesn't get with a man." He got up and walked up and down the room, then stopped and looked at her. "But the work—how did you learn it? And your ways? Your talk? Your—" He sank into the chair by the table. "Tell me," he said, "the whole story, every word, from beginning to end. I, who have been so blind, so deaf, I am all eyes, all ears."

She leaned back, her hands in her lap, and began, with no sign of emotion except that her nether lip quivered with the first words.

"It's a dull story"—she spoke slowly—"with little romance in it, and much struggle of a somewhat bitter kind. It starts from the time when my father died. I need not go back of that, when we lived a life of idle pleasure, knocking about from place to place, he and I together. I faced the world when he died without a penny, and I had to make a living somehow, and I became a nurse in a hospital. I had abounding health, fingers easily taught, and I soon made my way; then it occurred to me to learn medicine. I worked at night to support myself, and I

studied hard. It was in Edinburgh, and I got my degree, and after that a place as assistant in a hospital for children."

She stopped wearily, and Harwood watched her with a wonder that grew. How had he been so blind?

"I tried then to establish a practise," she began again, shading her eyes with her hand, "and, not succeeding in Edinburgh, I went to London and worked among the very poor; but whenever I became associated with a man, he took the helm, and displaced me; he looked down on me—I was finding life more than I could bear, and not making a living. I lived in a lodging-house, and my next-door neighbor was a lad slightly built, and looking a little like me. It was that which put it in my head. I bought a suit of clothes from him, presumably for a poor patient, changed my lodgings, and, dressed in them, one night I went out. Nobody bothered me. I went to a concert. The women looked at me. The men didn't. Then I knew I was all right. It used to be the other way. For a while I studied my expressions, gestures, walk, and then I took the name you know me by, moved again and set to work. It went very well, but the fear of recognition was too great. I decided to go where I knew no one, and had been knocking about the country, trying to get a place to settle down, when I fell in with you. There you have it, and now I must move on."

She wrapped the robe about her, waiting for him to speak.

Harwood drew a deep breath. "You wonderful creature—the courage of it! Were you never caught?"

"Once or twice. It was close work, but I got away."

He leaned eagerly toward her. "But that day after I first saw you, you were having a kind of row with a man. If I hadn't come up, he would have struck you."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I trusted to luck. I worked it out this way: never go back on it—see it through. It was my only chance—behave and act as a man, and I would get through—better do anything than funk."

"Funk," repeated Harwood. "That's it. You don't talk like a woman."

She smiled for the first time. "I patterned my talk first on the casual men I met, then on you."

Harwood gave her one long, slow look; then, rising, moved about the room restlessly.

"How strange it all is! How strange this sudden friendship we have had, the closeness of the intimacy in two days, the easy speech one does not have with men except through years of habit. The sentiment and laughter, the piquancy of your talk. I might have guessed no man could supply such a place; and I would have, too, if I had not been sunk in my own selfish thoughts. When you contemplate leaving the world by your own hand, it shuts your eyes and ears to all other thoughts. I used to turn to you with the eagerness with which a man, long thirsty, drinks. When the spring is clear and sparkling, he does not question whence the brightness comes. I lived in the present once more, was a man, not a creature of memories; for that, I was grateful to you; for that, I loved you—now—now——" As he finished the flood of his talk, poured out so easily to her, he stopped by the table, and she stared up at the virile figure. He caught her eyes, and his own softened, glowing as he looked down. "Now—now——" He hesitated.

Her face changed. "Now, I go; the play is over. Put out the candles."

He stood looking down at the light on her hair. "Why do you go?"

She made a gesture of hopeless pain. She had grown pale, and the bright flush had died. "It has come to an end," she said. "Your friend, Lestrangle, knew me. He would have told you. I preferred doing it myself."

"Lestrangle knew you," repeated Harwood. "When? Where?"

"Never to speak to," she answered. "He was the friend of a man who——" she hesitated.

The man before her slipped into his chair and fastened his dark eyes on her face.

"Who loved you," he finished for her.

She did not meet his gaze. "Yes."

He drew a deep breath. "So," he said, "you are really a woman, and a man may

love you. I begin to take it in." He gave one long look about the room that made a picture of the heavy curtains, the fire, the warmth, the comfort—all that yet would have been so empty, cold without that fellow presence there—and his roving eyes fixed on her, hungrily. "What is your name?" he asked.

She flushed. "Nina," she replied.

A slow color brightened his dark cheek.

"What a feminine little name," he said; "and I have been calling you Robert for a year. Nina—what a different sound it has. Nina—Nina what?"

"Havelock," she answered.

He smiled. "Ah, there is where the dash comes in! It has been proved that Havelock is a name to quell a mutiny. So, Nina Havelock, what are you going to do?"

Her lips set painfully. "Go," she said.

Her companion extended his clenched hand on the table.

"But Harwood," he said, "George Harwood? What are you going to do with him?"

Her lips quivered. "Do with him?"

"Yes; go, and see what becomes of him."

She drew her red robe about her, and moved restlessly. "You will lead the life you led before I came."

Harwood pushed back his chair, and folded his arms on his chest. "How simple it sounds," he said, and, going to the fire, he drew his chair to it and held out his hands as though he were cold. "I see your point of view perfectly," he added. "Go, but go quickly."

She rose also and stood somewhat unsteadily by the table.

"Is that all?" she said.

He did not turn. "Aye, all," he answered.

She tried to stop the dry sob that shook her.

"Men do not cry," said Harwood.

She stiffened as she stood. "Thank you, I had forgotten."

"There are several things you do that men don't do," went on Harwood, slowly. "You had better stop them. One man never steals another man's heart. It isn't

done. Don't do it again—now go." The girl took a step that brought her back of his chair, and she stood there listening as he went on.

"I once loved a woman,"—he spoke low, but she could catch every word; they fell distinct upon the air—"and she was not able to bear the weight of something I had done. She was quite right, no doubt; but she struck me so hard a blow that I have been sick at heart ever since, and if I were to tell you what I did, you, too, would turn from me. I will spare myself that, yet I cannot ask you to love me with that story left untold, though I could love you—I could love you well, I think."

He turned, and the red blood surged to his cheek, staining the pallor that had lain there. "Ah, if I were ten years younger," he murmured, with a passion that shook his voice.

Her hand trembled as it rested on the back of his chair. "Do you think it is your past that stands between us?" She spoke very low. Harwood bent toward her to catch the words. "Your past—I've guessed it."

Harwood caught her hand in his. "When? How?"

She let him draw her near him, and almost laughed in the happiness of her complete understanding of him.

"Long ago," she answered. "I put it together from pieces. You had a quarrel, and you wounded or killed some one, with an excellent motive; but, having done it, you have forgotten the motive, and it lies on your mind. Why should it lie on mine? I believe in killing people for excellent motives. Then"—she hesitated—"you loved some woman. She did not love you enough, poor fool. What is that to me? If you love her no longer—only did I believe you love her no longer—"

Her hand still lay in his. She searched his face as she finished speaking.

He cast the idea from him, with the dull ache of pain that wrote its mark on his face whenever he thought of those hours.

"Love her? No," he said. "Forget her, I never shall; but love her—it is seven years since I have loved her. So—so —" He fastened his melancholy black eyes on her. "You have been living with

me, not ignorantly as I thought, but knowing me, gauging me, judging me, no doubt."

"Judging you, no doubt," she repeated, slowly. "Yes, I am apt at that. Why, George, you are not very wise, are you?"

She looked up into his eyes with the light-hazel brilliance of her own, then dropped her glance.

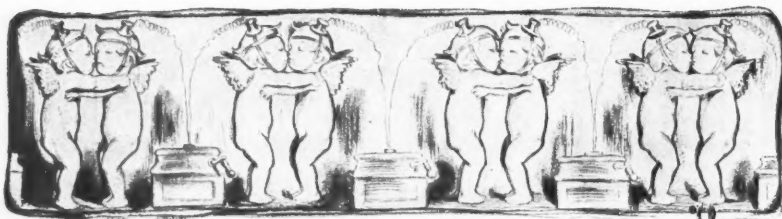
Harwood stared down at her. "What a strange life you have been leading—and those rooms you live in—they must be cold for a woman."

A sudden very exquisite smile touched her lips. "Stupid George! Women have inward fires men don't possess. The thing is a riddle, read it if you can. It was cold, but I did not feel it. The wind and snow beat loudly on my window, but I did not hear them. There is an answer. Can you guess it?"

She held out her hand. "You found me good company, and a fine hand in the operating-room—those were your words, weren't they? I have found you—but there is the riddle again. Good night." He did not take the hand she held out to him, but took in his fingers a bit of her loose, scarlet sleeve instead.

"Don't, don't go just yet," he began, hurriedly. "Such a wild, foolish hope is lighting a fire within me that I cannot bear to stamp it out so quickly—let me cherish it a moment; I have dealt so little in hopes. Nina—Nina—how the whole thing has blended into one. Was there ever an hour in which I did not know you as a woman and love you as a woman?" He sank into his chair and covered his face with his hands. "What right have I to work upon your pity? What woman would do more than pity the dull, moody brute I have become."

As he finished speaking he felt two hands rest on his shoulders, and a figure that stooped over him. Her cheek touched his, her lips brushed his hair. He sat quite still, after one deep-drawn breath, and listened to the strange music that sounded in his ears; then, putting up his hands, he held hers in their place—and there was silence, silence throbbing with those heavenly sounds.



A GREAT INVENTION.

BY TOM MASSON.

CLARA TIMERTON was a nice girl, but she had one fault. She was fickle. Her nature, with all the intensity and ardor of youth, refused, in some unaccountable manner, to remain steadfast. She was an intelligent, extremely pretty and amiable young girl, and exceedingly attractive. Young men were constantly falling in love with her, constantly being encouraged and, at the most unexpected moment, constantly being thrown over.

Clara was not a flirt, but her sudden distaste for the attentions of some young man to whom she had been violently attracted seemed constitutional. She could not help it, try how she would. It became proverbial in her circle that any young fellow who had the temerity to fall in love with her would, as sure as fate, be at last jilted.

Clara herself grew so morbid on the subject that she really disliked to meet any new young man, for very fear that they would be attracted toward each other, only with the invariable result.

All kinds of remedies were suggested. A course of treatment which would build up her nervous system—make her more phlegmatic, as it were—a long continental tour, a complete absence from society, et cetera.

But none of these produced any effect. It seemed her fate to be born constantly to meet young men whom she would love for a time with all her soul, and who would return her passion; that the engagement would be announced; indeed, in some cases, that the wedding-cards would be issued, and then, suddenly, that the whole affair would be called off, because she could not bring herself to it.

Matters were in this condition when the brilliant and now celebrated specialist on nervous diseases, Dr. Wader Chumberly returned from Germany, where he had been pursuing a series of original and startling investigations. With him on the steamer came Charlie Slater, a young man whose success in the bond department of a large Wall Street firm had been so phenomenal that his health broke down, and he had been obliged to resort to the usual European trip. He was now the picture of health.

It seemed inevitable that Charlie Slater and Clara Timerton should meet. And meet they did, one evening at a dance.

It is needless to say that they fell in love with each other at first sight.

Clara fled to her home, conscious of her new emotion; and Charlie, who knew but too well what his ultimate fate would be—for kind friends were not lacking to warn him—likewise went to his home, much distraught over his own hopeless condition.

What was to be done?

He loved this vivacious, genuine, fresh, young girl with an intensity that almost swept him off his feet. He was conscious that she loved him, by that wonderful look revealed in her eyes. It seemed as if indeed she must be his affinity. Yet the facts of her life confronted him. Others, like him, had gone through this same ordeal, and had come out—with broken hearts.

While he was sitting thus alone there was a knock at the door, and Doctor Chumberly entered. It was no uncommon thing for the doctor to come in at this late hour and have a pipe. Indeed, the two

friends had cemented the bond between them almost entirely in this manner.

For some time the doctor sat in silence, puffing his pipe, unwilling to disturb his friend's mood. Finally, however, he spoke.

"You have, then, met her?"

Charlie started up.

"How did you know that—what do you mean?" he asked.

"I am accustomed," said the doctor, "to analyzing the psychology of others, as you know. I was told where you had been. I knew that Miss Clara Timerton was there, also. I have heard the history of this remarkable young woman. And, in an imperfect manner perhaps, but nevertheless, more or less certainly, I am able to read your thoughts."

"This being the case," replied Charlie, gloomily, "there is no use for me to dilate upon my mood. I am, as you probably know, miserably unhappy. With youth and the certainty of a wealthy future on my side, I have met for the first time a young woman who I instinctively feel, although I have seen her only once, is the one best fitted to live my life with me. Yet, on the very threshold of this certainty, I am confronted by her history, and know that, after all, my love is a useless thing."

"Don't be so sure of that," replied the doctor, calmly. "I can cure her."

His friend jumped out of his chair, and confronted him eagerly.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Cure her? Is it possible? Is this, then, only a disease?"

The doctor relighted his pipe. "Sit down," he replied, "and I will explain. It matters not what love may be in its transcendent aspect, it is enough for us to say that it is governed by purely physiological laws. If in a man and a woman who are mutually attracted toward each other, we could classify the tremendous number of sensations that have made their impress upon the brain—I am speaking now in untechnical language, that you may follow me—and if at the same time we could determine the quality of the cellular structure that, in the beginning, each of them starts out with, we should be able to tell, by a series of profound calculations,

just why their attraction for each other exists."

"But what has this to do with my—with our case?"

"This is only a general statement leading up to it. What I want to impress upon you is that the brain is not only the seat of the mind, but also of that supposedly sentimental organ that is popularly termed the heart. All our actions can be traced to physical causes, and, farther than this, all our emotions, our so-called efforts of will, our intellectualities, can be traced to the brain. Whatever of soul a man may possess, we do not know. That is beyond us. But we do know that every action, every thought, has its physical reflex, or determinative sensation, although as yet we have not been able to trace the initial impulse that produces the first set of sensations. As far back as we go in our search for effects, we find some preceding cause, and thus our search seems endless."

"But how——"

"Listen. The tissue of the brain, or cortex, is in certain proportions a mass of ganglionic cells. These cells are like an infinite number of centers, and from each center there radiate what we may term arms, or, if you like, minutely thin threads, over which the electric currents go. When the brain, therefore, is alive and active, so to speak, these cells are full of energy, and their individual threads are distended, so that the threads of one cell are in touch with the threads of every other cell. We have, as the result of this normal condition of the brain, what we term contents of consciousness—that is to say, the stream of our thought remains unbroken. In the case of Miss Clara Timerton, certain portions of the cortex, in which are the seat of the emotions, are, for a certain length of time, abnormally active. This in time causes a reaction, so that what I might term a sudden disconnection of consciousness follows. Observe that the man she has loved is afterward never repugnant to her. That would be a sensation in itself. She is merely indifferent to him."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I have invented an apparatus—something on the principle of wireless telegraphy—which, when placed near enough to the subject, readjusts itself sympathetically

to the vibrations produced by the ganglionic cells of the brain. After this readjustment has taken place I set it in motion, and the vibrations it produces, being attuned to the subject, give a regular, normal, constant action of the ganglionic cells."

"So that Clara will not love me as intensely as I hope and believe she does now, but, on the other hand, her emotions will be unintermittent—no danger of their being suddenly cut off."

"Precisely. As long as the machine is near, you are safe."

"How much is one of these machines worth?"

"Five thousand dollars—with a set of ten lessons. This is the price to the trade. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded."

"That is to say——"

"That is to say, you needn't give me a check until the wedding-ceremony has been performed."

In his enthusiasm, Charlie allowed his meerschaum pipe to fall precipitately to the floor.

"Grand!" he exclaimed. "I'll start right in. I'll see Clara at once, explain the situation to her, put her under treatment immediately, and we'll be married in

a month. My dear friend, you are a benefactor of the race!"

"Don't mention it," said the great man, modestly.

One year had passed by. It was about ten o'clock in the morning of a bright summer day as an automobile puffed up to the office of Dr. Wader Chumberly, the celebrated electric specialist.

"Is the doctor in?"

"He is, sir."

The two friends once more stood face to face.

"Doctor," said Charlie Slater, "I've come on a matter of business. Do you know of any one who wants to buy one of those machines of yours, second-hand, at an absurdly low figure?"

The doctor regarded him with a look of concern.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You are not going to dispose of yours?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

His customer and friend regarded him with a look of mild and cynical amusement.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed. "Haven't I been married a year? I don't need it any more."

THE PURPLE ROSE.

BY ELSA BARKER.

ROSE of the purple petals, I would know
The secret that has darkened every vein
And fiber of thee. Was it the dull pain
Of some strange passion in the long ago?
Was there some boon the wind would not bestow?
Some nightingale who never came again
Into thy garden? Blossom, thou hast lain
All night against the dark, in nameless woe.

Sister of mine, O Rose, I know thou art!
As thus I hold thee with caressing hand,
I feel thy being with perfume expand.
I kiss thy quivering petals wide apart
And lay my lips upon thy golden heart;
For I perceive thy soul, and understand.



My Efforts To Win The "America's" Cup

BY

Sir Thomas Lipton

JUST when I first desired to win the "America's" cup, I cannot positively say. Very likely the germ of that ambition entered my mind as far back as the time when the "Genesta" was battling for the trophy. But my first overt act, if I may use the term, was just sixteen years ago, and it came about, and took form, in this way:—

The "Thistle" had been in America, fighting valiantly, but unsuccessfully, for the cup. I remember sitting at my home, and pondering.

"England has tried, and failed; Scotland has tried, and failed; why not give Ireland a chance?"

The idea pleased me. That same night I sat down and wrote a long letter to my friend, Mr. Lane, then Member of Parliament for Cork, and I asked him to submit a proposition to the Royal Cork Yacht Club—the oldest yachting organization in the world, by the way—to the effect that an Irish yacht be built from the designs of an Irishman, and that she be manned by an Irish crew, and commanded by an Irish skipper.

"I wish the challenger to be all Irish," I wrote, in effect, "and if the Royal Cork Yacht Club can give me such a craft, I will pay all the expenses."

In due course of time Mr. Lane replied. The Royal Cork Yacht Club was very anxious to join me in the enterprise, but, alas! it was impossible. An all-Irish challenger was out of the question, for the reason that there was neither Irish yacht-designer nor skipper for that class of boat at that time. It caused the officers and members of the Cork Club much chagrin to admit this fact, but nevertheless it was a fact, and so the matter ended.

But the ambition to win the bit of silver that had remained so long in America was not dead within me, nor was the desire to have much of the credit for bringing it across the Atlantic redound to the glory of Ireland. I was resolved that, sooner or later, I would have a try for it, and that Ireland would figure very largely in my attempts to succeed where so many gallant sportsmen had failed. My time did not come for many years, but finally my opportunity arrived, and, true to my first ambition, I

Sir Thomas Lipton, who is making his third attempt to win the "America's" cup as this number of THE COSMOPOLITAN reaches its readers, is a man whose business career is most interesting. The concentration which has won him so much success in the commercial world is no less characteristic of his career in the yachting world. In THE COSMOPOLITAN for October, 1901, an account of Sir Thomas Lipton's life was printed, and in the present number appears his own story of his yachting career.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

made my challenger as much Irish as I could.

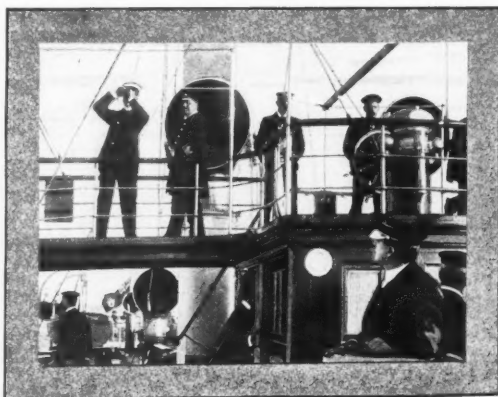
She was christened "Shamrock," and her consort was "Erin." "Shamrock" she was named, because that is the national flower of my native land, and because I have always considered it an emblem of good luck. Hundreds of letters have come to me in the past few years, fairly begging me to give the challenger another name, arguing that (as that name had gone down in defeat on two occasions) there must be something unlucky

about it; but I have invariably replied that it was not the name that was beaten, but the boat.

"Some day, if I live," I wrote one gentleman, "a 'Shamrock' will prove the better boat, and then you will be one of the first to say that the name was a lucky one."

So much for my efforts thus far to lift the cup, and how I happened to make this achievement one of the great ambitions of my life. Perhaps that ambition is to be realized this year. Perhaps the "Erin" will sail from these shores carrying back for "Shamrock III." the most prized yachting-trophy in all the world. I have great faith in the third "Shamrock," but so had I in the other two. I have seen the "Reliance," and I know her to be very fast, but I also know "Shamrock III." to be very fast.

In all, this organ-



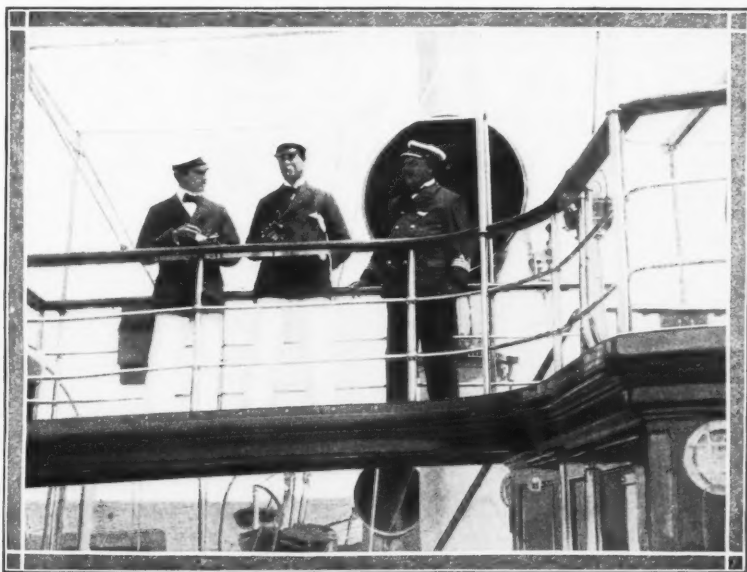
WATCHING THE RACES.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S RESIDENCE "OSIDGE," SOUTHGATE, MIDDLESEX.

ization consists of twenty-five boats, including the launches, and nearly two hundred men—all engaged in the business of trying to win that cup. We are compelled to have as much system, and as perfect an organization, as an army or a large commercial house. The men must be in perfect health, especially the

crews of the two "Shamrocks." They must have the best and freshest of foods; they must have recreation and plenty of practise and drill. They must know the meaning of a nod, and spring to position at the sound of a whistle. Our discipline must be strict, and our methods must be sure. There must be no play during



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "ERIN" DURING THE TRIAL RACES.



ON THE DRIVEWAY AT "OSIDGE."

working-hours. It is a serious, sober, absorbing task which confronts us all. We are here to bring back to the Old Country the cup wrested from us half a century ago, and the men who are defending it are seriously minded that we shall do no such thing.

I wish to go on record as saying one thing, and that is that the American people, American sportsmen, are the kindest people on earth.

My antagonists are fair fighters, and the people, whom I meet everywhere, are so cordial and hospitable that this has often embarrassed me and my associates.

Frequently I have been asked if I bet on my own boat. Unreservedly I say I never wagered a farthing. I do not believe in betting. I have never bet on a horse-race, or on any sport. I have gone into ship's pools while crossing, but more for the reason of not seeming to hold myself aloof from others than for any other purpose. But when it comes to wagering sums of money on such a sport as yachting, I would like to say that I heartily disapprove of it, and I would be much displeased if any one

of my guests or any member of my ship's company were to do such a thing. I know, from what I have learned, that enormous sums of money have been wagered in Britain on the success of the two previous "Shamrocks," but, personally, I have done everything possible to discourage this form of gambling. To my mind, it cheapens the sport, no matter what may be the moral side of the question. So whether "Shamrock III." wins or loses, it will make no difference to my pocketbook, nor, I am confident, to that of any one connected with me here.

Automobiling, as I have often admitted, is my one passion next to yachting; and, this being so, a recent episode may be of interest. Now,



A CONFERENCE WITH CAPTAIN MATTHEWS OF THE "ERIN."



SIR THOMAS LIPTON AND GENERAL CORBIN.

I confess it, without any particular feeling of shame, that when on an automobile I like to "hustle," as it is called in America. One day, not long before sailing for New York, I was leaving the outskirts of a certain town. Two days later I returned, and a man approached me, smilingly.

"Sir," he said, "I am compelled to summons you for having exceeded the speed-limit." And he mentioned the circumstance and the details of it.

"And did I go so very fast?" I asked, mightily pleased.

"Sir Thomas," he answered, gravely, "if that boat of yours goes one-quarter as fast, you'll bring the cup back, sure."

Although I am not more superstitious than most men, that remark of the rustic somehow struck me as a good omen.

As to the personnel of the men with me, I wish to say that everything is under the control of Mr. William Fife, the designer. It is he who attends to all matters. I am the official head, to be sure, and give as much attention to the affairs about me as

I do to my commercial enterprises. When Mr. Fife says: "Raise the anchor," the anchor is raised. Capt. Robert Wringe is the skipper, and will sail the boat during the races. Capt. Charles Bevis is master of "Shamrock I." They are justly regarded as the two best skippers in Great Britain, and each has the benefit of the other's skill and experience. We have every confidence in Captain Wringe, and we will, whether in defeat or victory, be certain in our knowledge that "Shamrock III." was sailed by the best crew ever gathered together in the United Kingdom. There are on the challenger numerous men who are racing-skippers at home; men of rare intelligence and attainment; men who have shipped with us as mere members of the crew. They are invaluable. They came with us, in these positions, because they wish the prestige of having sailed on the challenger, and because they would move heaven and earth to bring about a victory by all fair means. The loyalty of all is beyond question; their enthusiasm is unbounded.



BEFORE THE START.



One of our guests on board the "Erin" is Col. D. F. D. Neill, who has charge of all the submarine defenses of the Clyde River.

In urging invitations on me, personally, my friends have said: "Surely it will do no harm if you come. You are not needed there." But I have invariably answered: "If the chief gets careless of the

interests at stake, why should not the men become equally careless of them?"

And this is the way we all feel. We have been, ever since the challenger was

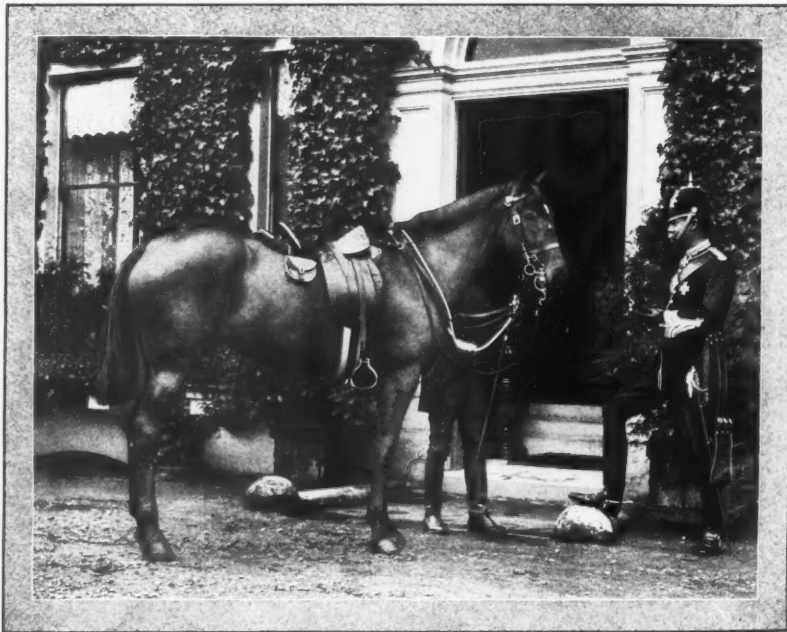
launched, a very sober-minded body of men—every single man of us. We want to win the cup, and the cup can only be won by work.

And what if I should win the cup? If I should, I think I know what I would do. American

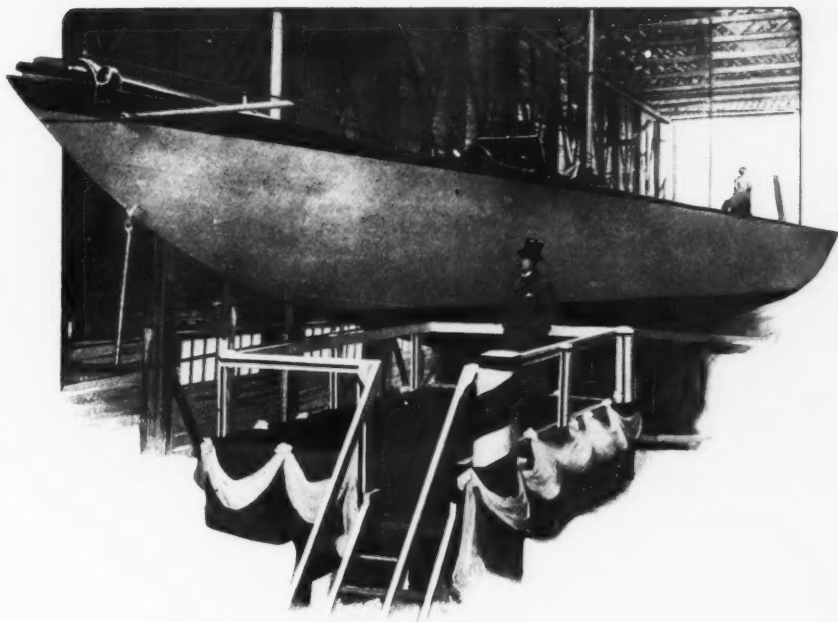
yachtsmen would have to build a different kind of a boat from either "Shamrock" or "Reliance" to bring it back again. Cup-challengers and -defenders are dangerous. One stands upon their decks as one sails, and at any minute a spar may fall, or a sail may fall, or a piece of metal may fall.



WATCHING THE YACHTS AT SEA.



STARTING FOR A REVIEW.



SIR THOMAS AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE NEW CHALLENGER.

Yes, racing-yachts are dangerous and useless.

When I was a little boy, living on the banks of the Clyde, I loved every ripple and current of the stream, and I loved every craft that floated on her bosom. I loved the fisher-boats and the sturdy, honest ships that put out to sea and weathered the gales of winter and the squalls of summer. I loved the strength and honesty of them all; and when, later in life, I shipped as a cabin-boy, I learned to love the strong bolts and the solid planking and the sails that bade the winds do their worst.

Of what use to mankind, of what use to commerce, are these beautiful white swans? They are of no use at all. They are a menace. Do they aid the science of ship-building? Do they teach any lesson to the thousands of men who earn their livelihood upon the seas? They do not! They are mere racing-machines, nothing more, and nothing less. When these races

are ended, they are worth only so much as the metal within them will bring. They are of no practical use to any one. If "Shamrock III." loses, I shall have to throw her upon a scrap-heap. I love her, because upon *her* my hopes are centered. I want that cup to go back where it came from, and, in order to meet the requirements of the defenders, I had to build her—good-for-nothing, beautiful creature that she is. But, if she wins the cup, I will cherish her for the glory that was hers. Yet, in that case, never will her type race again for the "America's" cup, unless it again leaves its native shores for the United States.

If the cup goes to Ireland, England and Scotland, the challengers must build an honest boat, a healthy boat, a real boat, to meet the defender on the other side, if I live, and have any voice in the matter.

I am an Irishman, and I love "Shamrock III." from the edge of her keel to the top of her mast.



His Ambition

By S.E. Kiser

She thought he rose to make her proud,
To raise her high above the crowd:
She thought he went pursuing fame
And striving after wealth to make
Her glad that she had shared his name—
She thought he won for her sweet sake.

He strove with all the wit he had
To make one who had scorned him sad;
He rose above the common crowd
That sorrow might eat out the heart
Of one who had been cold and proud—
To make her weep, he played his part.

One day when Death stood near, he told
Them why he won renown and gold.

She that had shared his wealth and fame
Fled, broken-hearted, from his side.
And she that scorned him was aflame
With foolish joy and worthless pride.



BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON'S WARS AND THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

"Some with lives that come to nothing, some with deeds as well undone."

XXVII.

A FLASH OF MEMORY.

Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven:
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness
To which I leave him.

"WHY, I will not let you go into the streets" said Barlasch one February morning, stamping the snow from his boots. "Why, I will not let you go into the streets . . . ?"

He turned, and followed Désirée toward the kitchen, after having carefully bolted the heavy oaken door, which had been strengthened as if to resist a siege. Désirée's face had that clear pallor which marks an indoor life; but Barlasch, weather-beaten, scorched and wrinkled, showed no sign of having endured a month's siege in an overcrowded city.

"I will tell you why I will not let you go into the streets. Because they are not fit for any woman to go into—because if you walked from here to the Rathhaus, you would see sights that would come back to you in your sleep, and wake you from it, when you are an old woman. Do you know what they do with their dead? They throw them outside their doors—with nothing to cover their starved nakedness—as Lisa put her ashes in the street every morning. And the carts go round—as the dustman's cart used to go in times of peace—and, like the dustman's cart, it drops part of its load, and the dust that blows round it is the infection of typhus. That is why you cannot go into the streets."

He unbuttoned his fur coat and displayed a smart, new uniform; for Rapp had put his miserable army into new clothes, with which many of the Dantzig warehouses had been filled, by Napoleon's order, at the beginning of the war.

"There," he said, laying a small parcel on the table. "There is my daily ration. Two ounces of horse, one ounce of salt beef—the same as yesterday. One does not

know how long we shall be treated so generously. Let us keep the beef—we may come to want some day."

And, giving a hoarse laugh, he lifted a board in the floor, beneath which he hoarded his stores.

"Will you cook your déjeuner yourself?" asked Désirée. "I have something else for my father."

"And what have you?" asked Barlasch, curtly. "You are not keeping anything hidden from me?"

"No," answered Désirée, with a laugh at the sternness of his face. "I will give him a piece of the ham which was left over from last night"

"Left over" echoed Barlasch, going close to her, and looking up into her face, for she was two inches taller than he. "Left over? Then you did not eat your supper last night?"

"Neither did you eat yours, for it is there under the floor."

Barlasch turned away with a gesture of despair. He sat down in the high arm-chair that stood on the hearth, and tapped on the floor with one foot, in pessimistic thought.

"Ah, the women . . . the women," he muttered, looking into the smoldering fire. "Lies—all lies. You said that your supper was very nice!" he shouted at her, over his shoulder.

"So it was," answered she, gaily. "So it is, still."

Barlasch did not rise to her lighter humor. He sat in reflection for some minutes. Then his thoughts took their usual form of a muttered aside.

"It is a case of compromise. Always like that. The good God had to compromise with the first woman He created almost at once. And men have done it ever since—and have never had the best of it. See here," he said, aloud, turning to Désirée, "I will make a bargain with you. I will eat my last night's supper—here at this table, now—if you will eat yours."

"Agreed."

"Are you hungry?" asked Barlasch, when the scanty meal was set out before him.

"Yes."

"So am I."

He laughed quite gaily now, and the meal was not without a certain air of festivity, though it consisted of nothing better than two ounces of horse and half an ounce of ham, eaten in company of that rye-bread, made with one-third part of straw, which Rapp allowed the citizens to buy.

For Rapp had first tamed his army, and was now taming the Dantzigers. He had effected discipline in his own camp, by getting his regiments into shape, by establishing hospitals (which were immediately filled) and by protecting the citizens from the depredations of the starving fugitives who had been poured pell-mell into the town.

Then he turned his attention to the Dantzigers, who were openly or secretly opposed to him. He seized their churches, and turned them into stores; their schools he used for hospitals, their monasteries for barracks. He broke into their cellars, and took the wine for the sick. Their store-houses he placed under the strictest guard, and no man could claim possession of his own goods.

"We," he said, in effect, with that grim, Alsatian humor which the Prussians were slow to understand, "are one united family in a narrow house, and it is I who keep the storeroom key."

Barlasch had proved to be no false prophet. His secret stores escaped the vigilance of the picket whom he conducted to the cellars in the Frauengasse. Although he was sparing enough, he could always provide Désirée with anything for which she expressed a wish, and even forestalled those which she left unexpressed. In return, he looked for absolute obedience, and, after their frugal breakfast, he took her to task for depriving herself of such food as they could afford.

"See you," he said. "A siege is a question of the stomach. It is not the Russians we have to fight; for they will pot fight. They sit outside and wait for us to die of cold, of starvation, of typhus. And we are obliging them at the rate of two hundred a day. Yes—each day Rapp

is relieved of the responsibility of two hundred mouths that drop open and require nothing more. Be greedy—eat all you have, and hope for release to-morrow—and you die. Be sparing—starve yourself from parsimony or for the love of some one who will eat your share and forget to thank you—and you will die, of typhus. Be careful and patient and selfish—eat a little, take what exercise you can, cook your food carefully with salt—and you will live. I was in a siege—thirty years before you were born—and I am alive yet, after many others. Obey me, and we will get through the siege of Dantzic, which is only just beginning."

Then, suddenly, he gave way to anger, and banged his hand down on the table.

"But, sacred name of thunder! Do not make me believe you have eaten when you have not!" he shouted. "Never do that!"

Carried away by the importance of this question, he said many things which cannot be set before the eyes of a generation sensitive to plainness of speech, and only tolerant of it in suggestions of impropriety.

"And the patron," he ended, abruptly. "How is he?"

"He is not very well," answered Désirée. Which answer did not satisfy Barlasch, who insisted on taking off his boots and going up-stairs to see Sebastian.

It was a mere nothing, the invalid said. Such food did not suit him.

"You have been accustomed to live well all your life," answered Barlasch, looking at him with the puzzled light of a baffled memory in his eye, which always came when he looked at Désirée's father. "One must see what can be done."

And he went out forthwith, to return, after an hour or more, with a chicken, freshly killed. Désirée did not ask him where he had procured it. She had given up such inquiries, for Barlasch always confessed quite bluntly to theft, and she did not know whether to believe him or not.

But the change of diet had no beneficial effect, and, the next day, Désirée sent Barlasch to the house of the doctor whose practise lay in the Frauengasse. He came and shook his head bluntly. For even an old doctor may be hardened at the end of his life by an orgy, as it were, of death.

"I could cure him," he said, "if there were no Russians outside the walls—if I could give him fresh milk and good brandy and strong soup."

But even Barlasch could not find milk in Dantzig. The brandy was forthcoming, and the fresh meat: Désirée made the soup with her own hands. Sebastian had not been the same man since the closing of the roads, and the gradual death of his hopes that the Dantzigers would rise against the soldiers that thronged their streets. At one time it would have been easy to carry out such a movement, and to throw themselves and their city upon the mercy of the Russians. But Dantzig awoke to this possibility too late, when Rapp's iron hand had closed in upon it. He knew his own strength so well that he treated with a contemptuous leniency such citizens as were convicted of communicating with the enemy.

Sebastian's friends seemed to have deserted him. Perhaps it was not discreet to be seen in the company of one who had come under Napoleon's displeasure. Some had quitted the city, after hurriedly concealing their valuables in their gardens, behind the chimneys, beneath the floors, where it is to be supposed they still lie hidden. Others were among the weekly thousand or twelve hundred who were carted out by the Oliva gate, to be thrown into huge trenches, while the waiting Russians watched from their lines on the heights of Langfuhr.

It was true that news continued to filter in and never quite ceased all through the terrible twelve months that were to follow.

More especially did news that was unfavorable to the French find its way into the beleaguered city. But it was not authentic news, and Sebastian gathered little comfort from the fact—not unknown to the whispering citizens—that Rapp himself had heard nothing from the outer world since the Elbing mail-cart had been turned back by the first of the Cossacks on the night of the seventh of January.

Perhaps Sebastian had that most fatal of maladies—to which nearly all men come at last—weariness of life.

"Why don't you fortify yourself, and laugh at fortune?" asked Barlasch, twenty years his senior, as he stood sturdily in his

stocking-feet at the sick man's bedside.

"I take what my daughter gives me," protested Sebastian, half-peevishly.

"But that does not suffice," answered the materialist. "It does not suffice to swallow evil fortune—one must digest it."

Sebastian made no answer. He was a quiet patient, and lay all day with wide-open, dreaming eyes. He seemed to be waiting for something. This, indeed, was his mental attitude as presented to his neighbors, and, perhaps, to the few friends he possessed in Dantzig. He had waited through the years during which Désirée had grown to womanhood. He waited on doggedly through the first month of the siege, without enthusiasm, without comment—without hope, perhaps. He seemed to be waiting now—to get better.

"He has made little or no progress," said the doctor, who could only give a passing glance at his patients; for he was working day and night. He had not time to beat about the bush, as his kind heart would have liked; for he had known Désirée all her life.

It was Shrove Tuesday, and the streets were full of revelers. The Neapolitans and other Southerners had made great preparations for the carnival, and the Governor had not denied them their annual license. They had built a high car in one of the entrance-yards to the Marienkirche; and, finding that the ancient arch would not allow the erection to pass out into the street, they had pulled down the pious handiwork of a bygone generation.

The shouts of these merry-makers could be dimly heard through the double windows, but Sebastian made no inquiry as to the meaning of the cry. A sort of lassitude—the result of confinement within doors, of insufficient food, of waning hope—had come over Désirée. She listened heedlessly to the sounds in the streets, through which the dead were passing to the Oliva gate, while the living danced by in the hideous travesty of rejoicing.

It was dusk when Barlasch came in.

"The streets," he said, "are full of fools dressed as such."

Receiving no answer, he crossed the room to where Désirée sat, treading noiselessly, and stood in front of her, trying to see her averted face. He stooped down and peered

at her until she could no longer hide her tear-stained eyes.

He made a wry face and a little clicking noise with his tongue, such as the women of his race make when they drop and break some household utensil. Then he went back toward the bed. Hitherto he had always observed a certain ceremoniousness of manner in the sick-chamber. He laid this aside this evening, and sat down on a chair that stood near.

Thus they remained in a silence which seemed to increase with the darkness. At length the stillness became so marked that Barlasch slowly turned his head toward the bed. The same instinct had come to Désirée at the same moment.

They both rose and groped their way toward Sebastian. Désirée found the flint and struck it. The sulphur burnt blue for interminable moments, and then flared to meet the wick of the candle. Barlasch watched Désirée as she held the light down to her father's face. Sebastian's waiting was over. Barlasch had not needed a candle to recognize death.

From Désirée his bright and restless eyes turned slowly toward the dead man's face—and he stepped back.

"Ah!" he said, with a hoarse cry of surprise. "Now I remember. I was always sure that I had seen his face before. And when I saw it, it was like that—like the face of a dead man. It was in the Place de la Nation, on a tumbrel . . . going to the guillotine. He must have escaped, as many did, by some accident or mistake."

He went slowly to the window, holding his shaggy head between his two clenched hands, as if to spur his memory to an effort. Then he turned and pointed to the silent form on the bed.

"That is a noble of France," he said. ". . . one of the greatest. And all France thinks him dead this twenty years. And I cannot remember his name—goodness of God—I cannot remember his name!"

XXVIII.

VILNA.

It is our trust
That there is yet another world to mend
All error and mischance.

Louis d'Arragon knew the road well

enough from Königsberg to the Niemen. It runs across a plain, flat as a table, through which many small streams seek their rivers in winding beds. This country was not thinly inhabited, though the villages had been stripped, as foliage is stripped by a cloud of locusts. Each cottage had its ring of silver-birch trees to protect it from the winds which sweep from the Baltic and the Steppe. These had been torn and broken down by the retreating army in a vain hope of making fire with green wood.

It was quite easy to keep in the steps of the retreating army; for the road was marked by recumbent forms huddled on either side. Few vehicles had come so far; for the broken country near Vilna and around Kovno had presented slopes up which the starving horses were unable to drag their load.

D'Arragon reached Kovno without mishap, and there found a Russian colonel of Cossacks, who proved friendly enough, and not only appreciated the value of his passport and such letters of recommendation as he had been able to procure at Königsberg, but gave him others, and forwarded him on his journey.

He still nourished a lingering belief in de Casimir's word. Charles must have been left behind at Vilna to recover from his exhaustion. He would undoubtedly make his way westward as soon as possible. He might have got away to the south. Any one of these huddled human landmarks might be Charles Darragon.

Louis was essentially a thorough man. The sea is a mistress demanding a whole and concentrated attention—and concentration soon becomes a habit. Louis did not travel at night, for fear of passing Charles, alive or dead, on the road. He knew his cousin better than any in the Frauengasse had learnt to know this gay and inconsequent Frenchman. A certain cunning lay behind the happy laugh—a great capacity was hidden by the careless manner. If ready wit could bring a man through the dangers of the retreat, Charles had as good a chance of surviving as any.

Nevertheless, Louis rarely passed a dead man on the road without stopping, and, quitting his sleigh, turning over the body, which was almost invariably huddled with

its back offered to the deadly, prevailing north-wind. Against each this wind had piled a sloping bank of that fine snow which, even in the lightest breeze, drifts over the surface of the land like an ivory mist, waist-high, and cakes the clothes. In a high wind it will rise twenty feet in the air, and blind any who try to face it. As often as not a mere glance sufficed to show that this was not Charles, for few of the bodies were clad. Many had been stripped while still living by their half-frozen comrades. But sometimes Louis had to dust the snow from strange, bearded faces before he could pass on with a quick sigh of relief. The country is thinly populated beyond Kovno, and spreading pine-forests bound the horizon. The Cossacks—the wild men of Toula who reaped the laurels of the rear-guard fighting—were all along the road. D'Arragon frequently came upon a picket—as often as not the men were placidly sitting on a frozen corpse as on a seat—and stopped to say a few words, and gather news.

"You will find your friend at Vilna," said one young officer, who had been attached to General Wilson's staff, and had many stories to tell of the energetic and indefatigable English commissioner. "At Vilna we took twenty thousand prisoners—poor devils who came and asked us for food—and I don't know how many officers. And if you see Wilson there, remember me to him. If Napoleon has need to hate one man more than another for this business, it is that firebrand, Wilson. Yes, you will assuredly find your cousin at Vilna among the prisoners. But you must not linger by the road, for they are being sent back to Moscow to rebuild that which they have caused to be destroyed."

He laughed, and waved his gloved hand, as d'Arragon drove on.

After the broken land and low, abrupt hills of Kovno the country was flat again until the valley of the Vilia opened out. And here, almost within sight of Vilna, d'Arragon drove down a short hill which must ever be historic. He drove slowly, for on either side were gun-carriages deep sunken in the snow where the French had left them. This hill marked the final degeneration of the Emperor's army into a shapeless rabble, hopelessly flying before an exhausted enemy.

Half on the road and half in the ditch were hundreds of carriages which had been hurriedly smashed up to provide fire-wood. Carts, still laden with the booty of Moscow, stood among the trees. Some of them contained small, square boxes of silver coin, brought by Napoleon to pay his army, and here abandoned. Silver coin was too heavy to carry. The rate of exchange had long been sixty francs in silver for a gold napoleon or a louis. The cloth coverings of the cushions had been torn off to shape into rough garments, and the straw stuffing had been eaten by the horses.

Inside the carriages were—crouching on the floor—the frozen bodies of fugitives too badly wounded or too ill to attempt to walk. They had sat there till death came to them. Many were women. In one carriage four women, in silks and fine linen, were huddled together. Their furs had been dragged from them either before or after death.

Louis stopped at the bottom and looked back. De Casimir at all events had succeeded in surmounting this obstacle which had proved fatal to so many—the grave of so many hopes—God's rubbish-heap, where gold and precious stones, silks and priceless furs, all that greedy men had schemed and striven and fought to get, fell from their hands at last.

Vilna lies all down a slope—a city built upon several hills—and the Vilia runs at the bottom. That Way of Sorrow, the Smolensk road, runs eastward by the river-bank, and here the rear-guard held the Cossacks in check while Murat hastily decamped, after dark, westward to Kovno. The King of Naples, to whom Napoleon gave the command of his broken army quite gaily—"à vous, Roi de Naples," he is reported to have said as he hurried to his carriage—Murat abandoned his sick and wounded, and did not even warn stragglers.

D'Arragon entered the city by the narrow gate known as the Town Gate, through which, as through that greater portal of Moscow, every man must pass bareheaded. "The Emperor is here," were the first words spoken to him by the officer on guard. But the streets were quiet enough, and the winner of this great game of chance maintained the same quiet, unostentatious silence in victory as that which

in the hour of humiliation had baffled Napoleon.

It was almost night, and d'Arragon had been traveling since daylight. He found a lodging, and, having secured the comfort of the horse provided by the lame shoemaker of Königsberg, he went out into the streets in search of information.

Few cities are to this day so far behind the times as Vilna. The streets are still narrow, winding, ill-paved, ill-lighted. When d'Arragon quitted his lodging, he found no lights at all; for the starving soldiers had climbed to the lamps for the sake of the oil, which they had greedily drunk. It was a full moon, however, and the patrols at the street-corners were willing to give such information as they could. They were, however, strangers to Vilna, like Louis himself, and not without suspicion; for this was a city which had bidden the French welcome. There had been dancing and revelry on the outward march. The citizens themselves were afraid of the strange, wild-eyed men who returned to them from Moscow.

At last, in the Episcopal Palace, where headquarters had been hurriedly established, Louis found the man he sought—the officer in charge of the arrangements for despatching prisoners into Russia and to Siberia. He was a grizzled warrior of the old school, speaking only French and Russian. He was tired out and hungry, but he listened to Louis's story.

"There is the list," he said. "It is more or less complete. Many have called themselves officers who never held a commission from the Emperor Napoleon. But we have done what we can to sort them out."

So Louis sat down in the dimly lighted room and deciphered the names of those officers who had been left behind, detained by illness or wounds or the lack of spirit to persevere.

"You understand," said the Russian, returning to his work. "I cannot afford the time to help you. We have twenty-five thousand prisoners to feed and keep alive."

"Yes—I understand," answered Louis, who had the seaman's way of making himself a part of his surroundings.

The old colonel glanced at him across

the table, with a grim smile. "The Emperor," he said, "was sitting in that chair an hour ago. He may come back at any moment."

"Ah!" said Louis, following the written lines with a pencil.

But no interruption came, and at last the list was finished. Charles was not among the officers taken prisoner at Vilna.

"Well?" inquired the Russian, without looking up.

"Not there."

The old officer took a sheet of paper and hurriedly wrote a few words on it.

"Try the Basile hospital to-morrow morning," he said. "That will gain you admittance. It is to be cleared out by the Emperor's orders. We have about twenty thousand dead to dispose of as well—but they are in no hurry."

He laughed grimly, and bade Louis good-night.

"Come to me again," he called out after him, drawn by a sudden chord of sympathy to this stranger who had the rare capacity of confining himself to the business in hand.

By daybreak the next morning Louis was at the hospital of St. Basile. It had been prepared by the Duc de Bassano, under Napoleon's orders, when Vilna was selected as the base of the great army. When the Russians entered Vilna after the retreating remnant of Murat's rabble, they found the dead and the dying in the streets and the market-place. Some had made fires, and had lain themselves down around them—to die. Others were without food or firing, almost without clothes. Many were barefoot. All, officers and men alike, were in rags. It was a piteous sight, for half of these men were no longer human. Some were gnawing at their own limbs. Many were blind, others had lost their speech or hearing. Nearly all were marred by some disfigurement, some terrible sore, the result of a frozen wound, of frost-bite, of scurvy, of gangrene.

The Cossacks, half civilized as they were, wild with the excitement of killing and the chase of a human quarry, stood aghast in the streets of Vilna.

When the Emperor arrived, he set to work to clear the streets first, to get these piteous men indoors. There was no ques-

tion yet of succoring them. It was not even possible to feed them all. The only thought was to find them some protection against the ruthless cold.

The first thought was, of course, directed to the hospitals. They looked in and saw a storehouse of the dead. The dead could wait; but the living must be housed.

So the dead waited, and it was their turn now at the St. Basile hospital, where Louis presented himself at dawn.

"Looking for some one?" asked a man in uniform, who must have been inside the hospital, for he hurried down the steps with a set mouth and quailing eyes.

"Yes."

"Then don't go in—wait here."

Louis looked in, and took the doctor's advice. The dead were stored in the passages, one on the top of the other, like bales of goods in a warehouse.

Some attempt seemed to have been made to clear the wards, but those whose task it had been had not had time to do more than drag the dead out into the passage.

The soldiers were now at work in the lower passage. Carts began to arrive. An officer, told off to this dread duty, came up hurriedly, smoking a cigarette, his high, fur collar about his ears. He glanced at Louis, and bowed to him.

"Looking for some one?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then stand here beside me. It is I who have to keep count. They say there are eight thousand in here. They will be carried past here to the carts. Have a cigarette."

It is hard to talk when the theomometer registers more than twenty degrees of frost, for the lips stiffen and contract into wrinkles like the lips of a very old woman. Perhaps neither of the watchers was in the humor to begin an acquaintance.

They stood side by side, stamping their feet to keep the blood going, without speaking. Once or twice Louis stepped forward, and, at a signal from the officer, the bearers stopped. But Louis shook his head, and they passed on. At midday the officer was relieved, his place being taken by another who bowed stiffly to Louis, and took no more notice of him. For war either hardens or softens. It never leaves a man as it found him.

All day the work was carried on. Through the hours this procession of the bearded dead went silently by. At the invitation of a sergeant, Louis took some soup and bread from the soldiers' table. The men laughingly apologized for the quality of it.

Toward evening the officer who had first come on duty returned to his work.

"Not yet?" he asked, offering the inevitable cigarette.

"Not yet," answered Louis, and, even as he spoke, he stepped forward and stopped the bearers. He brushed aside the matted hair and beard.

"Is that your friend?" asked the officer.

"Yes."

It was Charles at last.

"The doctor says these have been dead two months," volunteered the first bearer over his shoulder.

"I am glad you have found him," said the officer, signing to the men to go on with their burden. "It is better to know—is it not?"

"Yes," answered Louis, slowly. "It is better to know."

And something in his voice made the Russian officer turn and watch him as he went away.

XXIX.

THE BARGAIN.

"Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him."

"Oh, yes," Barlasch was saying, "it is easier to die—it is that that you are thinking—it is easier to die."

Désirée did not answer. She was sitting in the little kitchen at the back of the house in the Frauengasse. For they had no firing now, and were burning the furniture. Her father had been buried a week. The siege was drawn closer than ever. There was nothing to eat—nothing to do—no one to talk to. For Sebastian's political friends did not dare to come near his house. Désirée was alone in this hopeless world with Barlasch, who was on duty now in one of the trenches near the river. He went out in the morning and only returned at night. He had just come in, and she could see by the light of the single candle that his face was gray and haggard,

with deep lines drawn downward from eyes to chin. Désirée's own face had lost all its roundness and the bloom of her Northern girlhood.

Barlasch glanced at her, and bit his lip. He had brought nothing with him. At one time he had always managed to bring something to the house every day—a chicken, a turnip or a few carrots. But to-night there was nothing. And he was tired out. He did not sit down, however, but stood breathing on his fingers, and rubbing them together to restore circulation. He pushed the candle further forward on the table, so that it cast a better light upon her face.

"Yes," he said. "It is often so. I—who speak to you—have seen it so a dozen times in my life. When it is easier to sit down and die. Bah! That is a fine thing to do—a brave thing—to sit down and die."

"I am not going to do it—so do not make that mistake," said Désirée, with a laugh that had no mirth in it.

"But you would like to. Listen. It is not what you feel that matters; it is what you do. Remember that."

There was an unusual vigor in his voice.

Of late—since the death of Sebastian—Barlasch seemed to have fallen victim to the settled apathy which lives within a prison-wall and broods over a besieged city. It is a sort of silent mourning worn by the soul for a lost liberty. Dantzig had soon succumbed to it, for the citizens had not even the satisfaction of being quite sure that they were deserving of the world's sympathy. It soon spread to the soldiers who were defending a Prussian city for a French emperor who seemed to have forgotten them.

But to-night Barlasch seemed to be more energetic. Désirée looked round over her shoulder. He had not laid on the table any contribution to a bare larder; and yet his manner was that of one who has prepared a surprise, and is waiting to enjoy its effect. He was restless, moving from one foot to another, rubbing together his crooked fingers, and darting sidelong glances at her face.

"What is it?" she asked suddenly, and Barlasch gave a start as if he had been detected in some deceit. He hustled forward

to the smoldering fire, and held his hands over it.

"It is that it is very cold to-night," he answered, with that exaggerated ease of manner with which the young and the simple seek to conceal embarrassment. "Tell me—mademoiselle—what have we for supper to-night? It is I who will cook it. To-night we will keep a fête. There is that piece of beef for you. I know a way to make it appetizing. For me there is my portion of horse. It is the friend of man—the horse."

He laughed and made an effort to be gay which had a poignant pathos in it that made Désirée bite her lip.

"What fête is it that we are to keep?" she asked, with a wan smile. Her kind, blue eyes had that glitter in them which is caused by a constant and continuous hunger. Six months ago they had only been gay and kind, now they saw the world as it was, as it always must be as long as the human heart is capable of happiness and the human reason recognizes the rarity of its attainment.

"The fête of St. Matthias—my fête."

"But I thought your name was Jean."

"So it is. But I keep my fête at St. Matthias because on that day we won a battle in Egypt. We will have wine—a bottle of wine—eh?"

So Barlasch prepared a great feast which was to be celebrated by Désirée in the dining-room, where he lighted a fire, and by himself in the kitchen. For he held strongly to a code of social laws which the great Revolution had not succeeded in breaking. And one of these laws was that it would be in some way degrading to Désirée to eat with him.

He was a skilled and delicate cook only hampered by that insatiable passion for economy which is the dominant characteristic of the peasant of northern France. To-night, however, he was reckless, and Désirée could hear him searching in his secret hiding-place beneath the floor for concealed condiments and herbs.

"There," he said, when he set the dish before her. "Eat it with an easy mind. There is nothing unclean in it. It is not rat or cat or the liver of a starved horse such as we others eat and ask no better. It is all clean stuff."

(To be concluded.)

A CHIP OF THE OLD CONFEDERACY:

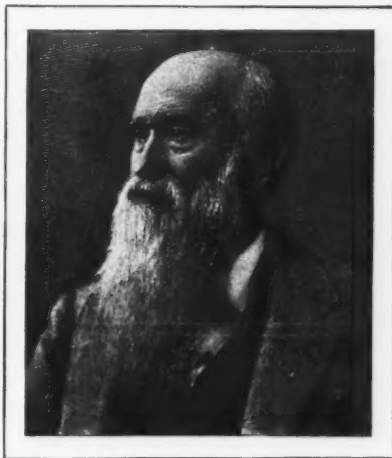
JUBAL A. EARLY.

BY CLARA MORRIS.

I WAS too young to really understand the great war when it was on. I had no father and no brother to explain matters to me, so my ideas on the subject of the mighty struggle were—well, peculiar, at least. I was greatly lacking in bitterness of spirit, and I remember that on one occasion when I had been sent at risk of sunstroke to read what was written on the bulletin-board at the telegraph-office, as I pushed through the crowd, I wept, because the killed on both sides were all Americans. Why—I indignantly asked—if these secession people and our abolition people must fight, why don't they turn around and fight some foreign people, and not be Caining and Abeling each other like this? I had then, as I have now, the habit of forming strong likes or dislikes for people unknown to me; therefore, Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Custer, Hancock and Meade I greatly admired, while Burnside—whom, like several others named, I came to know later in life—I disliked because of his whiskers, which would not let him look like a fighting man. And in spite of all I read of the wonderful executive and constructive ability of McClellan, I always saw him in my imagination very spick and span, correct and superior in air, drawing, on nice, white paper, plans of battles to be fought when all his soldiers were quite perfectly trained and correctly uniformed; and I used to wonder anxiously if the enemy would wait until he was quite ready. On the other side, I greatly admired J. E. B. Stuart. Robert E. Lee I thought quite lovely, but, for some mysterious reason, I always regarded him as a martyr, and was grateful that his people loved him so. In my opinion, the best thing about Jefferson Davis was his wife. I had never seen him pictured without her, and she was charming. Morgan and Forrest, I was afraid of; but the man I disliked, without rhyme or reason, but yet wholly, entirely disliked, was Jubal A. Early.

As the years went on, I developed an undying curiosity about the war and every

one who took part in it—high or low, old or young, black or white, Federal or Confederate—all were marvels of interest to me if they had been in the great fight. I was utterly speechless with emotion when I took, in farewell, the proffered hand of that beautiful wreck, Pauline Cushman, who left the stage to act as a spy in the Northern service, while my heart almost stood still with the wonder and the marvel of the glimpse I caught of a boy, small, pallid and just then wearily indifferent, but yet a morsel blown across my path from one of the bloodiest battle-fields of the world—Shiloh. His legs had gone from under him. When his breath returned, he called aloud to space: "My drum ain't busted, but I can't reach t'other stick!" and then rat-tatted as best he could, sitting, hot in his own blood, there in what might have seemed the measured center of the surely coming charge. As his one stick beat, rataplanning as best it might alone, his ghastly face, turned backward, saw the first man, rifle in hand, who topped the low ridge, racing forward on two strong legs, furiously cursing the swinging, helpless left arm that dripped as



GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY.

he ran. And the child, with frenzy-keyed, shrill voice, screamed: "Man! Man! Give me my stick! I ain't got no legs! Oh! Give me my stick, will you? And, say! Put me by that tree, and I'll drum all day—I will!"

Without pause the man with the sound legs cast from him the useless gun, caught up the boy, and swung him, drum and all, to his shoulder. He snatched up the second stick, brought the shattered little legs about his neck, and, holding them on his breast with his sound arm, he leaped forward, barely escaping submersion from the great blue wave, now pouring over the ridge. A wild roar of recognition followed in the wake of the long roll and rattle torn from the drum by the childish hands of the man-mounted drummer-boy, while he madly beat out rally, charge, everything he could think of save a recall.

Then the gasping man who carried him began to reel in his tracks, and the drummer-boy cried, piercingly:—

"Oh, man! Man! Don't put me down! See—they're dropping like flies—and they want me to drum to show 'em the way to go! Don't! Damn it, don't! Oh, God!"

For, with a roar, the earth, the good, old, patient earth, was hurling itself skyward, rent apart to its awful, flaming heart, and the boy's legs were gone again!

Then, if the mere sight of this maimed little drummer-boy so affected me, imagine how interesting I must have found the men who were powers during those four slow, dragging, bloody years of war. But the great struggle had been over for long years when, in playing a two-weeks' engagement in the City of New Orleans, I met that true chip of the old Confederacy—General Jubal A. Early.

The glory of the old St. Charles hotel having departed, and the new hotel being still on paper only, I followed the example set by others of my profession, and took apartments in a private house. I soon found there was another guest there, whose room was on the ground floor, and from my balcony I often saw him coming in or going out, and my attention was at once attracted by his odd appearance.

He was bowed and bent at the shoulders, and seemed greatly to need the support of his massive, old cane. His hair and long,

straggly beard were of that yellowish white that is the least lovely of all the shades of gray hair, but his costume was the oddest thing about him. Sunday or week-day, he was clothed from top to toe in a peculiar shade of gray, quite unlike anything I had ever seen in tailoring-goods before, the trousers, vest, tailed coat and big hat being all of that unusual gray.

Susie, a woman who had been in service there so long that she had taken her employer's name, being in my room one day as the old man left the house, I commented to her on his odd appearance, ending with: "I wonder, sometimes, if that is not the prison-made gray cloth formerly used by the Confederate army? Give a military cut, a little black braid, a few brass buttons to that coat, and I almost believe we'd have a true Southern uniform."

And Susie answered: "I reckon, Miss, you don't know who dat ol' man is, or you'd be mighty sure of what cloth he's dressed in. Why, dat's ol' Mr. Early."

I turned quickly: "You don't mean the general—Jubal A. Early?"

"Yaas, ma'am, dat's jes' who I do mean. He lives here, locked up in his own room, an'—my Lordy!—how he does damn and hate all you Northern people!"

She looked at me expectantly. "I reckon you Northerners plumb hate him back again?"

"Good gracious, no!" I answered. "People of the North are good fighters, but bad sulkers. They are too busy attending to their business to waste time hating people, even those who have been of real consequence."

I saw the malicious sparkle in the woman's eyes, but I never dreamed she was going to avenge an undeserved "blowing-up" by repeating my words to the general, as she did that very night. She told me of the lonely life of the old soldier, of his oddities, of his profanity with the people, and, finally, of his one, his only, joke. Whenever he went away to a soldier's reunion or funeral or the like, he always gave his key into Susie's own hand, forbidding her, on pain of death, to allow any "damned body" in his room—Mrs. T. no more than any one else. Then he would tramp to the front door, pause, beckon her to him, and say, fiercely: "Look here! If

they put any damn' Northerner in my room, Susie—you kill him, do you hear? P'izen him, and leave the consequences to me! I'll see you through and stand the expenses of burying him besides, damn him!"

And that was the joke, well worn, the one and only joke of General Early, so far as this family knew, and he had lived long with them. He was very grumpy and gruff in manner. When he chanced to meet strangers in the hallway, he even muttered a curse, as he unlocked his door, if the intruder was masculine; while my silent bow, as I passed him, produced but a spasmodic upward jerk of the gnarled forefinger toward the gray, unlifted hat. And I smiled as I realized that the old, childish dislike for the man, unreasoning as ever, was still with me, because, perhaps, all trace of the West-Pointer, of the veteran soldier, had slipped away from him, in his appearance there being more of the lawyer, more of the embittered politician, than of the army man.

Slipping out one day to match a skein or two of embroidery silk, I found, on leaving the store, that I was threatened with a drenching, and ran for home, scudding before the gale with bare poles. Mercy! What wind! What darkness! I was dashed up the three shallow steps, and, as I seized hold of the door-knob, I laughed: "Any port in a storm," and fairly hurled the door back, and myself in the hall. And, oh, dear! Oh, dear! A big cane went flying one way, and a man who had had a hand upon the knob went the other way and struck the wall with a violence that forced an Indian-like "ugh!" from his lungs as the door banged to.

"I beg you pardon! Oh! I beg your pardon!" I gasped.

"Wh-what the devil's the matter with you?" snorted the unfortunate.

"That's what's the matter with me!" I cried, as through the shrieking wind we heard the first lashing of the furious rain across the door. I ran, and picked up the cane, and placed it in his heavily veined hand.

"I'm so sorry, sir," I continued; "of course, I could not know any one was holding the other knob. It was the storm that made me so frantic to get in, and I'm dreadfully afraid I've hurt you badly, although I suppose you'd rather die there

against the wall than acknowledge an injury received from a Northerner?"

Something like a grim smile came to his lips, as he grunted: "Well, you're no fool, if you have mashed me up here like a mosquito against the wall. What a devil of a noise!" he grumbled, as he drew his door-key from his pocket. I saw how his hand trembled, and, boldly taking the key from him, I said:—

"Please let me assist you, sir," and ran down the hall, and unlocked the door.

"This is my room and home," he said, then paused and peered in and exclaimed: "Now, damn that woman!"

Oh, such a dreary, forbidding room, in that dim light! Such a dust, confusion of papers and books, uncomfortable chairs, coverless tables, undraped windows! His frown had deepened, and, in a querulous tone of real disappointment, he said, more to himself than to me: "Now, where in the devil is my lunch?"

Then—in spite of all I had heard of his woman-hating, of his unsociability—the utter forlornness of that room, the beating storm outside made me bold, and I answered: "I don't know where your luncheon is, General, but I do know where mine is, and you're going to share it with me, unless you're afraid I'll poison you?" He shot a quick glance at me, but I went on. "You look like a tea-drinker." He nodded emphatically. "Then, come on," I said, "and take your tea with the enemy."

"Oh!" I gasped, as the house fairly shook. "I'm afraid of the storm! Please come and lunch with me, won't you?" At this he laughed outright, locked his door securely, again punctiliously damned Susie, and followed me up-stairs.

My sitting-room's pictures, piano and couches, glorified with roses and mignonette, and made hospitable by warm, dog-gish welcome, seemed, by contrast with that dusty desolation down-stairs, a homely and inviting spot. The tray was already on the small table, but, requiring some additions to its furnishing, I rang the bell in a darkness so great that I had to feel for the button. The general proposed a light.

"The matches are right beside you, sir," I announced. "On the mantel." I felt trouble in the air as I spoke, and he put his cane under his arm, and grabbed the

little fancy receptacle. The sandpapered space was about an inch and a half long. He drew out a match, and, jerking it across the sand-paper, sent the flaming head flying through the air. One match went that way in silence, a second went with a stamp of the foot, a third with a snort, a fourth with a damn! And then he dashed the box on the mantel, snatched out another match, and, scratching it across that part of his anatomy most suited for the service, he had the gas lighted in an instant, and was telling me just what kind of fool the man was who had invented that particular match-safe.

Then the recalcitrant Susie appeared and saw who my companion was, standing on the threshold in an amazement that became stupefaction when she heard my order.

"What's the matter with you, you chucklehead?" grimly inquired the old man.

"W-w-why, General, you goin' to break bread with er Northern woman? W-w-why you've cuss'd 'em from Danter Beersheba ever since de war! You is plumb hoodoo'd, you is, Marse Early!"

"If I had my bootjack here!" regretfully murmured "Marse Early." At those words Susie began to take proper notice, and started away to get the cup, plate, et cetera, and I jestingly added: "Be sure you bring a separate pot for General Early's tea. I want him to feel quite safe from—er—attack of any sort, you know."

I laughed as I threw off my hat and mantle, and he answered: "That's just like you Northerners. Rub it in—rub it in! Well, I see that that fool Susie's been telling tales about me, and you are just what your infernal soldiers were, you love to rub it in. It's a cursed mean trait, too!"

"I know it. I know it!" I replied, as I held out my hand for his hat and cane, and pushed a chair toward him. "It showed itself most plainly in our fierce and implacable Grant at Appomattox. You remember how he 'rubbed it in' about the side-arms, the horses and the self-respect he left to the brave men who had gamely lost to him? You would not have rubbed it in like that, would you, General?"

He gazed angrily at me with his bright, hot-looking, dark eyes, and a fierce blast of noise from outside suddenly reminded me that, although the war was over, the storm

was not, and, hastily pulling a big, white rose from the bowl, I waved it before him, crying:—

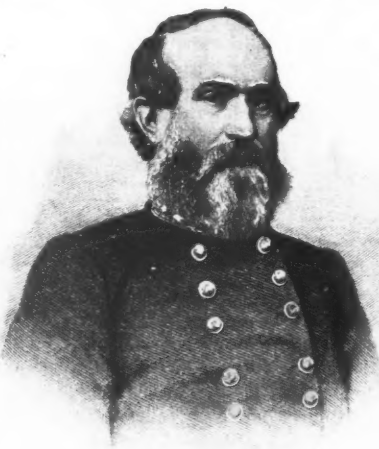
"Truce, General, truce! If you have been too busy all your life to learn to take a joke, you can't have passed through the Florida, Mexican and Civil ructions without learning how to carve a chicken!" And I offered him the carving-knife and -fork.

He accepted them, remarking: "You're a mocking, little Northern devil! But I'll carve the chicken for you."

And I added: "That's right, and we won't say anything more about poisoning Northerners, or rubbing things into Southerners, but, like little birdies in a nest, we'll pick the worms that Susie brings."

At which nonsense he broke into crackling laughter, and then entered said Susie with tea-pot, dishes, et cetera. Presently, she being gone, behold us vis-à-vis, outside the lashing storm, between us the neatly arranged tray and steaming silver pot; beside me, cushion-enthroned, the small empress of my heart, Lasca, who ate every currant and raisin an unwilling cake gave up.

The general drank his first cup of tea eagerly, as one who needed the refresh-



J. A. Early

ment. Then, in true tea-lover fashion, he took the second one reflectively, with appreciation of flavor and bouquet.

He had partaken rather sparingly of the cold fowl and salad, and sat stirring the tea slowly in his cup, when I heard the welcome words: "Yes, I remember once, when we——" and I knew that he was off for a talk. Believing that he would go on as long as the tea lasted, I gently, gently drew the hot-water pitcher nearer and secretly refilled my cup from that; for I was certain that once the thread of reminiscence was broken, even by an order for fresh tea, he would take it up no more. So I sipped water, and listened, asking a question now and then, seizing a moment of excitement or a quite unconscious explosion of swearing, to pour a little tea into his cup, that and sympathetic listening being the fuel that kept him going.

And so he told me many things about the great war, and, as he talked, a curious change came over him; and suddenly I was reminded of that queer growth sometimes sold by peddlers on the street, and called the "Jerusalem rose." A dry, drab bunch of stems, it looks as dead as Herod, but, placed in a basin of water, it softens, uncurls, spreads out sturdy roots, and presently becomes green as to leaf, a sort of hemlocky or cedar-like green, but nevertheless fresh and living. And here was this bent man straightening up, throwing back his head and shoulders, the growling, grumpy tones becoming more open, more commanding. His always bright eyes were now hotly glowing, and something of the soldier came back to his bearing. Only the bitterness of the disappointed man remained unchanged, and its tang was in every sentence that he spoke. If he sneered contemptuously at the great men of the North, he was savagely critical of some of the great men of the South. He cursed venomously when speaking of "Fisher's Hill" and of Sheridan, but Custer's name he would not pronounce, not even when he referred to "Waynesboro," where he lost to the younger man, and, a few sad days later, found himself "relieved of his command."

A silence had come upon him, after the speaking of those bitter words, "relieved of my command." He stared downward—oh, if I could have seen in that cup all

that he saw there, as he stirred the tea round and round, while his heavily veined left hand nervously threaded his beard!

I did not know just what to say or do—somehow I always seem to know when suffering is near. I felt its presence then, and, meaning to break the silence with some casual remark, I made this criminal selection: "Waynesboro? That was in the spring of '64, I think?"

His fierce eyes leaped at my face, as a hound might have leapt at my throat, as he shot out the words: "March—'65!" From knitted brows to writhing mouth there was such a quiver of pain upon his face that instead of this hated date he might have plucked a knife from his living breast. Only a moment's open expression, but in it there was so much wounded pride, anger, humiliation and pain, that suddenly I seemed to partly understand his bitterness, in looking back at the long road he had traveled from West Point, through the Florida War, through the honors of the Mexican War, through the early successes of the Civil War, only to find military extinction at Waynesboro!

"Relieved of his command" after nearly thirty years of service! Staring into his cup again, he looked so old, so sad, so lonely, a swift impulse made me cry: "The greatest soldier of his time came at last to Waterloo!" and, as I live, he half rose from his chair, and, bowing to me, said gravely: "Thank you, madam!"

As he sank back, he began rolling a strand of his beard between his thumb and forefinger. "You have a kind heart," he said, "a big heart." He paused, then with impetuosity he exclaimed: "See here! I'd like you to understand things better. You—you damned Northerners think it's mighty funny that our niggers fear the power of the 'voodoo,' or, as you-all call it, the 'hoodoo.' A power for evil—a power stronger than you are. Away from the blacks, it is bad luck. You don't believe in it, but you'll nail a cursed old horseshoe over your door to keep it away, and none of you dare walk under a ladder, for fear of this bad luck! But look you here, young lady. Sometimes in this world it comes about that, instead of the nigger, it's the white man who plumb fears his cursed luck! It is the white

man, who, in secret to his quaking soul, acknowledges the power of some 'hoodoo!' Why, see here! Was I not a soldier trained, a seasoned and experienced soldier, an honest man, and devoted body and soul to the 'Cause?' I served it successfully, too, at the first. I was at—" And he rapidly pronounced the names of many battle-fields. "A 'division' is not given to a man who is a coward or a fool, and then did I change? Never, in the world! I, old Jubal Early, was as keen to plan, as eager to work and as ready to turn up my toes, as any man in the Confederacy! I did not change, but, by the Almighty! my luck changed with a vengeance! On foot or on horseback, in camp or in field, bad luck dogged my steps. No matter how perfect plans might be, how thoroughly approved by others, bad luck followed any attempt of mine to carry them through. Half-won engagements suddenly lost, victory torn from your very grasp, would make any man believe in bad luck. My reputation as a 'Jonah' began to spread far and wide. Why, a wounded, jeering devil of a prisoner said one day: 'Oh, we knew we were going to lick you that time.'

"How could you know?" asked the Confederate with whom he was talking. "You were devilishly near to being licked yourselves!"

"That's so," replied the prisoner, "but, all the same, when we heard that that unlucky old man Early was in command, we *knew* we'd win—couldn't help it, you know!"

The general raised his piercing, old eyes with almost an appeal in them, as he continued: "And, in God's name, was there ever such luck heard of as that which, at the eleventh hour, brought Sheridan on the field, sweeping together, as he rode, his whipped and fleeing men, with his cursed call: 'Face the other way, boys! Face the other way!' and so wrenching away from us our hard-won victory?"

He shook his head, sighing heavily, then he slowly went on: "Opequan Creek. Fisher's Hill. Cedar Creek. Lost guns. Lost trains. Hard luck! Hard luck! But," he cried, fiercely, "by God, no cowardice!" adding, "Eh? Eh?" in a tone of challenge.

And I answered: "General, I fancy you are the only person in the South who would venture to couple the name of Early with the word 'cowardice.'"

In spite of the oaths and jibes and sneers at Northerners he had indulged in, I was feeling very sorry for this disappointed, old soldier in his loneliness, when suddenly he exclaimed: "What the devil's the reason the vain, stiff-necked, narrow-minded women of the North have no hearts? For you are only an exception, going to prove the rule. You Northerners are——"

A swift anger flared up in me, and I—oh, shame to me!—(and, just see, now, how quickly "evil communications corrupt good manners"), I struck the tray a blow that made my fingers tingle, as I cried, violently: "What the deuce do *you* mean, General Early, by attacking the people you know nothing about? The women of the North—the women of the North! I don't believe you ever met a lady from the north of your air-drawn Mason and Dixon's Line! I don't believe you ever came nearer to a Northern woman than some poor God-forgotten harpy of a camp-follower! Oh, you know the class well; you had plenty of them in the South who followed the army in gray, hovering like vultures upon the flanks of your own hungry troops! Creatures who had forgotten girlhood—wifehood—almost their womanhood! How would you like it if I judged the women of the South by such creatures? Make the acquaintance of a few Northern women—if they will receive you—before you venture to criticize them again!"

I can see yet the utter astonishment upon his face, as, drawing a long breath, he slowly said: "Well, I'm damned!"

"You will be," I laughed, "if you go on sneering at your own countrywomen. But I have faith to believe you would not stand quietly by and permit a foreigner to speak so of them?"

"No, not by a long shot!" he quickly answered, and just then a watery sunlight that yet paled the gas came into the room, and he sent a surprised glance clockward and hastily rose: "I—I—why, what have I been about!" he exclaimed, confusedly.

"You have been giving me a great pleasure, General Early," I replied.

"Humph! Then you must have some

damned original ideas on happiness in general."

I laughed—he swore, but he didn't look at all alarming.

"The worst of it is," he added, "I've done all the talking. I've dragged you clear from Chambersburg to Waynesboro; and I can't lay the blame of the gossip on you. To talk like that to a Northerner, when I do just p'izen-hate the North, and all——"

"Forgive me, General, but I don't believe you. No—I say no! You *can't* hate one part of your country—you can't. Remember that you loved, followed and served a flag with a whole fieldful of stars long years before you tried to tear out from it a single star to follow and serve. And now that all are back again—the field full once more—you are glad of it! Oh, don't tell me—I know that, down in your heart, it's the whole flag, as it's the whole country, that you love! And this 'Cause' that is lost—what was it but a magnificently awful mistake, paid for by tens of thousands of American lives freely given for ideal right—sanctified by uncounted broken hearts? But, the 'Cause' being lost, it should be treated as are the beloved dead, laid at rest forever. Remembered? Yes, tenderly, regretfully, but silently! Oh, General, I am taking my turn at the talking, now. But one word more, and I'll let you off. If only some foreign power would shake a threatening fist against our flag, how quickly your old soldier-heart would prove to you that you love your country, in its entirety!"

He shook his head. "You have a sharp tongue," he remarked, but not roughly, as he stooped to pick up his cane.

I begged his pardon, and, taking his hat, paused, in handing it, to ask: "Why do you do this, General?"

He touched his ugly coat. "This?" he inquired, with a half-smile.

"Yes," I answered. "It's not its artistic charm that wins your fidelity. Do you wear your Confederate gray clothing just to be, as children say, 'aggravating'?"

He frowned quickly. I went on. "Or do you wear it as sometimes a widow wears black all her life long, in true mourning for her lost one?"

He struck his hat into shape—beneath his beard his lips twitched nervously.

"I wear it—in memory—of—of *many things*," he said, and there was indescribable bitterness in the last two words.

"Forgive me," I said. He pressed my hand silently, and Susie entered, and gazed with goggle-eyes at the clock.

"Well, chucklehead," he snapped, "did you expect to find me dead, that you are so disappointed to see me living?"

"Good Lordy!" grinned Susie.

"You are just in time to escort General Early to his room," I laughed, "and I call on you to witness that he leaves this door as sound and as whole as when he entered."

"Here!" he said, "take this key, and open my door, and put some water on the table." He was following Susie down the hall as he spoke. "And if you have any sense, you'll put my bootjack out of reach, for you've been telling tales behind my back, you useless piece of lumber!" Suddenly he turned, and said to me:—

"Thank you, for your kindly hospitality!"

"A large word to express a mere cup of tea," I answered.

"I have received more than a cup of tea. You fed me, you listened to me, and, by the Almighty, you gave me a pretty sharp lesson about the Northern women, but——" He passed hat and stick to his left hand, straightened up, brought his heels together, and honored me with a salute most soldierly, as he grimly added: "But I reckon I needed all I got. Good afternoon!" And he marched downstairs.

He left the city for a reunion before I did. As he gave his key into Susie's hand, he said: "If they put any damn' Northerner in my room, Susie, you kill him! Do you hear? P'izen him, and leave the consequences to me. I'll see you through, and pay the expenses of burying him beside, damn him! Good-by! Oh, I say—hold on a minute, Susie—if they put any Northerner in my room except that infernal little vixen up-stairs, do 'em up! But you can let *her* slide! Good-by!"

Thus did he modify his joke for my sake—this devoted, disappointed chip of the old Confederacy.



HOW TO WIN A MAN

BY Lavinia Hart

MAN is more fastidious than he seems. Contrary to popular opinion, his sense of the esthetic is keen, and forms the basic principle of that art in which, above all others, he is most skilled—the art of loving.

There are three great primal causes which develop the love of man, and each is a cause of beauty. First, beauty of person; second, beauty of intellect; third, beauty of character—set down in crescendo, according to their comparative worth.

To be sure, there are other means to win a man, as fortune and social prestige, but these are better classified under the distinct heading "How to Buy a Man," and their method is the simple transaction of the market-place.

Personal beauty is the most ordinary means for attracting the most ordinary man. One reason for this is that it is the most accessible means. On the Continent, where the system of strict chaperonage prevails, all that a man can make sure of in advance is personal beauty. For the rest he must rely upon chance. With a third party ever present, no true gauge can be made of moral or intellectual capacity. A chaperon may cleverly cast over the girl the glamour of her own wit and wisdom, so that the man will conceive an exaggerated impression of the girl's intelligence and character; or, the chaperon's presence may so embarrass both man and maid that true grace and merit will lie hidden and be misconstrued. In America, where the chaperon custom is ignored by the great masses,

the ordinary man does not have the time or will not take the time—for time is the one consideration for which the American man will become an economist—to probe for deeper beauties than those which lie open before him, and can be readily comprehended between rushes for dollars and diversion.

Another reason why personal beauty appeals, is that the physical is more strongly developed in man's nature than the spiritual; and so long as he continues to select a mate for physical, rather than the more spiritual, beauties, this trait in his nature will predominate. The spiritual advancement or retarding of man depends largely upon the plane of his womenfolk; and the development of his highest powers depends upon the sympathy and harmony of his relation toward them.

When man's love is based on personal beauty only, it rarely lasts a year. It cannot, under the most favorable conditions, outlast the beauty which it loves. And that beauty which, of itself, inspires love flees with youth. Those marriages, therefore, which result from love founded on personal beauty only, cannot continue to be love-marriages, for the love-motif cannot last. And it is the marriage without love that retards man from spiritual attainment, and prevents woman from mothering a race whose moral and intellectual beauty should equal its beauty of person.

Occasionally the beauty-match is a success, but that is a purely accidental circumstance which, out of many chances, is bound to occur. That youthful beauty which is

physical, and not the result of superior inner beauties, rarely is accompanied by splendors of intellect or character. The reason for this may be that a just Providence strikes a balance in the make-up of each human being; but it is more likely that the beauty is spoiled, and considers her physical charms sufficient to cover a multitude of deficiencies. Whatever the cause, we do not often find beauties exerting themselves to be witty and amiable—which may account for the plurality of admirers over suitors in their train. This in turn proves that if ordinary men are attracted by the ordinary means of personal beauty, the majority of even these hold back for the means extraordinary before succumbing to the final winning. The modern man is awakening to many new realizations with regard to woman's love and companionship, and the time is not far distant when a dimple will stand for a dimple, not an angel, and be rated at its face value. When that time does come, man will have taken an important step in solving the problems of "Can Love Last?" and "Is Marriage a Failure?" If more heed were paid to the means by which he is won, man could better gauge the stability of what attracts him, and reckon his chance for future happiness.

But if personal beauty, of itself, is not sufficient justification to inspire and win man's love, nor sufficient fuel to feed and satisfy its flame, it must ever be an important accessory to the wider, better means. Personal beauty at least awakens admiration and passing interest, and gives opportunity for the unfolding of greater worth. Not infrequently has a refined spirit or a cultured mind been left to "bloom unseen," because its beauties were hidden behind an unattractive face or a physique that lacked the vigor of health and the glow of vitality. It is every woman's duty to be as beautiful as she can. She owes it to herself and to a world which is bettered by every influence for the beautiful. In an age when the science of health and hygiene, the bases of personal beauty, is making the strides which it is to-day, there is no excuse for ugliness. In the past, women grew pallid and listless and prematurely old, because of conventional rules and regulations which confined them much at home. To-day there is nothing but laziness or the nar-

rowness of hereditary habit which can deter women from drinking of the fountains of youth and beauty constituted in fresh air, sunshine and outdoor exercise. No woman with a soul—and this excepts none—can fail to acquire some degree of personal beauty, regardless of present deficiencies in form or feature, if she will learn how to breathe and how to walk, and exercise this knowledge in the open air, systematically, continually, and with interest that does not abate after the novelty of the experiment has waned. Rounded contours, firm flesh, bright eyes, red lips, brilliant complexion, healthy hair, grace of movement and entire physical poise are the direct results of these means to good health. There is no kind of beauty whose life-power is not supplied by health; but of personal beauty it is the inspiration, the life and the soul. The greater our portion of this beauty, all else being equal, the greater our opportunity for winning the man we want—and likewise the greater our gratification in the power to requite his love and stimulate his pride.

However, those women who have small claim to actual physical beauty need not despair. While its use as an accessory means to the end is indisputable, physical beauty is the least effective and least permanent method for the winning of a man. A century ago this statement would not have been true. Women then had small opportunity for the attainment of the higher beauties of intellect and character. Physical beauty was their principal stock in trade. How fashions change! Even human hearts and human loves are subject to modes and their seasons. The modern man may flirt with the girl who is pretty and foolish and flighty. Her dimples atone. But when he has reached a certain age, and gained a certain experience, he probes deeper. To-day his first question is not: "Is she pretty?" but "Is she clever?" Does man realize how important a factor in the intellectual growth of woman this little query has been? The attitude of the sexes is regulated on the principle of demand and supply. Women are what they conceive men want them to be. When men admired the wasp-waisted, high-heeled, shy, ethereal type, women typified their ideal. Now that men have

grown better and more liberal, their ideals have bettered and broadened. The understanding man of to-day seeks in woman companionship, comradeship, and intellectual and moral equality. To this end he has wiped out the conventional narrowness of the past, and opened wide to woman the door of every opportunity. All women do not realize this. Indeed, few fulfil the new ideal of the intellect and character beautiful. Perhaps that is one reason why marriage is decreasing, particularly among those men who would be worth the winning. Since the woman who understands and responds and sympathizes has become a reality—though a rare one—the man who seeks the best will take no less. Even among the younger element this new conception of woman's possibilities is spreading. At undergraduate dances we find the clever girl holding her own with the beauty; though in times past this same plain-looking, clever girl would have been mercilessly neglected. But the modern, clever girl has a peculiarly modern cleverness. It does not protrude itself. Never does it border upon strong-mindedness.

This clever girl is adaptive and appreciative, with a wealth of mental sensitiveness. She does not scintillate with brilliant speeches, overshadowing those around her, and making them uncomfortable by comparison. Rather, she leads up to the golden opportunity, and leaves the coup and the laurels within easy reach of others.

Master-stroke of feminine ingenuity! Could anything put a man in better conceit of himself, or stamp a woman upon his heart and mind with greater favor, than to have his mouth filled with wit, and his words with wisdom, while the woman who strikes the spark conceals her subtle tools behind beams of appreciation? Men rarely are drawn to women who are obviously their intellectual superiors; yet a woman must be at least a man's intellectual equal to win him wholly and permanently. The true test of intellectual gifts is not how much we can convey to other minds, but how much we are capable of drawing from them. The fact that we have excited other minds to action is proof that we have not only conveyed, but conveyed so well as to constitute a challenge. By this means we acquire new thought in original dress,

and improve the knowledge and capacity of others by that best possible method of making them think for themselves.

All men are charmed by the sound of their own voices. They like to find a mute and credulous person to whom they can talk about themselves, their ambitions, their work, their play, their tastes and hobbies. A good listener is the next best thing to a good prompter. Few men are brilliant. There are witty and dull ones, cultured and coarse ones, well-read and unlettered, wise men and fools. Rarely, however, do we find the combination of wit and wisdom. The woman who can supply these, without his conscious knowledge, to the man who lacks them, holds a winning card. I have seen men grow buoyant, and their self-complacency scale refreshing heights, over epigrams well-spoken, which were born in the minds of clever women, and carefully laid on their lips. To be purely intellectual, then, is not enough. The clever woman will be liberal with her intellectual beauties, and share them with the man she would win. How many women have so much tact? A few. How many have so much cleverness? Still fewer. The difficulty is that the woman of tact ordinarily is lacking in depth and resource, and the clever woman is but superficially clever, and has no great mental power on which to draw. Why will not women awaken to the value of thought? Nine out of ten women do not know what thinking means. Their best makeshift for it is worrying. Their nearest approach to it is putting two and two together, and assuming that it makes four. This assumption is not the result of any mental process; it is the result of having studied the addition-table. Women have a way of going around problems, instead of through them. They seldom take stout hold of a subject, and dissect it, and analyze it, and thrash the good out of it, until they know its worth and workings, by a thorough understanding of its whole and its parts. Women are either mentally slipshod or mentally lazy—or else they do not realize the possibilities of their own gray matter. They rely upon instinct, rather than intellect; hence their lack of logic and surplus of sensitiveness.

The much-mooted higher education for women means more to them than it seems.

It may not develop into conversational or counting-house helps; but it stands for a mental discipline that will discover to them a world of new wonders, and lead them to attainments reached hitherto only by men. Yet higher education is not essential for intellectual force and activity. Every woman, regardless of condition and environment, can cultivate intellectual beauty. The first step is to broaden her interests; the next is to comprehend their causes and effects. She must get away from worry and gossip and petty envies; from little doings and shallow thinkings and small aimings. She must follow the trend of affairs, sympathize with peoples rather than with persons, know the news of nations rather than of localities, and grasp universal, rather than local, truths. Broad interests and consequent liberal education and wide view are what have made men good comrades, and taught them the joys of good fellowship. While woman's natural impulse is sympathetic and responsive, making her ideally adaptive to companionship, the better part of her nature, in the broad, human, intellectual sense of the higher companionship, has remained undeveloped because of shallow education and narrow mental and material scope.

To-day feminine eyes are opening, and the increased vision discovers limitless possibilities. When we broaden our view, the landscape broadens; when we raise our aim, the proportion of fulfilment rises to follow after it; when we increase our efforts, power and capacity develop in manifold ratio. By which means may women gain the poise and sense of proportion which constitute the subtle, adequate, effective power that not only appeals to man, but conquers him and holds him.

It is one thing to infatuate a man; another, and a rarer thing, to win him. The man who does not remain steadfast never has been wholly won—and what, considering all the love-affairs there are, is the proportion of masculine steadfastness? Even among the great men of gigantic mind and lofty purpose, the rate of constancy always has been pitifully low. In "Much Ado About Nothing" Shakspeare bid us:—

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,—
To nothing constant never."

And why this general inconstancy on the part of man? Because woman in general has never been great enough to win and hold him wholly. She has amused him, pleased him, comforted, inspired, delighted him, and made him transiently happy. But unless she can do more than this, she cannot continue to do so much. She must appeal to every part of his nature if she would continue to appeal to any part of it; she must be the comrade of his practical hours, if she would remain ever the idol of his romantic moments; she must be just and balanced in judgment if she would win his confidence; she must not only understand every part of his nature, but respond to it, if she would win his sympathy; she must be broad in her conceptions of human life and her knowledge of human affairs, if she would win intelligent intercourse with him; and she must keep moving onward and upward in intellectual and ethical, as well as physical, unison with him, if she would wholly win and everlastingly hold and satisfy him. There are women such as this. They are the wives of marriage-made men, of husbands who are and always will be their lovers and admirers; and they are the mothers of little men and women such as the nation will need during the coming generation. Our standards are rising. Our homes are growing better, and their atmosphere is becoming more refined. In spite of seeming depravity in the increase of divorce, the proportion of happy marriages among us is greater than ever before. The restlessness and disruption do not signify lower, but higher, ideals. It is a craving for the highest that makes us dissatisfied with less. In the material world, necessity is the mother of invention. In the ethical world, desire is the mother of realization. The wish for higher, truer living is making that mode of living an established fact. Men are coming to realize that the chances for leading clean, progressive, happy lives are heightened in proportion to the care they exercise in choosing their wives. The man best worth winning surrenders to character; for he who recognizes and appreciates character has grown familiar with it by its presence within himself. He knows that of all the beauties which glorify womanhood, none can compare with beauty of character; for

while personal beauty is good to look upon, and intellectual beauty is good to feed upon, beauty of character leads to a certain degree of both of these, and is something more besides. Its roots go deeper than fine physique or brilliant mind. They are buried in the heart, and nourished by the soul, and the plant is one of never-fading flower. That love which rests on beauty of character has a foundation lasting and secure; and the woman who wins a man by this noblest of all means need have no fear for her future happiness.

Character stands for progress; and progress is the life of love. Variety may be the spice of life; but progress is food and spice also. It is more than variety; for it means, not only constant change, but that each new thing shall be better than its predecessor. To keep love's interest quick and fresh, the inspiration must be ever new and rich and fertile. Versatility holds a magnetic charm for man; but versatility cannot be imitated nor affected. It is the outcome of the resource and individuality of character. Nor must it be confounded with that restlessness and change of mood which emanate from the shallow mind and the spirit ill at ease. The signs of character do not always represent character. They must be consistent, spontaneous, and equal to all emergencies.

One of the first character-signs that a man seeks is gentleness. All men, from crudest to most cultured, love gentleness in women. The gentle woman's nature is silhouetted against the harder nature of man, giving him a sense of power and ruggedness, which increases his tenderness, and makes him strong as a protector.

Men love flattery; and in no way are they so keenly flattered as by woman's dependence upon them. Strong men do not fancy weaklings; but they want the strength of their women to evidence itself in patience, in cheerfulness, in repose and endurance. The quickest way to win a man's interest is to depend upon him. The surest way to win his best endeavor is to make him believe he is thought capable of all things. A man will strain himself mightily to live up to a woman's ideal of him; and she must never let him suspect that she knows how weak he is, else he will show her how much weaker he can be.

Cheerfulness is another sign of character which appeals forcibly to man. Good-nature is worth a dozen doleful virtues; but it cannot be cultivated as an independent side-issue. It takes all the force of character to rise cheerfully from failure and disappointment and disillusion, and turn bitterness into the profit of experience. A sunny temperament means much in the winning of a man, and it greatly simplifies the holding of him. His life is filled with strife, with commercial contention, the dryness and sourness of competition, the friction and vexation of the daily struggle after wherewithal. If the close of day finds him weary and depressed, and impatient of further resistance, the cheerful woman will understand. She will soothe and stimulate and refresh him by the mere exhalation of her good-nature.

The patient woman is the wonder and delight of man. His nearest approach to patience is in persistence or resignation, which are somewhat less. Patience is woman's own virtue, taking the place and achieving the ends of man's aggressiveness. Women do woo men, and win them; but theirs is passive wooing. They woo by beauty and virtue and sympathy, which speak more loudly than amorous pleading; and they choose their man by mute signs which mean much. The glance of an eye, the careful toilet, the pleasure postponed for his coming, the seat of honor at table, the choice of a dancing-card—could speech be more eloquent? Yet modesty must be a part of this silent wooing, else its power is weakened; and patience must be its watchword. Impatience gains us nothing—often it loses a cause, half won—but patience has always its sure reward. Woman is a creature of whims; and man is a creature of habits. Whims may be conquered by mastery and will; but habits yield only to patient endeavor—which reminds us that there are a few ways not to win a man.

One of these is the obvious effort to reform him. Man will conform rather than reform, but even this process is dangerous until the game has progressed past the fourth or fifth tee. Man is selfish, and his vices are selfish vices. Nothing will scare him so quickly as the prospect of relinquishing his pet weaknesses. The only way to remake a man, and give a more

acute angle to his moral perspective, is to become one of those pet weaknesses. He will do much for the girl he is learning to love; but he will not acquire virtue for virtue's sake. He will not abstain from drink because temperance is a virtuous thing; but if he can be convinced that drink is bloating his face, ruining his stomach, conducing to baldness, and making him old before his time, his drinking-days are numbered—not by pledge or persuasion, but of his own accord. Then abstinence becomes a habit; and men love habit better than vice. So the conformer has a double winning. First, she gains her point; second, her lover does not blame her for the loss of his pleasures, and prides himself for the loss of his vices.

A second way not to win a man is under false pretenses. A woman must not pretend to be an angel; nor even allow her lover, of his own accord, to think her one. For she surely is not, and sooner or later he must realize it. And while it will be a sufficient shock for him to discover she is quite human, it will be added chagrin if he must acknowledge to poor judgment. Man prides himself on his sagacious insight into human nature. If one have faults and foibles, it is better not to mask them. Man musters up courage to cope with those evils which are a known quantity. All other things being equal, he will put himself about, and, by reason or ridicule, help to correct them. But what he does resent, and what has wrecked many a promising marriage, is the hiding of these things, and the subsequent realization that deception has been practised.

A third way not to win a man is to steal him from another girl. The man who will flirt with his sweetheart's friends is not worth winning; and he will pass along to another and still others with as much underhandedness and complacency as he does

to the first usurper. No girl need worry over the man so lost, and none need rejoice over one so won. For his type is that of the weakling; and his ideal is not sufficiently high to flatter the woman who wins him.

A fourth way not to win a man is to play him like a trout, and tantalize him into continuous devotion. That man who does not cherish the love confessedly and unreservedly his, whose interest must be whipped into life by uncertainty and petty jealousy, is scarcely worth the discussion of ways and means. Genuine love can be won only by genuine methods. Affected coyness is no help in the winning of a worthy man. When simpering femininity was the fashion, affectation had its day. But an army of those women could not win a modern man, whose every ideal of womanhood is based on truth and sincerity.

All of which seems like a great deal of virtue to bestow on the winning of a man—sometimes better and sometimes worse, and usually undeserving. But even the worst of men have possibilities. None is wholly bad, though some are better than others. Almost any man can be a hero if the woman who knows and understands can get to him in time. Man is much like a violin. There surely is great difference in the quality of instruments; but even a Stradivarius would yield discord in the hands of a clown. The right woman can wring harmonies, of more or less beauty, from the crudest human instrument. Some women are so unfortunate or so ruthless in their touch that they go through life pulling discords everywhere. It needs the delicate touch, the sympathetic touch, the touch that understands the limitations and appreciates the possibilities of its instrument, to smother the bad and swell the good; to not only win the man of one's choice, but to make him a man worth winning.



MEN OF HONOR AND STAMINA WHO MAKE THE REAL SUCCESSES IN LIFE.

I.—JOSEPH W. FOLK.

BY FREDERIC C. HOWE.

THE great Edmund Burke has somewhere said that the end of government was to secure twelve good men and true in the jury-room. By such standards the City of St. Louis is enjoying the supreme end of democratic government; for St. Louis, and in a sense the State of Missouri, is being governed by an inquest of the vicinage. Some twelve hundred years ago, Charles the Great found the French Kingdom being plundered right and left. For protection, he called upon the men of the neighborhood to swear upon oath as to the crimes being committed. Thus arose trial by jury. And in the dawning days of the twentieth century, on the soil of that fugitive possession of France made into an Anglo-Saxon nation of seventeen million people by the prescience of Jefferson, we find people again calling to their aid the primitive grand jury assize, to compel a disclosure of the subterranean forces of dishonesty that have been an accepted disgrace to the City of St. Louis for years. And the people of Missouri are thinking of making a quiet young man, not thirty-five years old, Governor of the State. For upward of a score of years everybody who wanted to know (and evidently many did know, from disclosures that have been made) was aware that St. Louis was governed by a "boodle gang" of political highwaymen. Legislation was bought and sold. Privileges which required the action of the municipal council were disposed of at tariff rates. These rates were scheduled, and the goods were delivered through a "fence," Colonel Ed. Butler. Machinery of popular action existed, it is true, but elections were determined not so much by the people as by the police. Illegal registrations were made by the van-load, and repeating, false counts and intimidation was the rule.

Some men's biographies are but a day, some but an hour, long. Joseph W. Folk has something more than this to his credit. He is but thirty-three years old, having been born at Brownsville, Tennessee, in 1869. His education was that of the common schools, supplemented by an aca-

demic and a legal course at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. From this institution he graduated in 1890, and returned to his native town to enter upon the practise of law. He remained there two years, and then removed to St. Louis. In 1896 he was married to Miss Gertrude Glass, of his native town. He mixed in public affairs, took an interest in local campaigns as a Democrat, but was never a candidate for public office. In 1900 he aided in the settlement of the street-car strike which was causing riots and bloodshed and paralyzing the life of the city.

In the fall, a committee of business men selected the Democratic ticket. They desired Mr. Folk to become a candidate for the office of circuit attorney. He at first declined, preferring to remain in private practise. The committee called upon him again, and insisted that he take the nomination. The Democratic party had been in the minority in St. Louis for twenty years. Mr. Folk finally yielded to their request, with the understanding that, if elected, he should be free to discharge the duties of the office without regard to politics. His idea seemed to be that the man who violated the law was not a Democrat; he was not a Republican; he was a criminal. Folk was nominated, and, by one of those changes in public sentiment which not infrequently occur, the Democratic ticket was elected. He assumed the duties of his office on January 1, 1901. One of his first official acts was to have a lot of straw-bondsmen indicted. They were subsequently sent to the penitentiary. Thereafter, he took up some election frauds which came under his notice, and a number of indictments were returned for illegal voting. All of these chanced to be against Democrats. They had probably voted for the Circuit Attorney. Their arrest was a most absurd indignity, the politicians said.

But the repeaters were convicted, nevertheless.

These were the preliminary acts in a drama which has continued uninterruptedly ever since. The grand jury has been in

almost constant session. The ramifying corruption of the city has been exposed. Bribe-givers and bribe-takers have appeared, and have exposed the shameless condition which has been in existence for years. The inquest extended from the city to the State. The entire proceedings of the State Assembly were laid bare, and the grand jury brought in its report. Among other things it said:—

"The testimony we have heard has shown a state of affairs most amazing. High State officials have confessed to us of having been paid bribes for official influence, and having acted as go-betweens in securing bribes for other legislators. We have listened to the confessions of State senators, and were we at liberty to make known all they have told us, the recital would appal and astound the citizens of this State.

The extent of the venality existing among the makers of our State laws is alarming to those who believe in free government. Our investigations have gone back for twelve years, and during that time the evidence before us shows that corruption has been the usual and accepted thing in State legislation, and that, too, without interference or hindrance. The tendency has been to hide or ignore, rather than to expose and punish, this infamous crime.

Laws have been sold to the highest bidder in numerous instances that we have evidence of. Senators have been on the pay-roll of lobbyists, and served special interests instead of the public good.

We have beheld with shame and humiliation the violation of the sacred trust reposed by the people in their public servants, and we trust that the exposure and punishment of these miscreants will result in bringing about a higher tone in public service. We believe that laws should be passed, making it unlawful for lobbyists to ply their profession in the manner that some of them now operate.

We believe that laws should be enacted, providing for the forfeiture of franchises procured by corrupt methods. The rule of law as to stolen property should be made to apply to franchises obtained by bribery. There can be no vested rights in stolen goods, and there should be no vested rights in public franchises secured by venal methods."

From the testimony that has been made public, it appears that noted lobbyists were given seats in the State Senate just behind a partition, back of the presiding officer's chair. The lobbyists entered through a private door, closed to all save themselves. They could hold instant communication with the presiding officer. When franchise legislation was before the Senate, they wrote amendments to the pending bills, and sent them around to be introduced. The chair followed their instructions in all matters in which they and the combine were interested. Such a complete control of the machinery of



JOSEPH W. FOLK.

government was enjoyed by them that legislation was dictated at their will. In the long history of corrupt legislation, it is doubtful if anything has come to light which surpasses in audacity the actions of the lobbyists in Columbia. The disclosures came about through accident. Legislative investigations had been made, but without success. One day the Circuit Attorney summoned Lieutenant-Governor Lee before the grand jury, together with other senators. Being confronted by the truth, he told how he had used seven thousand dollars to secure action on a so-called "alum law," which made it illegal to use alum in food. Indictments were returned at Jefferson City against the bribe-takers, and other disclosures were made.

The conditions which have prevailed for years in St. Louis are even more startling than those prevailing in the State at large. As in almost every other large city, street-railway franchises had been the most lucrative traffic. In St. Louis they were a perfect "widow's cruse of oil." There were

switches and crossings and franchise extensions to be granted. Occasionally there was a long-term franchise, worth millions, to be disposed of. At other times there was an opportunity for striking legislation, aimed at the existing companies. All of these have been employed to the fullest by the city council of St. Louis. How extensive the trafficking in public rights has been has only recently come to light. The first startling disclosure made by Mr. Folk was that growing out of the Suburban Railway bill. In the fall of 1901, rumors reached his ears that seventy-five thousand dollars had been deposited with one of the trust companies as a bribe for the passage of the Suburban Railway franchise. The rumor was vague and indefinite. Talk of corruption had been common for years. It scarcely excited remark. Investigation after investigation had been barren of results. Mr. Folk determined to see what was under cover. The treasurer and legislative agent of the Suburban Railway were called before the grand jury, and turned state's evidence as to their transactions. They told how they had deposited one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in two separate trust companies, under agreement with the "combine" in the House of Delegates and council that it was only to be withdrawn when the franchise bill before the council had become a law; how the bill had been passed, but had been restrained by injunction proceedings in the courts. The grand jury learned how the conspirators fell out among themselves, owing to the fact that the money was never delivered; how the "combine" assailed the railway officials, and the story finally became noised abroad and reached the Circuit Attorney's ears. The tale of corruption has its analogues in many States and cities, and is easily recognized; but never before has the public been permitted to see the methods by which the fourth and unrecognized power under our form of government achieves its results. The numbers of the boxes in the trust companies were furnished. The Circuit Attorney saw the necessity of impounding the money as evidence. This one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars has figured in each of the sixteen cases which have been tried. Thereafter, indictments were secured against seven per-

sons, stockholders of the Suburban Railway Company and members of the city council, for bribery and perjury.

The trial of Meysenburg, a member of the council, came on first. He had the best lawyers in the West to defend him, but the jury gave him three years in the penitentiary. Murrell's case came next, but he had gone to Mexico, and his bond was declared forfeited, and afterward collected. Charles Kratz also disappeared, and is now in Mexico, a fugitive from justice. His bond of twenty thousand dollars was declared forfeited, and finally collected. Julius Lehmann got two years in the penitentiary for perjury. Harry Faulkner was convicted of the same crime.

All this time investigations before the grand jury were being continued, with the result that the Central Traction steal was uncovered. It appeared that, in 1898, Robert M. Snyder, a banker of New York and Kansas City, came to St. Louis and had a franchise ordinance introduced in the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis, covering nearly all of the unoccupied streets in the city. The passage of this ordinance was bitterly contested by the existing railroad companies. Money was freely used by both parties. The existing companies had seven out of the thirteen members of the council under annual retainers of five thousand dollars a year to protect their interests. Snyder raised the bid, and paid the members from ten thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars for their support, one councilman receiving as much as fifty thousand dollars. At the same time, twenty-five out of the twenty-seven members of the House of Delegates were paid three thousand dollars each. Snyder was indicted for bribery, his case being the only one in this deal not barred by the statute of limitations. He had been away from the State. As the investigations continued, it developed that he had paid the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis something like a quarter of a million dollars in bribes. The city obtained nothing. By these efforts he secured his franchise, and disposed of it to Eastern capitalists for one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Snyder trial came up in December, 1902, and, although he was defended by most able counsel, he was

sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

All this was very well, the public said, but as yet only members of the council, the House of Delegates and some capitalists had been convicted. The investigations had not reached the tap-root. They had not gotten up to the fountainhead. The question was, would they?—for the fountainhead of corruption was the head of political power as well. Would a public official hoist himself by his own petard? Apparently he would. Edward Butler was the millionaire political boss of the city. He was the Warwick of the Democratic party, at least. His influence ran throughout the State, also. Originally a blacksmith, he had come to be the dictator in the political arena, and not only made and unmade men, but controlled the primaries and elections, irrespective of the people. Among other things, he was a large owner of the garbage-plant, and, despite the discoveries which had already sent several men to the penitentiary, he offered two members of the Board of Health bribes to induce them to award the contract for the reduction of garbage to his company. For this he was indicted, and, in November last, sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. Prior to his trial, one Edward Bersh, a member of the House of Delegates, was also tried for bribery in connection with the Suburban Railway deal, and he received a sentence of five years. All of these cases are now pending on appeal to a higher court. At present a number of the members of the House of Delegates are serving their time, not in the penitentiary, unfortunately, but still as city fathers.

During this time, John K. Murrell was in Mexico. The circuit attorney opened up negotiations with him, and induced him to return to St. Louis. He laid before the grand jury the entire history of the official corruption that had existed in St. Louis for many years. He told how a combine of nineteen members had controlled the House of Delegates; how it held regular meetings, with a chairman; how it fixed a price on various ordinances before that body, and how one of their members was delegated as agent to secure the price. He told the history of the lighting deal; how Edward Butler, the blacksmith boss, had paid the combine forty-seven thousand five hundred

dollars to pass the ordinance known as the "lighting bill," by which gas was substituted for electricity in the lighting of the streets. When the bill was passed, one Charles F. Kelley, the agent of the combine, went to Butler's office, and secured the boodle. He then went to Lehmann's house, where, by prearrangement, the members of the combine met. The money was placed on a table in the center of the room, and Kelley proceeded to "cut the pie," as he expressed it, by dividing the money into packages of two thousand five hundred dollars each, which were handed to each member of the combine. While the banking was going on, Lehmann made it pleasant for the "boys" by playing on the piano the softening refrain of "Home, Sweet Home."

The return of Murrell from Mexico, and his disclosures, caused the indictment of the nineteen members of the combine. Consternation reigned in their camp. A number of those indicted fled, among them Charles F. Kelley. All of them were afterward captured, however, except Adolph Madera, who is still a fugitive from justice, his whereabouts being unknown. One by one the cases have been brought to trial. The boodlers were represented by brilliant counsel, but out of sixteen trials the circuit attorney has been rewarded with fifteen convictions. One, Henry Nicolaus, escaped on the plea that he did not know the use for which the note for one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, which he had endorsed, and which figured in the street-railway bill, was to be put. Of the cases on appeal to the Supreme Court, only one has been reached, and that has been remanded for a new trial. This was the case of Meysenburg.

Among other details disclosed by Murrell to the grand jury were those of thirty-eight thousand dollars received by the "combine" from the Lindell Railway franchise; fifteen thousand dollars from the Missouri Pacific switch bill, and seven thousand dollars from the Burlington switch bill. It appeared from his story that business finally grew dull with the combine. All of the streets in the city available for street-railway purposes had been disposed of. All of the franchises for lighting had been handed over to private parties. About this time a member of the combine heard

from Philadelphia that the members of the Board of Aldermen of that city had received fifty thousand dollars each for selling or leasing the Philadelphia gas-works. Unfortunately, the gas-works of St. Louis were not owned by the city. However, the water-works were, and this the combine determined to sell, provided they could secure one million dollars for themselves. Negotiations were opened up, and purchasers secured, but the transaction fell through, owing to the fact that the city charter prohibited the sale of the water-works except with restrictions which the purchasers would not accept. Murrell said the combine then looked around for something else out of which to make a "killing." They determined to sell the court-house. They wanted to get one hundred thousand dollars apiece for each member of the combine. The city was to get nothing except two top floors of a thirteen-story building, which were to be used, free of charge, as court-rooms. And the combine would have been successful in this, had it not turned out that the title to the ground on which the court-house is located contained limitations upon its use. Again disappointed, they tried to sell the Union Market. An ordinance was introduced for this purpose. But the marketmen were numerous, and enjoyed considerable political influence. By means of this influence and a fund of twenty thousand dollars, which they paid the combine, they got the members to change their minds.

Such were the things Mr. Folk brought to light. As a matter of fact, they had been previously known and ignored. It would have meant political death to any one to attempt to prosecute the ring.

All this was true, until the community was electrified by a public official with a conscience. There was, in addition, a wealthy class who profited by the fruits of corruption, and did not want it uncovered. There was a much larger predatory class who formed the political rank and file of both parties. All these combined to antagonize and thwart the Circuit Attorney and belittle his achievements. The former controlled certain papers which attacked the latter bitterly. All sorts of threats against his life were made. He received anonymous letters, advising him that, if


certain men were convicted, he would not be permitted to live. And the great public took some time to awaken to the situation. It had been so often deceived. But at last it was aroused.

Mr. Folk believes that he was elected to office to prosecute crime. He found it in various quarters, and brought it forth into the light of day. Just as there were no Democrats and no Republicans when crime was involved, so there were no rich and no poor. His client was the State of Missouri. And, as a lawyer in the civil suit advances the interests of those who trust their destinies to his hands, so he represented the commonwealth, whose counsel he was.

The Circuit Attorney's chief interests are those of his office. His life is in the dingy Four Courts Building, in an even dingier office. If higher ambitions pass across his mind, he does not disclose them. His philosophy is a simple one. He has given no pledges, even to the people. He makes no promises, and issues no statements. He simply does his daily stint, and the great mass of the people believe in him.

The Circuit Attorney is an undemonstrative man, with a smilingly determined countenance. He is even-tempered, quiet-voiced, and tries his cases without excitement, declamation or resentment. There is no rhetoric about his speech. There is no word of condemnation for the man, but unsparing denunciation of the crime. He seems not to prosecute the individual, but to defend his client, the State of Missouri.

The people of St. Louis evinced their appreciation of his work by a voluntary subscription of fifteen thousand dollars, which was invested in a splendid home and tendered to the Circuit Attorney. Mr. Folk declined this gift. Popular subscriptions then poured in for a loving-cup, which was presented to Mr. Folk, as a mark of esteem, by hundreds of small contributors from all over the community. And, all over the State, he is being talked of as the Democratic candidate for Governor, and there is a strong probability that the nomination will be tendered to him. But if it comes, it will be by the spontaneous action of the plain democracy of the State of Missouri, and not from the hands of the machine.



THE CARHART MYSTERY

BY HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

THE conversation had grown reminiscent, as conversations will when old acquaintance stirs its coffee after dinner and the blue wreaths of good tobacco-smoke float ceilingward, like pleasant specters, in the subdued light of the shaded lamps.

Barton and I, in following back some winding paths of memory now well-nigh overgrown, were in danger of forgetting our good manners till Willoughby reminded us of his presence.

"I might as well embrace this opportunity for a nap," he said, stretching his long legs to the fire, and sinking back into one of Barton's most engaging armchairs. "Just wake me up when you fellows hit upon a subject I know something of. I happen to have been living in India during the time the thrilling tea-and-tennis episodes you recall so fondly were taking place, and, to tell the truth, they bore me."

Barton laughed.

"Oh, we have done with recollections, and now you shall have a chance to bore us with an Indian tale or so by way of recompense," he said, with the candor permissible only between men who know each other well. "Make clear to us the difference between a maharajah and a pongeepajama, and go ahead."

"At least, my stories do not deal with duels that ended in Delmonico's, and flirta-

tions which fell flat," asserted Willoughby, blowing a cloud of fragrant incense into space. "I've no idea of wasting occult material on a brace of rank Philistines, but if I were so disposed——"

"Dear boy!" I put in, rather testily; for I dislike fatuous patronage even in fun. "Either Barton or I could relate to you an incident which occurred in this very room, within a yard of where you sit, remarkable enough to make your Kiplingest jungle-tale seem as tame as 'Mother Hubbard's Dog!'"

"Indeed!" he said, sinking still farther into his chair, with something very like a yawn; and Barton, as he arose and moved to the mantelpiece, cast a look of remonstrance toward me which I was careful not to recognize.

"Ah, here comes Nathan with fresh coffee," our host announced, clearly to change the subject, as the round-shouldered figure of his worthy valet appeared in the lamplight. "Pray let him fill your cups, and, if it is not strong enough, don't hesitate to tell him."

"It's not the coffee gentlemen dethired when I wath young," commented Nathan, a trifle sadly, and with the amusing lisp which made him something of a character, albeit he was rather a dull man even for a valet.

"I never take a second cup," Willoughby declared, adding: "But, if it's all the

same, I might be tempted by a sip of soda later, say in half an hour or so."

This struck me as an excellent suggestion, and Barton evidently thought the same.

"Bring soda in half an hour," he instructed the servant, "and mind you have it cold."

"It's never any other way you've had your thoda a thingle night for fifteen yearth, thir," retorted Nathan, with quite sufficient truth, no doubt, to justify the protest; and as he shuffled from the room, "Jim" Barton's guests chuckled.

"I move we give the half-hour to your yarn," said Willoughby, crossing his legs. "That is, if it can be told in thirty minutes."

"It's not worth half that time if it were told at all," replied our host. "The story is not worth much at best, but to give old Joe here the chance to intimate a too-elaborate dinner."

My name is Joseph, by the way.

"Oh, if you will admit that explanation——" I began, to draw him on, for I was anxious Willoughby should understand that interesting things could happen elsewhere than in India.

"I don't admit it in the least!" cried Barton, interrupting. "I assure you, Willoughby, upon my word, as sure as I stand here, I had tasted nothing more potent than a glass or two of Burgundy that night."

"What night?" inquired Willoughby.

"The night young Carhart disappeared," I interposed, impressively. "The night a fellow six feet high and heavier than any one of us vanished as completely from this room as a puff of smoke dissolves in air."

"I have seen a puff of smoke go flying through a window," Willoughby suggested, laughing, though his interest had evidently been aroused, for he glanced toward the bay of leaded glass which made one of the pleasantest features of Barton's cozy smoking-room.

"But no man ever went through this particular window," I replied, taking the burden of enlightenment upon myself, in spite of my host's very apparent disapproval. "This window looks out upon a neighbor's yard, and ever since the house was built it has been barred as heavily as you see it now."

I sprang up, and, when I had pressed a button which set a dozen electric bulbs aglow in the four corners of the room, drew the light curtains to one side.

"Examine for yourself!" I cried, much in the manner of a showman.

"I'll take your word for it the iron in that grille is genuine," said Willoughby, without rising. "And I will admit that no fasting Yogi could worm himself through interstices so small. But how about the door?"

"The door," I hastened to assure him, "was then just as you see it now, an opening three feet wide, and Barton himself stood before it in the hall a single step beyond the threshold."

I should have gone on in my eagerness to call attention to the walls and ceiling and floor, all obviously free from secret openings, had not Barton interrupted.

Shifting uneasily on his feet before the mantelpiece, he said: "Our friend Joe has not explained that he knows nothing of the circumstances beyond what I have told him."

"But not in confidence," I protested.

"No," admitted Barton, "not in confidence." And to his other guest he said: "I have made no secret of this strange occurrence, Willoughby, and my reluctance to discuss it arises from a doubt that long familiarity with the circumstances has not made it impossible for me to give to each its proper weight. I am in constant fear of coming upon a weakness which I have overlooked in the chain, and yet it would be a relief to discover such a flaw. I should have called in an expert at once. I should have sought the counsel of detectives; and such would unquestionably have been my course had not those most interested dissuaded me. Young Carhart's father telegraphed me: 'Say nothing to authorities. Disappearance satisfactorily explained.' And, at the time, that was enough. It was not till some months later that I learned the family were theosophists, a sect to which nothing is so satisfactory as the inexplicable. I have, myself, no theory to advance. The man, my guest, was here one moment, and the next he had gone from a room where the only openings were a grilled window and a guarded door. His overcoat and hat are still in my



Drawn by
Max F. Klepper.

"'THAT'S JUST THE MYSTERY,' I INTERPOSED."

possession; and, from all I have been able to learn, he has not been heard of since."

"I beg that you will not think it necessary to tell me more of the story if it distresses you," protested Willoughby, courteously; for Barton's face had grown grave, and I had begun to feel my introduction of the subject ill-timed. But our host was quick to reassure him with a gesture.

"On the contrary," he said, "you have but just returned from India, where, as I have heard, mysterious disappearances are not uncommon, and occult matters are better understood. Your opinion will be of the greatest service."

"In that case," Willoughby replied, becoming instantly, judicially alert. "Let us begin at the beginning. Who was Carhart? How came he here? What was the manner of his going?"

"That's just the mystery," I interposed.

"Joe, please don't interrupt," said Barton, making an effort to collect his thoughts.

"Sit down, old man," Willoughby suggested. "We'll choke Joe if he speaks again. Now, let us have the facts—I'm deeply interested. Do sit down."

Barton complied in so far as to perch himself upon the broad arm of a leather chair.

"I sha'n't be tragic," he began; "for, as I said, there may be—in fact, there must be—some purely natural explanation. Of course, you never met young Carhart; for he came here while you were away. He had but few acquaintances in New York; for, although he brought good letters from Boston, where his people lived, he had not chosen to present them. He was a most attractive sort—half-back at Harvard, stroke-oar and all the rest. Great fellow in the Hasty Pudding Club, and poet of his class, but just a trifle—shall I say—susceptible and——"

"Soft," I suggested.

"No," contradicted Barton; "though, to tell the truth, he never could resist a pretty face. That was his failing."

"Remarkable man!" Willoughby commented, with fervor.

"He was," assented Barton. "In that respect, at least. He carried it too far. He wanted to marry every good-looking

girl he met. He would have been married a dozen times before he graduated, had not his friends interfered."

"Thank heaven for friends!" commented Willoughby, with still more fervor.

"Till at last," continued Barton, now sufficiently himself to punctuate his narrative with occasional whiffs of his cigar, "at last Carhart fell under the influence of a widow."

"A designing widow," I put in, to make the situation clearer.

"Attractive?" Willoughby inquired.

"Oh, decidedly."

"Encumbrances?"

"No," answered Barton. "Not exactly. There were rumors of a husband in the background somewhere, but he was not produced."

"A pretty widow is beyond the habeas-corpus act," mused Willoughby.

"Quite so," Barton admitted. "But, at all events, there was nothing really known against the lady except a maiden aunt, and this objectionable relative was, by the way, quite as much opposed to the match as were Carhart's own people."

"And why were they opposed to it?"

"Oh, you see, with his proclivities for poetry and acting, they were afraid an unhappy marriage would drive him to the stage, and, naturally, they took every measure to prevent it."

Here Barton paused to light a fresh cigar, while we others sipped our coffee thoughtfully.

"And what were these preventive measures?" Willoughby inquired.

"Oh, the usual thing," said Barton. "Threats, badgering, advice and promises. All these failed to move him; he was determined to make her his wife, and, as a last resource, his father wrote to me, putting the matter in my hands without reserve. Our ancestors came over on the same boat, so it appeared."

"The 'Mayflower,'" I breathed, but that was scarcely necessary.

"Quite so," he admitted; "and that, of course, entailed a certain obligation."

"Of course," we both assented, and the narrative continued.

"An elopement had been planned, as we had every reason to believe, for a certain evening; and the elder Carhart kept the

Boston wires hot all day with appeals to me to save his son."

"And did you?" Willoughby inquired.

"Yes," answered Barton, cautiously, "in a way."

"How?"

"I began by inviting him to dinner."

"And, of course, he did not accept?"

"Oh, yes, he did. He both accepted and arrived on time, and I must say I never saw a man confront a *filet mignon* *borde-laise* with more outward satisfaction; and, though we spoke upon indifferent topics, his spirits seemed exuberant beyond all bounds. But you may be sure I kept an eye upon his every movement. I was determined he should not escape. In an extremity, I was prepared to administer a harmless sleeping-potion in his coffee."

"Indeed!" said Willoughby, as he set down his cup, and ran an investigating and suspicious tongue along the edges of his lips.

"A drastic measure, I admit," continued Barton, "but one which I should have considered justifiable, could I have foreseen the miscarriage of my other plan. You know my elder sister, Emily?"

We bowed, for it was a duty to know Emily.

"And you know her eldest daughter, Emeline?"

We bowed again; it was a pleasure to know Emeline.

"Well," went on Barton, "it so happened that they were to dine that evening in the neighborhood, and I arranged with them to drop in upon me in an offhand way soon after their dinner, which was a small, informal one. I was convinced, you see, that Carhart could not fail to fall desperately in love with Emeline, which would have simplified affairs at once."

Of course, we both assented—I through civility, but Willoughby, as I fancied, with a somewhat heightened color.

"I presume you did not take Miss Emeline into your confidence," he said, a trifle stiffly.

"No," answered Barton, "but I have often wished since that I had been more frank. It's just the sort of thing she's good at."

Willoughby tossed his excellent cigar, half smoked, into the grate, with what appeared unnecessary violence.

"You were saying that your plan fell through," he prompted.

"It did," rejoined the host. "It fell through completely, as you shall see. I kept my young friend at the table as long as possible, and Nathan—to his credit I will say it—was never more deliberate; but when Carhart had declined almonds and raisins rather pointedly for the third time, we rose from the table, as the clock struck ten, and came in here to smoke. The lights were low, as they were before our friend Joe tried to blind us."

"I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed, and, hastening to the button, I reduced the room again to semi-darkness.

"Ah, that's more like it," said Barton. "I much prefer the light subdued. Well, here we were—Carhart before the mantelpiece, where I stood just now, smoking composedly enough, and I between him and the door, listening for the sound of the bell which might at any moment announce the arrival of the ladies. I remember perfectly that we were discussing setter-dogs; and, as you may well believe, I was never so put to it for anecdotes in my life, when at last the welcome summons came."

"I thought you said your plan fell through," Willoughby interposed.

"It did," retorted Barton. "The bell, which echoed through the house, was not rung by Emily at all, but by a servant with a note from her to say that, being indisposed, my sister had decided to drive directly home. Emeline, she added, was going on to some infernal dance. I had given Carhart no intimation of my sister's coming, and, naturally, I did not reveal the contents of her note. In fact, I made the dim light an excuse for stepping into the brighter hall, and this enabled me to conceal from him my first chagrin. As I stood not two feet from the threshold, debating what my course should be, I observed that Nathan closed the front door upon the messenger; and presently he passed me, going to his pantry, as I thought. I must have remained standing there before the door nearly a minute, though it seemed much less, for, when I turned, Nathan was at my elbow again, holding in his hands a tray of cups.

"You served the coffee not a minute

ago, you idiot!" I said, betraying the irritation which I felt; and, furthermore, I will confess, the smell of coffee brought back to me most painfully the only plan which then remained.

"I thought you might be ready for thum more," persisted Nathan, with his most aggravating lisp. "I did not know the gentleman had gone."

"Gone!" I exclaimed. "You must be blind. The gentleman, Mr. Carhart, is in the smoking-room."

"I beg your pardon, thir; but he'th not," retorted Nathan, moving from me as though to avoid a blow. "The gentleman ain't in the thmoking-room."

"Fool!" I cried, and darted from him, but the next moment I had found his words too true. Carhart had vanished, disappeared, melted, as one might say, into the element of air."

"Strange!" I reflected, lowering my voice as an aid to Barton's climax.

"Strange enough!" cried Willoughby, less impressed than I had hoped. "And so your servant was the first to make the discovery?"

"Yes," answered Barton; "although I have never allowed him to know of my astonishment. I did my best to pass it off as a joke. I allowed him to believe that Carhart had taken leave of me before the stupid blunder of the second coffee."

"Athking your pardon, thir," came in injured, lisping accents from the gloom. "I never brought no thecond coffee that night, becauth the cat upthet the coffee-pot, nor did I thay, thir, that the gentleman had gone."

Barton, concealing his annoyance, sat regarding his domestic for a moment with assumed indifference.

"And pray what did you say, then, when you stood there beside me at the door?" he demanded.

"Nothing at all, thir," answered Nathan. "I wathn't there. I went back to my pantry when I had let out the methenger, and there I thayed until I heard you hammering on the wallth and floor with the fire-shovel."

"That will do, Nathan," returned Barton, stiffly; and I perceived an odd expression on the face of Willoughby.

"Thoda, thir?" inquired Nathan of the other guest.

"Yes," was the answer. "And please fill it up."

We settled down into an awkward silence, while Nathan fidgetted with soda-water bottles, Barton fingering his cigar, I toying with a paper-weight, and Willoughby intent upon the fire.

"Carhart," he kept repeating, almost to himself. "Where have I heard that name before? Carhart!"

"Carhart?" said Barton, inquiringly.

"Carhart!" repeated Willoughby, with still more abstraction. "Carhart!"

"Yes, Carhart!" I put in, by way of keeping up the train of thought.

"Carhart!" roared Barton, springing to his feet. "Can't anybody say anything but Carhart?"

"And what became of the widow?" Willoughby demanded, meditatively.

"I never knew nor cared to know," replied our host.

"Pretty, I think you said," continued Willoughby. "And auburn-haired?"

"Yes, deuced pretty, deuced auburn-haired. What are you driving at?"

Willoughby held up a soothing hand.

"Just let me think," he said. "I used to know a man once in Calcutta. An American from Boston; sold canned goods, calico and caramels at wholesale; had a pretty wife. Clever fellow, too; and great at giving imitations—could mimic anything. Used to do an old domestic with a lisp in a way that would make your sides ache. I wish I could recall that fellow's name. By Jove, it was—it was!—it was!"

"Was what?" I asked.

"Why, 'Carhart'!"

Barton, before the fire, swayed on his feet unsteadily, and clutched the mantel-piece for support. Old Nathan shuffled to his side.

"Thoda, thir?" the servant asked.

"Yes," said the master, absently. "If you please, one lump of sugar and a little cream."



A STUDY OF THE SERVIAN TRAGEDY.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

THE Kingdom of Servia has about the same number of inhabitants as the State of Indiana, and in size is about as large as Massachusetts. That is to say, its population is two million, and its territory is about eighteen thousand square miles. One half of this territory is rocky, sterile and unproductive, save for scanty pasturage. The other half is valley and dale, laughing hillside and rich bottomland that blossom like the sunflower, and have since one Cæsar marched through there with his Tenth Legion. Afterward Cæsar wrote in his "Commentaries" of the flowers and fruits, and of the grapes that rivaled the grapes of Canaan when the Israelites went to spy out the land, and found Philistines who produced grapes, a single bunch of which, slung on a pole, was a burden for two strong men.

These people have lived for two thousand years with scarcely more evolution than the Sioux Indians reveal. They are simple, honest, trusting, truthful among themselves, and only become excited and warlike when threatened or disturbed. Their actual government has not changed since history began. Communities of families live in stockaded villages. Over each group is a patriarch, called a "stareshina,"

who is chosen for life. This man settles all private disputes, regulates work, distributes proceeds, executes laws, and punishes the wrong-doer even by death. He is a sort of bishop, and is religiously looked up to and revered by the people of his diocese. Their religion is an independent form of the Greek Church, and seems to have been devised or evolved by the people to meet their needs.

But even before Christianity there existed a pagan, patriarchal form of religion not unlike the present religion. It taught obedience, industry, integrity—it inculcated love and gentle consideration, and the reason it taught these virtues is because man recognizes, and has always glimmeringly recognized, that they are a part of the great scheme of self-preservation.

The Doukaboors of Russia have a similar supreme bishopric, which

is a form of patriarchal government that goes back to the time of Abraham.

Occasionally there was danger of the country being overrun by wandering hordes from the starved-out East, and at such times the bishops sent word from village to village, and the people combined to repel the invaders.

However, peace was the rule; and often for a century the people of Servia tended



QUEEN DRAGA'S LAST PORTRAIT.

the flocks, lived in quiet and content, loved and died—rich in their own right, because they had all they wanted.

One wonders why these simple, patriarchal forms of government were not enough—why evolve a king and court and army? And the answer comes in with the march of Caesar and his advancing hosts. The alarm was sent from village to village, and the peasants—the people who produce—gathered, in wild alarm, to give battle to the Romans. And the Romans, whose business was war, marched their legions in solid phalanx, and pitched their tents amid the fertile plains and upon the banks of Morava and Danube. Caesar did not fight unless compelled—he preferred to parley. He was as great in logic as in warfare. He showed the assembled bishops how futile was resistance—how wise to accept protection.

And so when Caesar moved on, he left behind him a Roman governor and a Roman army, and this army in time was recruited largely from the Servian people, and "the people who produce" had to provide the necessities of life for the Roman governor and his retinue, and for the army.

Need I explain that where men consume and do not labor, others must labor for them? All your finery is produced by blood and nerve and thought and patient effort. Did you produce the finery? Then some one did it for you.

Read your Gibbon, and you will see how Rome did not endure. And the Romans in Servia, no longer backed up by a power,

not themselves, that made for the mammon of unrighteousness, made peace with the people by becoming a part of them. Like the Israelites of old, "they took unto themselves wives among the daughters of Philistia." We think new things happen, but this is not so—the old things just happen again. There is no "new year"—it is only the old year come back.

The present Servians reveal the Roman blood, and, as a people, are not unlike the noble Romans, short-legged and fairly strenuous, who are replacing seventy-pound

rails with ninety, lessening the grades and straightening the curves on the western railroads, until an income of thirty dollars a year is assured, when they go back to sweet Sicily and live happy and content forever after.

When the power of Rome turned to dust, Servia slipped back into her patriarchal form of government, and the soldiers and tax-gatherers went to work.

They had to.

And in this

way glided by the eternity that lies behind.

In the fourteenth century Belgrade was a city nearly as large as it is now—fifteen thousand people. There were three of these cities in Servia, built up by the annual fairs, when merchants came from the East and displayed their wonders. The people made their pilgrimages to the cities, just as they did when Christ was born in Galilee. The whole family went, all bearing the riches they had produced—dried fruits, cheese, hides, wine and oil—to be exchanged for other things they could not make.



ALEXANDER AND DRAGA RETURNING TO BELGRADE.

Thus were the cities evolved. And, in the fourteenth century, Belgrade was touched by the spirit of the Renaissance. Poets sang, musicians played, painters painted, and sculptors carved.

But this brooding spirit of beauty was not to remain long—the Turk, the Russ and the Austrian were all looking with jealous eyes on the fertile valleys of "the people who serve"—each anxious to protect.

Bloody battles were fought, and Belgrade was besieged, not only once, but many times. At last the Turk was victorious, and Serbia lost her independence.

So the years went by, and we find Napoleon marching in from the north, as Caesar had marched from the south, and the people were for a time



KING PETER AND PRIME MINISTER AVAKUMOVICS ARRIVING IN BELGRADE.

"protected" exactly as the Romans had protected them.

But about the time we bought from France the Province of Louisiana, Serbia was traded off, somewhat as Spain sold the Philippines, and the rule of the Turk again began—Serbia was a province of the Ottoman Empire.

Milosh Obren, fearing Kara George would come back from his farm, hired an assassin to go and kill him. Now, Alexander Obren, the descendant, has paid the penalty, and a Karageorgeovitch nervously draws his nightcap over his crown at night, and goes to bed, not knowing what the morning sun may look down upon.

II.

That country is best governed that is governed least. "Make your government too strong," says Emerson, "and you shall have no government." The Turk overdid the thing, and the peasants arose under the leadership of one Kara George, "Black George," and the Turks were driven from the borders.

Kara George was too strong a man, too patriotic and pure in purpose to let live. The Turks plotted his undoing, and gave the promise of rulership to another swineherd. Kara George was assassinated.



ALEXANDER AND DRAGA AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE.



ALEXANDER AS CROWN PRINCE.

and Milosh Obrenovitch, Milan Obren, became the Governor of Servia.

The Sultan thought he would be an easier mark than the blackamoor, George; but he proved to be nearly as stern stuff—he was stubbornly honest. He won the sympathy of Russia, and actually freed Servia from Turkish rule.

But peace was not for him. From a simple peasant he had evolved into a man of ambition—from Mayor of Buffalo he became President of the United States—and the change unhorsed his radicalism, and conservatism climbed into the saddle. The lust for power was upon him. Like Napoleon, he would found a house.

A court grew up at Belgrade, an army was formed, all the machinery of a monarchy was evolved—and the people who produced had to foot the bills.

The King, seeing discontent abroad, sought to show his unselfishness by abdicating in favor of his son. But this was not enough, and, in 1842, Alexander Karageorgeovitch, the son of Kara George, was made King.

And this man, having lived long in Paris and other capitals, was possessed with the idea that a court with all of its costly flummery was really a necessity to the well-being of the people. All there was in him of his illustrious father was the name.

And there came a time when the dagger did its work, and he had to go; and an Obren again sat on the tottering throne.

Then a few short years slipped by, the scepter was jerked back and forth a few times, and the son of this Milan Obrenovitch, grandson of Obren the Great, appears.

Milan married the now famous Natalie, and their son Alexander it was who was assassinated on June eleventh.

III.

Most modern governments are dual institutions. Thus we have the state, or local, government, and over this the general, or federal, government. It is now quite generally accepted that the general government that drives with a light rein is best—the people do not want to feel the force of the mailed hand—and so the taxation that supports the general government is mostly indirect.

In Italy the laborer is usually allowed to keep one-half he produces, but in war-time he is left barely enough to sustain life. In war-time the government may confiscate the whole crop. And the unavowed intent of the Old-World policy is to leave the laborer no more than enough to encourage him to plant another crop.

The whole question is too big for a magazine discussion, and can only be glanced at here. Servia supplies us an object-



ALEXANDER ON HIS ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

lesson of folly done in little. Her local patriarchal form of government, that insures good behavior, still exists, and has always existed. Beyond this her court has existed a part of the time. That this general government, represented by the court, in the present stage of civilization, has a function, none will deny. But that this government has demanded too large a share of the potatoes is equally true.

Servia has a standing army, in time of peace, of one hundred thousand men—if war threatens, two hundred and twenty-five thousand can be called out. What are these troops for? "To protect the people," says the King.

But a few of the people, who are wise, say: "The army is to protect the King against the discontent of the people."

The King of Servia receives the same salary as the President of the United States, and, until 1899, there were always more men under arms in Servia than in America.

Servia was in no danger, excepting from Turkey, Austria or Russia, and none of these powers could she fight, anyway. Roumania or Bulgaria are her size, but they dare not touch her for fear of the spanking they would surely receive at the hands of the great maternal powers.



KING PETER.

Then why the army?

Oh, to collect the tax to feed the army that protects the court that protects the people who labor to get the potatoes to feed the court that officers the army that protects the people.

IV.

The story of Servia's court is a comic tragedy, the equal of which has never so



THE ROYAL PALACE WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN WERE ASSASSINATED.



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER, AVAKUMOVICS.

far been pictured by the players on the opera-bouffe stage.

King Milan Obrenovitch, father of King Alexander, whose obsequies we attended the other day, ascended the throne in 1869. He had been educated in Vienna, St. Petersburg and Paris—I trust you understand what that means. In order to do his work, he had been taken away from his work, and lived for six years among a people who had nothing in common with the people he was to serve.

But the idea of taking a young man out of life to educate him for life still largely obtains. Milan assumed the kingship with a most intimate knowledge of Parisian accomplishments and polite profligacy. In Serbia the people are plain, simple, unpretentious. There are no manufactories. The railroads run to a ravine, and then everybody gets out and walks down the hill and up and takes another train on the other side. Life is primitive. King Milan didn't trouble himself to introduce technical schools, art, nor manufactories among his people. He simply maintained a court, modeled after that at St. Petersburg, and recruited a large army. One Schenck of the United States taught him to play draw-poker—without any special loss to Schenck.

Milan married Natalie Keskho, daughter of a colonel in the Russian army. Natalie was a beautiful woman, and never for a moment forgot it. She was artistic, impressionable, religious, literary, hysterical, gracious and much in evidence. Her model was Queen Louise, mother of William the Great of Germany, as pictured by Richter—you know the portrait! The type is fascinating and not uncommon: you will find it on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, North Street in Buffalo, and the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago—the woman not to the manor born who would be every inch a queen—who writes bad poetry, paints worse pictures, plays Strauss' music on the piano, and patronizes the poor.

The gray mare was the better horse—everybody said that. Milan was "educated," but neither artistic, literary, musical, religious nor scientific. He gradually took on the gin "phiz." When he and his beautiful wife appeared in public, the populace noted that her cheeks were stained with tears—this was what she wished. Queen Natalie was very patient, very loving, very loyal, and found time to keep the political pot boiling. She was a favorite at both Berlin and St. Petersburg, and wherever she went she created a small, sizzling sensation.

So matters went on, with constant efforts being made by the queen to both conceal and reveal the king's peccadillos—it made her shine by contrast. Some said she wanted to rule alone, and rival Victoria of England.

But Milan was unaccommodating, and would not die—he just got drunk. Yet he was a



GENERAL MARKOVITCH, THE MURDERED PRIME MINISTER.

favorite with the army, looked well on horseback, and signed the papers his ministers laid before him.

Ten years and more had gone. Natalie was in Paris, taking a well-earned rest from her court duties; and Milan, temporarily relieved from domestic supervision, gave a select banquet where the waiters were all on horseback. Toward the last of the feast the waiters were sent away, and the ladies present took their places. One, Draga Machin, a widow, impersonated Lady Godiva for the edification of the guests. The banquet was a great success.

But when Queen Natalie returned, she was told what had occurred. Other things, too, had been happening—several of them. And Natalie applied to the courts for a divorce.

Milan abdicated in favor of his son Alexander. Natalie expected to remain as queen regent, but the people had tired of her, too. She went to Paris—Milan, to Carlsbad.

Draga Machin was a lady in waiting at



DRAGA'S BROTHER, WHOM SHE PLOTTED TO PLACE ON THE THRONE.



DRAGA AS A LADY IN WAITING TO EX-QUEEN NATALIE.

the court of Natalie. It was Draga who informed Natalie of the scandalous doings during her absence. Draga was beautiful, diplomatic, modest at the right time, and all that Natalie was, only more so. She was the daughter of a swineherd, with the instincts of Connecticut, to use an Emersonian phrase.

When Natalie left Belgrade, Draga traveled with her.

Later, Alexander went to visit his mother; and Draga Machin made love to him, and he to her. He was only sixteen—and she was twice this, but ripened charms are very alluring to a certain type of youth.

Natalie sought to break the bond, and even ordered Draga to leave her house; and Draga did, going back to Belgrade—with Alexander.

Alexander had inherited all of his father's vices, but lacked the gentlemanly dignity which Milan at times displayed. Max Nordau refers to King Alexander as "the child of a debauch," and points out his wandering eyes, his misshapen ears and the inequalities in the two sides of his face as proof of his degeneracy. But Nordau is a Jew, and hated both Alexander and Servian pork; while it is well known that Alexander detested all Jews, so perhaps we should deduct a small per cent, say ten and five, for prejudice.

Alexander used to make his soldiers fight duels—he occasionally carried challenges



QUEEN DRAGA.

—and in various ways relieved the tedium of army life, and gave work to the undertaker.

Draga showed him how to increase taxation by placing a cordon of gendarmes around every village, and collecting a duty on everything that went out or in, and also how to seize a certain per cent of all pigs, because they rooted on government land. Like Li Hung Chang, she became an expert in taxation, and kept a goodly per cent for herself, to cover expenses, like a Louisville lawyer. She became rich in her own right, and, look you! she invested in American railroad preferred stocks, buying through a Paris broker. She was the canniest woman who ever exploited a straight-front corset.

Along about 1896 agents from Belgrade canvassed Chicago, and called up Pittsburg, looking for a suitable wife for Alexander. Finances were low, and it was hoped that a managing mama with ambitions might be found, but the pork-packers were wary, and the steel-magnates had read Max Nordau, copies having been sent them by Draga.

Then came an unofficial proclamation to Belgrade, put out by the Widow Machin, to the effect that the throne of Serbia was shortly to have an heir. A Paris physician certified to the fact, and now was the time to make this heir legitimate.

Alexander and Draga were married.

Belgrade bellowed with disapproval, and the agents in Chicago and Pittsburg were cabled to come home.

Months went by, and there was no heir apparent.

Alexander was stubborn—he affronted his ministers, and avowed his purpose to follow his own sweet will.

Draga led him a merry dance. They quarreled, and then kissed in public, and made up.

Draga disappeared for several months. When she came back, she rode through the public streets in an open carriage with a white-capped nurse, carrying a baby that was held up to the populace. That evening Draga stood on a balcony, the baby in her arms, and cried to the assembled multitude: "Behold the future King of Serbia!"

Some of the people were delighted, and others were not. And when one unkind editor went to work, and found out where this baby was procured, and who its parents were, and told all about it, Draga threatened him with banishment.

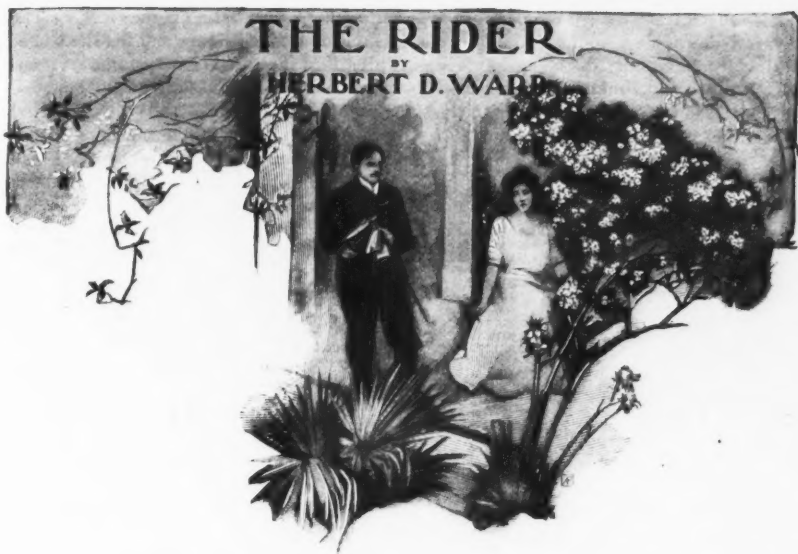
And Belgrade laughed.

It is not for me to tell the horrors of the night of June eleventh, when soldiers of the Servian army assembled at a summer-garden, and, at two o'clock in the morning, burst into the palace and butchered the King and Queen. The tale has been told, by the ready writers of the New York papers, in bold-face, once for all.

Are such things terrible? Yes, but not more so than lives given over to Conspicuous Waste—that exist on the bones and blood of men and women who labor in the fields, and toil and sweat to provide for a riot of the senses that some miscall life.

But whether the change is for the best or not is all a question. Peter Karageorgevitch, who sits on the throne, is sixty years old—time has tempered him, and his capacity for sin largely lies behind. The ministers who support him are men of age and experience, representing the best financial interests of the country. But these men will soon pass to the realm of shade, and others will fill their places.

Has Servia yet learned that Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure are built on blood, bought with the price of souls? We shall see.



ALABAMA was in the first rustle of spring. The mocking-birds awakened the lazy sleeper with their inimitable concerts of courtship. The streams were low. The swamps exhaled preliminary scents of life, and the bottom-lands, envious of the hillsides, called for the plow.

The atmosphere was dreamy, hot and still, as if expecting the summons of the Great Creator. Patches of pink peach-blossoms illumined tumbling cabins, and lifted them from the pathos of poverty into the glory of a vision.

It seemed as if the whole wide world must burst into song; for spring and the love of life had come.

So thought the rider, as he turned his horse from the domain of the school into the deep-rutted, red road that led to the plantation. Musingly, he let the horse take her own gait. His nature, his training, all the instincts of a slave-holding ancestry had undergone a convulsion. It was as if he were a stranger in his own heart.

But soon his expression of perplexity vanished, and in the place of it stole a light, as if a new religion had won sudden acceptance in a stubborn nature.

"They are all right," he murmured, as he stretched out his hand to pluck a spray of 'possum-haw.

"I've give my word, an' I'll stick to 'em. Dan was plumb wrong. That's the whole story."

Indeed, the "whole story" was as simple and as complex as that which church-people call a conversion.

For years Bud Seagle and his elder brother had run the plantation, "baching" together in the mansion. The Seagle place was a moderately large one of about twenty-five hundred acres. Of this, four hundred lay in rich bottom, from which sluices coquetted with hillsides and uplands. It was a profitable little property, bringing in from a hundred and fifty to two hundred bales of cotton in annual rentals, and the brothers were prosperous and happy.

Then came the school. Impossible, unspeakable men and women from Yankee-land bought a couple of hundred acres of high, worn-out soil at a preposterous price, put up fine buildings, and opened a school for "niggers."

So Dan and Bud Seagle, whose place adjoined the school-property, used to talk the catastrophe over.

"I tell you, Bud," said Dan, tilting back on his rush-bottom, high-backed chair, and waving his pipe in the fierceness of his invective, "that this country ain't no place

nohow for castaways. Why, they are only low-down, no-account people whom they cahn't stand up No'th, so they come down heah to make the niggah their equal. I tell you, Bud, I—I won't give an inch on the road if I meet them. I don't care if they do get upset."

"I don't know whether they be low-down or not," responded Bud, with slow, judicious accent, "but Mis' Mason is right smaht han'some, an' she's got the prettiest smile in Alabama."

"See heah, Bud, ain't you a little overtaken?" with an open sneer.

"Now, Brother, why do you talk that-a-way? No married woman can stall me. You know who my sweetheart is as well as I do." And Bud, who never lost his temper, strolled nonchalantly over to the shack, and saddled his horse. That was a year ago.

In the meanwhile, Dan Seagle suddenly married and went up the road twenty miles to live on a rich plantation. That left Bud to sell the property, which was known all over the country as the "Seagle place." Money was scarce, and Bud settled down to rent and plant alone, hopeless of making a trade, when Paul Mason rode up and offered to buy for the school.

Paul Mason was an idealist. He was tall, near-sighted, enthusiastic, oriental. He was too absent-minded to run a parish, and too languid to study. To him application was an impossibility. He would talk at fever-heat for ten minutes intelligently, and then gradually drift into drivel. But the Reverend Paul Mason had one inspiration that made his life worth while. He solved the negro problem by educating the black man to own his home. This was not original with him. He had breathed it in. Although he did not know it, his wife was the source of the land scheme which revolutionized Bud Seagle's life.

Bud Seagle was a practical idealist. Side-hill ditching, the salvation of the Southern farmer, was his specialty; so was the exquisite yellow jasmine that confides its delicate tendrils to the chivalry of the swamp-trees. No one in the country knew better than he when to plant, when to hoe, and when to pick the cotton. Also, no one knew better than he the haunts of the

cardinal, the thrush, or the lark. The plantation was his living and his life. So, while Bud despised Paul Mason's ignorance, he respected the clergyman's motives. He sold his homestead to the Northerner, because deep down in his soul lay a lagoon of justice and a well of right which had never been dipped into to any great extent.

"I done sold the Seagle place to the No'therner," he said, that evening, to himself. "What will Florence say? My God, what will Florence say?"

With a flushed face, he entered the mansion, and wrote the news to his brother. The next ten days Bud passed in silent misery. By some mysterious means the news of his sale had gone all over the county, although the roads were almost impassable. Were it not that his courage had commanded respect, and his good-natured tolerance popularity, he would have been ostracized by the ten white families in the little town.

"I ain't no traitor," he explained, for the hundredth time, to the crowd at the store. "They offered me my price, an' I sold hit. There is one thing I can say for them: they pay, and is honest. The school trades heah with ye, Colonel. Can ye deny that?"

And Colonel Finger was forced to pull his tobacco-stained white mustache and nervously assent that in money matters the school was all right.

"Very well," said Bud, with dignity; "when any of you gen'lemen can find a single fault with any of them, exceptin' they teach niggahs, then I'll call myself beat. An' I'll say right heah, thet it's my opinion that a little moh' eddication won't harm the niggahs 'round heah nohow."

With the last word reverberating from his lips, and in the silence of unconvinced apathy, Bud passed over the railroad-track to "set awhile" with Florence.

Fifty years ago the family of Finger was noble; now it was plebeian. Born in the most desolate section of the South, Florence had grown up like a beautiful Cherokee rose on a bank of clay. Her complexion was as exquisite as youth and health could make it. Her eyes were blue, and as soft as the reflection of the sky in a brook. Her eyelashes were black, while

her eyebrows waved and curled, making an enticing and luxurious contrast to her violet eyes and pearly skin. Her nose was straight, her nostrils large and vibrant.

Her mouth! Ah! The South alone gives such mouths as hers, passionate and proud, loving and loyal, imperious and yielding, melting, and faithful unto death. If one may be permitted to coin the word—it was a monophilandric mouth, bestowed only on the single-minded and true pure in heart. It was a mouth that could only kiss one man, and he the choice of a lifetime.

Her whole nature, ignorant of everything else in the world, had been cast, as it were, into one projectile, to be fired, when the time should come, at a heart-shaped target marked "love." Love was her dream, her ideal, her life, her ecstasy.

Florence was now eighteen, as much of a miracle as the jasmine arisen from the black mud of the swamp.

She was eight years younger than Bud, but within that negative period was packed an amount of fanatical adoration that the practical mind of her lover could not imagine, nor his dreamy nature apprehend. Little did he know that she was of the old-fashioned race of womanhood that makes her lover her god; the words of his mouth, her food; and his decision, her law. Hers was the blind faith in her choice that lifts a man out of the common herd, and makes him a king. Such was Bud Seagle's sweetheart. Would the type were as plentiful as the violets of the field! As the man approached, she stopped her languid rocking and greeted him with her hand. She did not lift her lips. He sat there for many minutes without talking.

Womanlike, without looking at him, she noted the pallor under his eyes, and the dejection that comes from sleeplessness. Her eyes grew cold, and her lips tightened.

"Has Popper been houndin' ye about the Seagle place?"

"Yes," wearily.

"An' ye did right in sellin' the school the land."

"I know I was."

"No matter if the whole county is against ye."

"I don't care, sweetheart, for the whole county or the whole world, as long as I hev you with me, girl."

The man did not turn his gaze from the blossoming woods as he spoke, so he did not see the rapture that his speech brought to the face of the woman he loved. But she controlled herself, and asked another question.

"Tell me, Bud, dear, do ye think them No'therners up there are good an' honest, or are they what they call them around the stoah?"

Bud turned and looked at his sweetheart with the air of a man who has seen a vision.

"I believe," he said, slowly, as if he were repeating a creed, "that they are better'n any of us—are noble-like an' oughter be helped."

"Then, Bud," rang out the girl's strong voice, "why don't ye go an' tell them so?"

"I?" helplessly.

"You're a man—my man, Bud—an' haven't no reason to be ashamed of what ye believe."

"When shall I go?"

"I'm proud of ye, Bud, an' I'd admire to have ye go now."

Apparently without emotion or feeling, Florence rocked softly. As quietly Bud Seagle arose. For a moment his hand rested caressingly upon her seemingly unresponsive shoulder. Then he passed through the yellow daffodils, opened the gate, mounted his horse and rode away. Florence did not turn her head, but her heart beat violently.

Mrs. Paul Mason sat alone in the office of the colored school. She was attending to the accounts and to the thousand and one details that are the exasperation of institution life. Laura Mason was a trained manager. An alumna of a State normal college, she taught in a city grammar-school upon her graduation. When General Armstrong cast his net for the ablest and most attractive young women of the East, he chose Laura Bingham because of her executive ability and cheerful vivacity. For five years she went from one department to another, until she had mastered the main details of the wonderful system of instruction in Hampton.

It was there she dreamed of founding an industrial school for negroes in the darkest

belt of the South. For her to dream was to accomplish. Knowing the hostility of the whites to negro education in a region where the black man outnumbers them twenty to one, her friends urged upon Laura the necessity of marriage as a protection from insult.

The Reverend Paul Mason was quite willing to moon his last years away in a semitropical land in the rhapsody of missionary labors. He was of a good, old decadent family, and he proposed with a superior air of condescension. In the name of her new field of work, and because of his gentlemanly harmlessness, Laura accepted him. Her educational work was her romance, her love and her life.

The first five years of the school was a nightmare. For two years the teachers ate no fresh meat but what was killed on the grounds, and they had no ice. No one would sell to them. Upon that little red-clay knoll they were shut up as tightly as if they were upon one of the islands of the Pacific. With the exception of insolent drummers, not a native white man had yet stepped foot within the school-grounds in all these five years. Ah, there was the real problem in these gigantic pioneer labors!

Laura Mason was bending over her desk. It was five o'clock. She was tired and discouraged. Were it not for her faith that was born again each morning, the school would not have lived one puny year. She was thinking, in the setting of the hot sun; wondering how she could possibly win the respect, if not the confidence, of the few white families less than a mile away—a hitherto hopeless task—when a new knock sounded upon the door.

"Come in," she called, without spirit.

The door opened, and in walked a man whose furtive glances she had instinctively interpreted as not unfriendly. His was the land the school had bought. For years Laura had hoped to capture this planter, and here he was.

Bud Seagle walked in with the air of a culprit driven to confession, and dropped into a chair. After twirling his hat for a few moments, in his confusion he glanced up with a frank smile of curiosity. In that one look (he never could explain how) the little Northern woman dissipated the last remnant of Southern suspicion, and bound

his loyalty to her and to her work with forged chains.

"Mis' Mason," he said, impulsively holding out his hand, "I didn't think I could ever do this, but I've come to tell ye that I believe in the school, an' that ye can count on me to help ye all I can."

It was the turning-point of his life—this simple speech. Somehow he felt its import, and he finished with a deep breath.

The high color stole over Laura Mason's face, quickening it through inspiration. She felt that the best way to take this almost miraculous avowal of a new faith was to accept it simply as it came. It was the victory of years of fighting and self-sacrifice. She spoke quickly, in as much a matter-of-course tone as she could assume.

"I am glad, Mr. Seagle, that you do not regret selling your land to the school."

"I'm proud of it, ma'am. I'm proud of the fact." Bud laid his hat on the floor, feeling strangely at home.

"What do you expect to do now?" Mrs. Mason asked, softly.

"I dohn' know. It seems like I hadn't anything to do now; but I'll vacate the mansion as soon as ye say."

"I didn't mean that, Mr. Seagle," she said, with a rare smile, and bent toward him. "I mean just the opposite. Why don't you stay there altogether? That is —"

Bud's gray eyes grew large in mild wonder. His lips parted to question.

"I mean, Mr. Seagle, I want you to be an active part of our land scheme, that is all."

"It's a right smaht scheme, an' I'd like right well to see it tried; but I've done sold the place to ye, an' I dohn' see how I can help."

"I will tell you what I want." Laura Mason spoke quickly. "I want an honest, honorable Southern gentleman who knows the people, the conditions and the land to manage the Seagle place for us. In short, I want you to be our rider, and stay at the mansion."

Bud Seagle's face reddened and then slowly paled at the suggestion. He started to speak.

"Don't answer yet. Let me talk a while, and explain our plans and what we want—then you can answer!"

For fully half an hour Laura Mason poured forth her soul. Her great dream of educating the ignorant negro to own his home was now on the point of realization through this man. She explained to him with business precision how he could do all the advancing, thus making a handsome profit on his ready cash—and she suggested to him, with womanly gentleness, the nobility and the usefulness of the life which she urged upon him.

"Why, Mr. Seagle," she said, rising in her enthusiasm, "you will have a magnificent opportunity; the greatest that will ever come to you. Think of it! Just think of it!"

Bud jumped to his feet. His easy nature had never been so fired before. He felt like a soldier on the verge of a field of battle. A strange exaltation enchaind him.

"I'll do it." His sensitive lips quivered with a new emotion. "You can count on me as long as you want me. Make your own terms. You are the honestest woman I ever saw."

The school-bell rang joyously. It seemed to have lost its usual strident tones. They both started as if from a reverie. She was looking up at him, proud of her conquest, and he was gazing down upon her, a little ashamed of his feeling, but very firm.

"Can you come next Monday and talk over details? The planting is a little late."

"I'll come, Mis' Mason, an' befoh I forget it, I want to call 'tention to Uncle Wash. You see, Uncle Wash has always lived on the place, an' I promised father to look out foh him. He's a no-account niggah, an' I feed him regular. He's living alone in the old cabin. He's only about sixty, but he cahn't work, as his legs sorter give out, an' I reckon he's a little of a cotton-toter. Cahn't ye let him stay there? I'll look out foh him. Ye see, Mis' Mason, I'm powerful fond of him, an' he's right smaht troubled about the change."

Mrs. Mason laughed merrily. "Oh, I know Uncle Wash well; he comes here regularly for supplies. He shan't be turned out of his cabin as long as he lives."

Bud Seagle did not answer. He just looked his gratitude at her, then turned silently away, and went out into the setting

of the sun. Clean, white-gowned black girls glanced at him curiously. Straight-limbed negro boys walked with military alertness about their business. Bud gazed upon them with an air of proprietary interest, still dazed by his sudden decision. How account for it? There was witchery somewhere. He—Bud Seagle—a rider for a colored school! Entranced, he mounted his horse. As he tightened on the bit, he felt a trembling touch upon his leg. A pitiful, emaciated face looked up with shrewd, imploring eyes. The figure was in tatters, and barefooted.

"How is hit, Mass'r Seagle? Dohn' tell me I got ter go."

"It's all right, Uncle Wash; you can stay as long as ye live. The school will let ye do hit. I'm going to stay, too."

Bud affectionately patted the frayed coonskin cap.

From the old slave's eyes hot tears of joy fell and blinded him. As he dragged his way with his stick, his gray head bobbed, and, across the cotton-field, red-skirted children, returning home from school, heard Uncle Wash crooning in rhythmic exultation, and wondered what new religion the old paralytic had experienced.

So Bud Seagle rode to the mansion that was still to be his own, and as he passed under the great, green-fingered pines, they whispered to him in tongues he knew so well, and welcomed his return.

A rider! Why, he had been a rider all his life! The Seagle place was rented out in forty-seven one-horse farms. He knew every inch of soil, every tenant. He knew how to ditch the barren hills; he knew how to deal with improvident slackness. None understood better than he when to plow and when to wait—what sort of a sweep to run, not too deep and not too shallow—when to plant the cotton, when the corn, and where the cane. He was an expert in weeding out corn, so that it should not grow too thick. He discerned when to hoe the cotton, and when to pick it at its fullest whiteness.

But he had not only to know the land and judge the crops, but he must be master of his people, and prescribe as to when and where and how they should work. Negroes are only children, and if they are not

told and driven, they will starve—none are so cheerful, so improvident as they. The despair of the thrifty, and the prey of the unscrupulous, they require the constant guardianship of an honest, practical man.

The rider is the modern overseer. He goes with advice; the overseer rode with commands. The overseer enforced his decision with the whip; the rider flogs the stomach rather than the back. He cuts down the rations when a tenant refuses to work as he directs. No one excelled Bud Seagle in the art of getting the most work out of his people, and the most profit out of a plantation. Who could plan and order and drive better than he? Why, his was the cleanest cotton in the county. Yet his negroes loved him and trusted him to a man. He never wronged or cheated them. He was so honest, "he leaned jess backward on it," as his brother once said, with a wry smile. Last year he rode for Bud Seagle; this year he had pledged himself to ride for the negroes themselves, and teach them how to buy and pay for their own homes!

How the world had whirled in its orbit! "It's the same pipe, but different smoke; that's all," he explained to himself, as he filled his corn-cob for the second time in his new reverie.

Then his fancy fled from farms to Florence. In a vague, masculine way he felt that the plummet of his comprehension had not yet sounded her depths. He also knew that there would be a bitter war between his old friends and himself as soon as they found out that he was rider for the school. He knew them well. They would jeer at his face, and cut under him behind his back. The storekeeper would try to debauch his negroes, advance to them, charge them, mortgage them, and run them off the place if he could. The only limit to his virulence would be his incapacity for ruining the work Bud had undertaken to perform. For the first time in his life it occurred to the rider that he had better carry a gun. For, foremost among his enemies and persecutors was the father of the girl he loved—the man at whose beck men came and went, and negroes trembled. With the exception of himself, every white man was either Colonel Finger's rider or dependent. The colonel was the post-

master, the storekeeper, the owner of the only cotton-gin, and of ten thousand acres of land, and his word was law within a radius of twenty miles. He had a feudal power of life and death that few in this country can easily understand. Would Florence, in the final smoke of victory or defeat, follow her father and the instincts of her race, or follow her lover along the new highway? In all ages women have been inscrutable to the men they love.

The spring burned into summer. The roads were caked. The swamp was dry. Nature was fulfilling her earlier promises with rank prodigality. It was the season of blind thunder-storms, when the cotton had received its second hoeing. It was glittering, vibrant June. The wild plums and blackberries, commonly known as "nigger's-bread," were ripe, and the black man could only be driven to the field by the sternest measures. By day the whites lay parched and gasping, and the school was nearly a month closed, although Paul Mason was puttering around, alone, happy in the consciousness that at last he was supremely important. But as a precautionary measure Laura Mason had insisted on putting the school-property as well as the land in Bud Seagle's charge when she left on her collecting-tour in the North. So Bud was the administrator as well as the rider. He was the hardest-driven white man in the county, for he worked on honor.

Exhausted, "frazzled," worried, lonely, and almost discouraged, the rider wearily climbed his horse to go down to the store for supplies, when his watch told him five.

For some days he had not been off the place. In the early cool of the evening something always begins to be stirring at the store. Then the fussy freights slow up. Then a little trading and much gossiping is done. Then the ladies dress in blues and pinks, and sit on their narrow piazzas, rocking in hopeless rhythm, watching the store and the station on the opposite side of the track. So still is the air that the least whisper is borne to their ears; while the strident squeals of the pigs as they fight about the door of the gin, where corn is being ground, smite the ears sharply, and vulgarize the calm of the slowly descending night.

Bud Seagle dreaded to go down this evening. The implacable sun that gives life to the black man had left him depressed and weak. He did not feel like coping with the thinly veiled sarcasms of Colonel Finger—an unkempt satrap of an unkempt province—as he sat, surrounded by his dogs and dependents, on his whittled bench, emitting clouds of acrid smoke.

Bud rode past Uncle Wash's cabin, and called out moodily. There was no answer. The door was open, and the single-penner yawned bare and black within. Lazily, blankly, the rider rode on. As he came nearer to the store, the shrieks of the freight irritated him, and the black, belching smoke seemed a desecration of the purity of the air. Not a leaf stirred. The red plums hung motionless. The birds were silent before their good-night song. The sun was still up, but threatened out of its virulent intensity by the approach of night.

Now, as Bud Seagle rode dreamily on, he heard cries between the staccato shrieks of the uneasy freight. He had heard that sound many times, and knew it well. It was the sound that has not passed away with slavery. It was the agonizing scream of a black man under the lash. The rider put his whip to his horse, and started on a gallop. At the unaccustomed spurt perspiration broke out on his body, and his tired mind quickened. He and his were not of the kind that whipped their negroes. He knew too well that one thrashing takes the spirit out of a black man, and makes him "no account" forever after in the community. Besides, he didn't think it fair play.

Bud rode quickly, as it is in the arteries of all men to hurry to a scene of bloodshed or of riot. When he got in sight of the store, he saw a crowd of frightened negroes clustering around the gin. The howls of anguish redoubled in intensity, and now he could hear the crack of the strap on the back of the victim, and he recognized the cool voice of the man who counted aloud the number of each stroke. Bud knew well what the instrument of torture was. It was a three-inch gin-belt, cut to a right length; it hung from a hook near the door, ready for this bloody use.

"Fifteen," called Colonel Finger's voice, with mechanical precision.

The rider galloped up. In their morbid eagerness the darkies did not notice his approach, or give way. A howl more piercing than the rest dominated the squealing of the pigs and the shrieks of the locomotive. The sound of it froze the rider's blood, for in it he recognized the voice of Uncle Wash, his father's old slave, the one man in all the world he had sworn to feed and to protect. Bud leaped from his horse. His ears hammered; crimson blinded his eyes. With a great oath Bud Seagle parted the frightened negro rabble. With a bound he stood at the threshold of the gin, his cocked pistol pointed in his hand. At his feet Uncle Wash writhed and quivered and moaned like a broken beast. Before him the white men of the town stood in a motionless row, their tobacco-stained lips gaping in surprise. On a corn-bin sat Colonel Finger, their chief, opium-eyed, conscious of his own power, beneath his white mustache his cigar twitching with furtive exultation and revenge. Without raising his voice, he said, as if there had been no interruption, with the quiet authority of one accustomed to be obeyed:—

"Go on! Seventeen."

"Hold on there!" cried the rider in a hoarse voice, so strange to him that it seemed to have come from a foreign throat.

"Ye'll have to reckon with me fust. What has Uncle Wash done to you?"

Colonel Finger glanced up meaningly at the man who held the strap. He was one of the clerks at the store.

"I saw him picking up something on the counter," the clerk explained, shuffling uneasily. But Bud kept his eyes on the colonel.

"That is one of the dam'dest lies ye ever told, Colonel." The rider curled his lips contemptuously. "Uncle Wash may tote a little of my cotton or take a little somethin' to eat from my kitchen, but he ain't no counter-thief, an' no man shall whip him while I live."

Silently each man pulled out his gun and faced the defender of his father's slave. To a man they hated the colonel, their master, and in their hearts they liked Bud Seagle and feared him; but they hated worse than the colonel the principles that had changed Bud's old life. They dared not touch him, but in their furious

resentment they could whip his man, and they meant to do it.

Colonel Finger noted his retainers' movements with a grim smile. He never carried a gun. Leaning back with an insufferable sneer of superiority, he took his cigar from under his rusty, white mustache, and repeated with cold nonchalance:—

"Go on, Andy. Seventeen!"

"Damn ye!" Bud leaped a step forward and bestrode his serf, who lay groaning, wrists tied to ankles, unable to move. "One moh' ary 'lick, an' ye'll die! You kin kill me, but one of ye'll die fust!"

There was not a man in the room that did not know that Bud meant what he said. They remembered how a few years ago he had walked up to the voting-booth and insisted on being one of the counters. This was flatly refused. He then took his shotgun and cleaned out the room. It had been the only honest election that the county had known in twenty years. Bud Seagle was of the quiet, diffident race of blue-eyed men that know not fear.

"I'll take that belt, Andy," Bud spoke, quietly.

The clerk looked at his employer, but received no order in return. His red, freckled hand sulkily allowed the strap to slip. Then the rider, with a cat-like motion, brought a huge hunting-knife from his pocket, tore open its blade, deliberately slashed the belt into short lengths, and flung them at the colonel's feet. Then he bent and cut the cords that bound the victim double.

"Get up, Wash!" he spoke, sharply. "Did ye take anything from that man's counter?" His blazing eyes pierced the shivering negro to his very soul. "Answer!"

"Fur Gawd's sake, no, Mass'r Bud. Oh, my Gawd! Mah feelin's of democracy demand that I should walk perpendicular befoh my Lo'd upon the green carpit that he has laid upon the main."

At the familiar, long-winded answer, punctuated with groans, Bud could not repress a smile. He knew the man spoke the truth.

"Git on, out," he ordered, sharply. "Here, you niggahs! Put Uncle Wash on my horse."

Slowly, creakingly, whimperingly, the

old slave unbent himself, cast the devoted look of a dog upon his master, and slunk out. Silent and blanched, the white men watched their prey escaping. Unruffled, the colonel smoked.

"Now, Colonel Finger!" Bud stepped forward, his revolver still eager, and looked the despot steadily in the eye. "One moh' word with you, sah; ye cahn't afford to die. You can't die an' leave all this behind. But if one hair of Uncle Wash is teched, or his cabin burned, or anything happens to him—I sha'n't go 'round inquirin' 'who,' but I'll come straight to you, an' I'll kill ye. Yes, sah, I'll kill ye as I would a dog. Good eve'n, gen'lemen."

He uncocked his pistol, slipped it into his pocket, turned his back, a target for ten desperate men, and walked slowly out.

"Jess a minute, Bud." Colonel Finger's large jaws opened for the first time. The rider turned contemptuously upon him.

"You've did me, Bud. I acknowledge ye that, an' I hain't got no hard feelings. I'll cotch ye some day yet, an' I jess as lief shake hands now. But ye've been goin' roun' with my daughter. Ye can quit it right now, or she sha'n't get no cent from me. I'll will it to hell first." Colonel Finger's face grew blotched with fury. Even then, at an answer to this vicious taunt, the men would have shot the unarmed rider where he stood, and Bud knew it. He straightened himself to his greatest height. He must stand the insult to himself to save the man. Pale and proud, he turned again and passed out of the gin.

On the other side of the track, out of danger, Uncle Wash had pulled up the horse to wait for his deliverer. Already the negroes had fled from the wrath of their disappointed master. It is so easy to use a warm strap! Steadily Bud strode over the red clay, past a side-tracked wrecking-car, up to his horse. His only thought was to get his man safely home.

"Oh, Mass'r Bud," wailed the negro, preparing to slide down, "ye oughtn't ter done hit! I ain't wo'th hit. They'll kill us both now."

"Shet up, Uncle Wash. You set right there. I'll walk beside ye. They'll never tech ye again, as long as I live—the hounds!"



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

"HOLD ON THERE!" CRIED THE RIDER, IN A HOARSE VOICE."

With his hand on the old negro's tattered leg, he walked beneath him, a position symbolic of the sacrifice his new life demanded of him.

At Colonel Finger's gate the horse stopped, according to its custom. There stood Florence looking up at her lover, her head bare in the sun that had now lost its brazen horror. The girl opened the gate and came close to him. Uncle Wash looked down upon them with a toothless, tender smile.

"Say, Bud"—she stole her hand into his—"ye had a fight with Popper?"

The rider nodded, sternly.

"He was lickin' Uncle Wash, an' ye saved him?"

The negro's white head bobbed like a spray of bridal veil in the wind.

"I had to."

"An' if Popper hadn't stopped, I reckon ye'd a killed him, eh, Bud?"

The young man answered steadily enough, but turned his head drearily away. He had gained his man, but he had lost his wife, and the strain was beginning to tell on him.

"I reckon I would."

"Didn't he say nothin' about me at the end?" The girl paled at her own question.

"He said I must give ye up, Florence, dear, or he'd see his money in hell fust." Bud could not stand it another moment; he looked down upon her with unutterable, hopeless love, and crushed her hand in his.

"Well, Bud?" she asked, her red lips

parted with entreaty. Could she never make him understand? But he gazed at her, helplessly, as a man does.

"Ah, boy," she went on, with heightening color, "I'd a-hated ye if ye hadn't brought him out. Don't you see, Bud, I love ye—I admire ye so—I ain't got no father now?"

"Florence!"

"I can't go back. I've only got you—you!" The girl lifted up her great eyes and looked at him eagerly.

"But, Florence——!"

"Don't ye want me, Bud? Won't ye take me as I am, without a hat, without a father, without a cent, an'—give me a little supper?"

"But, Florence, darling——! Good God! How can I?"

"A little talk with Reverend Mason will make it right—all right." The girl's voice sank to an awed whisper.

"I never know'd what he's good for befoh," muttered the man, as the light of her meaning illuminated and mastered his heart.

Then the rider bent and looked into the depths of his sweetheart's eyes, and there were revealed to him for the first time the length and breadth and height of a woman's perfect love, the fulness of her loyalty and the completeness of her surrender. With a cry of joy he caught her to his breast, and, with the might of a man and the right of a husband, he crushed her lips with a kiss.

THE FARCE.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

HAD it been tragedy, wherein we played

For Love, and strove and perished, dying thus,
Still might he cry, though anguished and dismayed:

"This thing was glorious!"

HAD it been comedy, wherein we went

Unmasked and merry, glad for one and all,
Methinks that Love had gone his way content
After the curtain's fall.

But this! I pray you ring the curtain down
Upon this farce—this pitiful, poor thing,
With each of us a masquerading clown
Playing at Queen and King.

Strange that at first we thought this thing of worth—

A tragedy were better to forget—
See where we wake Love's critical, cold mirth
What time his eyes are wet.

MANKIND IN THE MAKING.

BY HERBERT GEORGE WELLS.

X. (CONTINUED)—THOUGHT IN THE MODERN STATE.

ABOVE all, at the present time, we must keep clearly in view that popularity has no relation to literary, philosophic or scientific value—it neither justifies nor condemns. At present, except in the case of certain forms of research and in relation to the altogether too-charitable-looking British Civil List, we make popularity the sole standard by which a writer may be paid. The novelist, for example, gets an income extraordinarily made up of sums of from sixpence to two shillings per person sufficiently interested to buy his or her books. The result is entirely independent of real literary merit. The sixpences and shillings are, of course, greatly coveted, and success in getting them on anything like a magnificent scale makes a writer, good or bad, vehemently hated and abused, but the hatred and abuse—unaccompanied, as they are, by any proposals for amelioration—are hardly less silly than the system. And, for our present purpose, it really does not matter if the fortunate persons who interest the great public are or are not overpaid. Our concern is with the underpaid, and with all this affair of mammoth editions and booming, only as it affects that aspect. We are concerned with the exceptional man's necessities, and *not* with his luxuries. The fly of envy in the true artist's ointment may, I think, very well stop there, until magnanimity becomes something more of a cult in the literary world than it is at the present time.

This, perhaps, is something of a digression from our second general proposition, that we must pay directly for the work itself. But it leads to a third proposition. The whole history of literature and science abundantly shows that no critical judgment is more than an approximation to the truth. Criticism should be equal to the exposure of the imitator and the pure sham. Of course, it should be able to analyze and expose these types, but above that level is the disputed case. At the

present time in England only a very few writers or investigators hold high positions by anything approaching the unanimous verdict of the intelligent public—of that section of the public that counts. In the department of fiction, for example, there is a very audible little minority against Mr. Kipling, and about Mr. George Moore or Mr. Zangwill or Mr. Barrie one may hear the most diverse opinions. By the test of blackballing only the unknown would survive. The valuation is as erratic in many branches of science. The development of criticism will diminish, but it certainly will not end, this sort of thing, and, since our concern is to stimulate rather than punish—we must do just exactly what we should not do if we were electing men for a club—we must include rather than exclude. I am told that Americans remark in relation to University endowments: "We speculate in research," and that will serve for only a slight exaggeration of this third proposition. So long as we get nearly all the men of exceptional mental gifts in the community under the best conditions for their work, it scarcely matters if for each one of them we get four or five shams or mere respectabilities upon our hands. Respectabilities and shams have a fatal facility for living on the community anyhow, and there is no more reason in not doing these things on their account than there would be in burning a house down to get rid of cockroaches and rats. The rat-poison of sound criticism—to follow that analogy—is the remedy here.

But if the reward must be directly for the work, it must not have any quantitative relation to the output of work. It is quality we want, not quantity; we want absolutely to invert the abominable conditions of the present time. It is my personal conviction that almost every well-known living writer is, or has been, writing too much. "No book, no income" is practically what the world says to an author; and

the needy authors make a pace the independent follow; there is no respect for fine silences; you are forgotten. The literature of the past hundred years is unparalleled in the world's history in this feature, that the greater portion of it is or has been written under a relentless pressure. It was the case with Scott, the case with Dickens, Tennyson, Browning and a host of other great contributors to the edifice. No one who loves Dickens, and knows anything of the art he practised, but deploras that evil, incessant demand that never permitted him to revise his plans, to alter, rearrange and concentrate, that never released him from the obligation to touch dull hearts and penetrate thick skins with obtrusive pathos and violent caricatures. Once embarked upon his course, he never had a moment. He had no time to read, no time to think. When one reflects on these things, it is only amazing that the average book is not more copious and crude and hasty than it is. There are all too many books to read. It would be better for the public, better for our literature, altogether better, if this obligation were lifted. Few writers but must have felt at times the desire to stop and think, to work out some neglected corner of their minds, to admit a year's work as futile, and thrust it behind the fire; or, simply to lie fallow, to camp, and rest the horses. Let us, therefore, pay our authors as much not to write as though they wrote; instead of that twenty or thirty volumes which is, I suppose, the average product, let us require a book or so, worth having. Which means, in fact, that we must find some way of giving our author, once he has proved his quality, a fixed income quite irrespective of what he does. We might, perhaps, require evidence that he was doing some work now and then; we might prohibit other occupations, but, for my own part, I do not think even that is necessary. Most authors so sustained will write, and all will have written. We are presupposing, be it remembered, the stimulus of honors and criticism and of further honors and further emoluments.

Finally, in making schemes for the endowment of original mental activity, we must not ignore the possibility of a perversion that has already played its part in the

histories of painting and music, and that is the speculative financing of promising candidates for these endowments. If we are going to make research, criticism and creation "worth while," we must see to it that in reality we are not simply making it worth while for Solomons and Moses to "spot" the early promise, to stimulate its modesty, to help it to its position, and to draw the major profits of the enterprise. The struggling young man of exceptional gifts who is using his brains, not to make his position, but to do his destined work, is by that at a great disadvantage in dealing with the business man, and it is to the interest of the community that he should be protected from his own inexperience and his own self-distrust. The average Whitechapel Jew could cheat a Shakspeare into the workhouse in no time, and our idea is rather to make the world easy for Shaksperes than to hand it over to the rat activities of the "smart" business man. . . .

Freedom of contract is an idea no one outside a debating-society dreams of realizing in the State. We protect tenants from landlords in all sorts of ways, our law overrides all sorts of bargains, and in the important case of marriage, we put almost all the conditions outside bargaining and speculative methods altogether by insisting upon one universal contract or none. We protect women who are physically and economically weak in this manner, not so much for their own good, as the good of the race. The State already puts literary property into a class apart by limiting its duration. At a certain point, which varies in different circumstances, copyright expires. It is possible for an author whose fame comes late to be present, as a row of dainty volumes, in half the comfortable homes in the world, while his grandchildren beg their bread. The author's blood is sacrificed to the need the whole world has of cheap access to his work. And, since we do him this injury for the sake of our intellectual life, it is surely not unreasonable to interfere for his benefit also if that subserves the greater end.

Now, there are two ways, at least, in which the author may be and should be protected from the pressure of immediate necessities. The first of these is to render

his copyright in his work inalienably his, to forbid him to make any bargain by which the right to revise, abbreviate or alter what he has written passes out of his hands, and to make every such bargain invalid. He would be free, himself, to alter, or to endorse alterations, but to yield no *carte blanche* to others. He would be free, also, to make whatever bargain he chose for the rights of publication. But, and this is the second proposal, no bargain he made should be valid for a longer period than seven years from the date of its making. Every seven years his book would come back into his control, to suppress, revise, resell, or do whatever he liked to do with it. Only in one way could he escape this property, and that would be by declaring it void and making his copyright an immediate present to the world. And upon this proposal, it is possible to base one form—and a very excellent form—of paying for the public service of good writing, and honoring men of letters and science, and that is by buying, and more or less completely extinguishing, their copyrights, and so converting them into contemporary classics.

Throughout these papers a disposition to become concrete has played unchecked. Always definite proposals have been preferred to vague generalizations, and here, again, it will be convenient to throw out an almost detailed scheme—simply as an illustration of the possibilities of the case.

Let us waive for the moment the subtle difficulty that arises when we ask who are the writers of literature, the guides and makers of opinion, the men and women of wisdom, insight and creation, as distinguished from those who merely resonate to the note of the popular mind; let us assume that this is determined, and let us make a scheme in the air to support these people under such conditions as will give us their best. Suppose the thing done boldly, and that for every hundred thousand people in our population we subsidize an author—if we can find as many. Suppose we give him some sort of honor or title and the alternative of going on writing under copyright conditions—which many popular favorites would certainly prefer—or of giving up his copyrights to the public, and receiving a fixed income, a respect-

able mediocre income, eight hundred pounds or one thousand pounds, for example. That means four hundred or more subsidized authors, which would work out, perhaps, as eighteen or twenty every year for Great Britain, and a proportionate number for America and the Colonial States of the British Empire. Suppose, further, that from this general body of authors we draw four or five a year of the seniors, to form a sort of Academy, a higher stage of honor and income; this would probably give something under a hundred on this higher stage. Taking the income of the two stages as one thousand pounds and two thousand pounds, respectively, this would work out at about five hundred thousand pounds a year for Great Britain—a quite trivial addition to what is already spent on educational work. A scheme that would provide for widows and children whose education was unfinished, and for the official printing and sale of correct texts of the books written, would still fall within the dimensions of a million pounds.

But it must not be imagined that this would be a new payment by the community. In all probability, we are already paying as much as that, or more, in the form of royalties, serial fees and the like, to authors. We are paying now with an unjust unevenness—we starve the new and deep, and overpay the trite and obvious. Moreover, the community would have something in exchange for its money; it would have the copyright of the works written. It may be suggested that, by a very simple device, a large proportion of these payments could be recovered. Suppose that all books, whether copyright or not, and all periodicals sold above a certain price—sixpence, let us say—had to bear a defaced stamp of, for example, a halfpenny for each shilling of price. This would probably yield a revenue almost sufficient to cover these literary pensions. In addition, the books of the pensioned authors might bear an additional stamp as the equivalent of the present royalty, and such rights as that of serialization could be tendered for. . . .

The annual selection of eighteen or twenty authors might very well be a dispersed duty. One or two each might be

appointed in some way by grouped universities or by three or four of the universities taken in rotation, by such a guild of authors as we have already considered, by the British Academy of History and Philosophy, by the Royal Society, by the British Privy Council. The jury system would probably be of very great value in making these appointments.

That is a rough sketch of a possible scheme—presented in the most open-minded way. It is presented with hideous crudity, no doubt, but would not something of the sort work well? How would it work? There would certainly be a great diminution in the output of written matter from the thousand recognized writers this would give us, and almost as certainly a great rise in effort and deliberation, in distinction, quality and value in the work. Would it extinguish anything? I do not see that it would. Those who write trivially, for the pleasure of the public, would be just as well off as they are now, and there would be no more difficulty than there is at present for those who began writing. Less, indeed; for the thousand subsidized writers at least would not be clamorously competing to fill up magazines and libraries; they might set a higher and more difficult standard, but they would leave more space about them. The thing would scarcely affect the development of publishing and book-distribution, nor injure, nor stimulate—except by raising the standard and ideals of writing—newspapers, magazines and their contributors in any way. . . . On some such lines, at any rate, if not exactly on these lines, the reorganization of the literary system in the modern, progressive, social State must proceed.

I do not believe, for one moment, the thing would stop at such a subsidized body of authors, such a little aristocracy of thought, as this project presents. But it would be an efficient starting-point. There are those who demand a thinking department for army and navy; this would be the thinking organization of the race. Once this deliberate organization of a central ganglion of interpretation and presentation began, the development of the brain and nervous system in the social body would proceed apace. Each step made would enable the next step to be wider and

bolder. The general innervation of society with books and book-distribution agencies would be followed by the linking up of the now almost isolated mental worlds of science, art and political and social activity in a system of intercommunication and sympathy. . . .

We have now already in the history of the world one successful experiment in the correlation of human endeavor. Compare all that was accomplished in material science by the isolated work of the great men before Lord Verulam, and what has been done since the system of isolated inquiry gave place to a free exchange of ideas and collective discussion. And this is only one field of mental activity and one aspect of social needs! All the others are dwarfed and cowed by its enormous disproportionate development. What if we extend that same spirit of organization and free reaction to the whole world of human thought and emotion?

It may seem to the reader that all this springs merely from the obsession of a writer by his own calling, but indeed that is not so. We who write are not all so blinded by conceit of ourselves that we do not know something of our absolute personal value. We are lizards in an empty palace, frogs crawling over a throne. But it is a palace, it is a throne, and, it may be, the reverberation of our ugly voices will presently awaken the world to seat something better in this place. Because we write abominably, none the less we are making the future. We are making it atrociously, no doubt; we are not ignorant of that possibility, but some of us, at least, would like to do it better. We know only too well how we are out of touch with scholarship, some of us are as unscholarly as the scholarly men are illiterate. We must drive our pens to live, and push and bawl to be heard. We must blunder against men an ampler training would have made our allies, we must smart, and lose our tempers, and do the foolish things that are done in the heat of the day. For all that, according to our lights, we are trying to save our world in the lack of better saviors, to change this mental tumult into an order of understanding and intention in which greater things may grow. The thought of to-day is the fact of to-morrow, ideas are

perpetually forcing themselves into being, the thought of a community is the life of that community, and if the collective thought of a community is disconnected and fragmentary, then the community is collectively vain and weak. That does not constitute an incidental defect, but the essential failure. Though that community have cities such as the world has never seen before, fleets and hosts and glories, though it count its soldiers by the army-corps, and its children by the million, yet

if it hold not to the reality of thought and formulated will beneath these outward things, it will pass, and all its glories will pass, like smoke before the wind, like mist beneath the sun; it will become a stagnant swamp of life like China, dreaming over its classics in uttermost decay, it will become at last only one more of the vague and fading dreams upon the scroll of time, a mere heap of mounds and pointless history, even as have become the cities of Babylon and Nineveh.

XI.—THE MAN'S OWN SHARE.

In this manner it is that the initial proposition of New Republicanism works itself out in these articles. It shapes into the rough outline of an ideal new state, a New Republic, a great confederation of English-speaking republican communities, each with its non-hereditary aristocracy, scattered about the world, speaking a common language, possessing a common literature, a common scientific and educational organization, and it indicates in crude, broad suggestions, the way toward that state from the present condition of things. It insists, as a cardinal necessity, not indeed as an end, but as an indispensable instrument by which this world-state must be made and sustained, upon a great, a contemporary and a universally accessible literature—a literature, not simply of thought and science, but of power, which shall embody and make real and living the sustaining dreams of the coming time, and which shall draw together and bring into intelligent correlation all those men and women who are working now disconnectedly and wastefully toward a better order of life. For, indeed, a great number of men and women are already working for this New Republic, working, with the most varied powers and temperaments and formulæ, to raise the standard of housing and the standard of living, to enlarge our knowledge of the means by which better books may be attained, to know more, to educate better, to train better, to write good books for teachers, to organize our schools, to make our laws simpler and more honest, to clarify our political life, to test and reorganize all our social rules and conventions, to adjust property to new conditions, to improve our

language, to increase intercourse of all sorts, and give our ideals the justice of a noble presentation; at a thousand points the New Republic already starts into being. And while we pioneers and experimenters piece together our scattered efforts into a coherent scheme, while we become more and more clearly conscious of our common purpose, year by year the old order and those who have ankylosed to the old order die and pass away, and the unhampered children of the new time grow up about us.

In a few years this that I call New Republicanism here, under I know not what final name, will have become a great world-movement, conscious of itself and consistent within itself, and we who are making now the crude discovery of its possibility will be working toward its realization in our thousand different ways and positions. And coming to our help, to reinforce us, to supersede us, to take the growing task out of our hands, will come youth, will come our sons and daughters and those for whom we have written our books, for whom we have taught in our schools, for whom we have founded and ordered libraries, toiled in laboratories, and in waste places and strange lands, for whom we have made saner and cleaner homes and saner and cleaner social and political arrangements, foregoing a hundred comfortable acquiescences that these things might be done. Youth will come to take over the work from us, and go on with it in a bolder and ampler manner. Assuredly, youth will come to us, if this is indeed to be the dawn of a new time. Without the high resolve of youth, without the constant accession of youth, without recuperative

power, no sustained forward movement is possible in the world. It is to youth, therefore, that these articles are finally addressed, to the adolescents, to the students, to those who are yet in the schools, who will presently come to read it, to those who, being still plastic, can understand the infinite plasticity of the world. It is those who are yet unmade who must become the makers. After thirty there are few conversions and fewer fine beginnings; men and women go on in the path they have marked out for themselves. Their imaginations have become firm and rigid, even if they have not withered, and there is no turning from the conviction of their brief experience that almost all that is, is inexorably so. What man or woman over thirty in Great Britain dares to hope for a republic before it is time to die? Yet the thing might be. Or for the reunion of the English-speaking peoples? Or for deliverance of all of our blood and speech from that fouler thing than chattel slavery, child and adolescent labor? Or for an infantile death-rate under ninety in the thousand, and all that would mean in the common life? These and a hundred such things are coming now, but only the young know how near they may be brought to us. As for us others, we plant a tree never believing we shall eat the fruit.

With each year of their lives they come more distinctly into conscious participation with our efforts. Those soft little creatures that we have figured grotesquely as dropping from an inexorable spout into our world, those weak and wailing lumps of pink flesh more helpless than any animal, for whom we have planned better care, a better chance of life, better conditions of all sorts, those larval souls who are at first helpless clay in our hands, presently insensibly have become helpers beside us in the struggle. In a little while they are beautiful children, they are boys and girls, and youths and maidens, full of the zest of new life, of an abundant, joyful receptivity. In a little while they are walking with us, seeking to know whither we go, and whither we lead them, and why. Our account of the men-makers is not complete until we add birth and school and world,

the increasing element of deliberate cooperation in the man or woman we are seeking to make. In a little while they are young men and women, and then men and women, save for a fresher vigor, like ourselves. For us it comes at last to fellowship and resignation. For them it comes at last to responsibility, to freedom and to introspection and the searching of hearts. We must, if we are men-makers, as the first and immediate part of the business, correct and finish ourselves. The admitted offensiveness of nearly every reformer lies in the last resort in his self-forgetfulness, and the good New Republican must needs ask, and ask repeatedly: What have I done, and what am I doing with myself while I tamper with the lives of others? His self-examination will be no monstrous egotism of perfectibility, indeed, no virtuosity of virtue, no exquisite retreat and slinking "out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat." But he will seek perpetually to gauge his quality, and he will watch to see himself the master of his habits and of his powers; he will take his brain, blood, body and lineage as a trust to be administered for the world. To know all one can of oneself in relation to the world about one; to think out all one can; to take nothing for granted, except by reason of one's unavoidable limitations; to be swift, indeed, but not hasty; to be strong, but not violent; to be as watchful of oneself as it is given one to be, is the manifest duty of all who would subserve the New Republic. For the New Republican, as for his forerunner the Puritan, conscience and discipline must saturate life. He must be ruled by duties and a certain ritual in life. Every day and every week he must set aside time to read and to think, to commune with others and himself; he must be as jealous of his health and strength as the Levites of old. Can we in this generation make but a few hundreds of such men, men who are not afraid to live, men with a common faith and a common understanding, then indeed our work will be done. They will in their own time take this world as a sculptor takes his marble, and shape it better than all our dreams.

THE END.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

PART XVII.

LEWIS NIXON.

By CYRUS CAMPBELL WELLS.

HISTORIANS who shall have to deal with the naval aspect of our progress in the future will undoubtedly give due consideration to certain factors which are not at present sufficiently emphasized, and naturally, in conjunction therewith, will bring forward leading personalities who are, so far as the general public is concerned, comparatively unknown terms of the equation. "The man behind the gun," and the commanding authorities over him, have occupied the foreground of the battle-picture, to the temporary obscuring of those who might be rightly called "the men behind the commander."

If any schoolboy were asked the name of the commander or of any of the crew of the "Monitor," of grateful memory in Civil War fame, he might hesitate; but the name of Ericsson survives. On the other hand, if asked to name the commanders of

the wonderful battle-ships "Oregon," "Indiana," "Massachusetts," and others who took part in that memorable Battle of Santiago, or to give the details of that thrilling voyage of the battle-ship "Oregon" around the Horn from San Francisco to Cuba, when it was not known where the fleet of the enemy might strike, or that the floating battery itself might not be intercepted on its long voyage, he would not falter. At the same time, ask him the name of the man who, above all others, was directly responsible for the designing and building of these fighting leviathans of the sea, and, as thousands of intelligent men as well, he would hesitate through ignorance. Lewis

Nixon is the naval constructor whose efforts have been the chiefest instruments in giving our navy no less than fifteen battle-ships, cruisers, monitors and other craft for the defense of the flag on the high seas—a floating armament which has already made history, and has made our flag much more respected throughout the world.



LEWIS NIXON.

The late Joel Lewis Nixon, father of the captain of industry with whose career we have to deal, was a merchant, magistrate and patriot of Virginia, and colonel in the State militia. The son, Lewis, was born at the outbreak of the Civil War, and is therefore about forty-two years of age—very young to have made such a brilliant record, and to have been so instrumental in the building of a great navy. His preparatory education was received at the public schools of his native town, Leesburg; and at seventeen, through the in-

strumentality of General Eppa Hunton, at that time congressman, and later United States senator, from Virginia, young Mr. Nixon was appointed to a cadetship at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he stood first in his class during the following four years, and from which institution he was graduated, with highest honors, at the head of his class. The naval authorities at Washington became immediately interested in this promising young graduate, and sent him abroad to complete his course in naval architecture, engineering and ordnance—a course he was able to enjoy under exceptional privileges at the Royal Naval College

at Greenwich, probably the most thorough technical school in the world. From this institution he was graduated, at the age of twenty-one, with much credit to himself and the country and department which he represented, and while there he made extensive tours throughout the United Kingdom and continental countries, inspecting shipyards, and making special study of such subjects as armor-plate, gun-construction and coast-defenses, spending his summers in this way. Mr. Nixon was given the rank of lieutenant two years later, and, as a member of the construction corps of the navy, was assigned to duty at the Roach shipyards in Chester, Pennsylvania, where several United States vessels were then under construction. From that period the young officer became most intimately identified with the progress of the navy and the perfection of a system of national defense at sea.

More than thirty millions of dollars have been spent on the vessels of which Mr. Nixon has been the actual designer and builder, or at least associated with directly as inspector and chief adviser in construction. Among these, besides those named in the foregoing paragraph, are the cruisers "New York," "Baltimore," "Philadelphia," "Columbia," "Chattanooga" and "Minneapolis," the monitor "Florida," the gunboats "Yorktown" and "Annapolis," the famous dynamite-gunboat "Vesuvius," the torpedo-boats "O'Brien" and "Nicholson," and the original submarine torpedo-boat "Holland."

After completing his duties at Chester, Lieutenant Nixon was ordered back to Washington, where he was appointed assistant to the chief of the Bureau of Construction in the Navy Department, serving during this time on various survey and technical boards, having the affairs of the Navy Department under intimate advisement. When the Cramp Shipbuilding Company, of Philadelphia, undertook the reconstruction of the navy, Mr. Nixon was again made inspector of vessels at that plant, and later returned to Washington as assistant to the chief instructor, during which time he designed the battle-ships "Indiana," "Massachusetts" and "Oregon." In this capacity he continued his services for several years, sometimes at Washing-

ton, and sometimes at the navy-yard at Brooklyn.

After having performed so satisfactorily his duties to the Navy Department, a brilliant personal offer was presented to Mr. Nixon, and he resigned to become superintendent of construction at the Cramp shipyard, Philadelphia, remaining there for a period of five years. He then resigned his position as superintendent of construction of the Cramp Company, but was retained as consulting naval architect; and, having acquired a shipyard of his own at Elizabethport, New Jersey, under the name of the Crescent Shipyard, Mr. Nixon built every class of vessel for general or special service all over the world—merchant marine, naval, for sport, for service in the Arctic seas and under the equator. Here were built some of the finest private yachts afloat—the "Aztec," "Josephine," (the latter afterward being named the "Vixen," and being now the only cruising gunboat on the naval list of all the great yacht fleet bought at the time of the Spanish War), the "Freelance," "Columbia," "Dreamer," "Elreba," "Genesee" and others. Here were also built revenue cutters and torpedo-boats for the Government, two gunboats for the Government of Mexico, six torpedo-launches for Russia, and a great variety of smaller and minor craft—ferry-boats, side-wheel steamers, screw propellers and others. Placed in line, these, together with the Government craft with which he has had to do, would extend for many miles and comprise an immense fleet. When we consider Mr. Nixon's comparative youth, one is constrained to believe that the title, "Captain of Industry," was never more justly applied to any American.

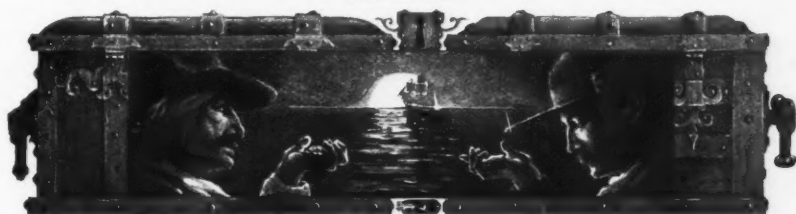
Early in 1902 the Crescent Shipyard was absorbed by the United States Shipbuilding Company, of which organization Mr. Nixon was made president, and which continues the work of constructing naval and merchant-marine vessels in all its branches. Aside from these corporate interests, Mr. Nixon has been instrumental in the promotion of several enterprises; such as, for instance, the International Smokeless Powder and Dynamite Company, now manufacturing the greater share of the powder for the army and navy of the United States, as well as for many foreign countries.

Mr. Nixon has even found time to take active part in politics, being a staunch Democrat, and, from November, 1900, until the summer of 1902, he was the leader of Tammany Hall, New York. While Mayor Van Wyck was at the head of municipal affairs in New York, Mr. Nixon was appointed president of the East River Bridge Commission, which body has under construction the new Williamsburg bridge and others to follow. He is now chairman of the Finance Committee, and a member of the Executive Committee, of the Democratic National Campaign Committee. He was one of the delegates to the last National Democratic Convention, and has been a delegate to all State conventions since living in New York, having become a member of Tammany Hall when stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, about 1886. He is also a member of the Board of Trade and Transportation; is chairman of the New York branch of the National Civic Federation; member of the Executive Committee of the National Civic Federation, of which Senator Hanna is chairman, and other representative bodies, which include

the Louisiana Purchase Commission, to which he was appointed by Governor Odell, and the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy, to which he was appointed by President Roosevelt. He is also a member of a score of clubs, including the Union, Democratic, Press, Strollers', New York Yacht, Atlantic Yacht and others in and near New York and Philadelphia, as well as the Metropolitan and the Army and Navy Clubs of Washington.

Mr. Nixon's ancestors came from Ireland about 1710, sailing from Innis Killern, Ireland, settling first in the Jerseys, and later in Virginia.

Personally, Mr. Nixon is held in the highest esteem by his multitude of friends, who number some of the foremost leaders in affairs military, political and social in America and abroad. He is a man of reticence, immense activity and personal magnetism—a forceful personality, characteristic of men of action rather than of many words—and, as a captain of industry, is, certainly, a most representative type of that distinguished American Academy of Immortals.



DIG DEEP.

BY ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE.

DIG deep, and tumble in the bones!
Dig in the sand whence the tide has fled;
Turn them over, the creaking dead—
Silent the skull, and still the groans—
Dig deep, and tumble in the bones.

Man was he once, and the sea-bar moans
The dirge for the death of a soul o' steel,
A soul that skippered a saucy keel,
A keel that weathered the hurrying zones—
Dig deep, and tumble in the bones.

Kings were twain on their tossing thrones,
Flaunting a flag skull-barred and black;
Woe to the merchant that crossed their track!
But one must die while one atones—
Dig deep, and tumble in the bones.

A guerdon of gold the deep disowns,
A sea-cave robbed of its glittering hoard,
Leaping dinghies to bring to board
What the ocean gives not, merely loans—
Dig deep, and tumble in the bones.

A landing at night where the ebb-tide drones,
A thrust, a curse, a yell of pain,
Bleaching corpse in wind and rain,
One man snatched from Davy Jones—
Dig deep, and tumble in the bones!

THE PAPAL CONCLAVE.

BY FREDERICK Z. ROOKER,

Bishop of Jaro.

CONCLAVE is the name given to the meeting, or assemblage, in which is effected the most wonderful election that ever takes place among men. This election is the most wonderful of all elections, because of its objects, which are to constitute some one man the ruling head of the largest organized society existing in the world; to make some one man the infallible, spiritual guide, who will be recognized and revered, by nearly three hundred millions of people, as the legitimate and authorized vicar on earth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Savior of Mankind; to place some one man in the most exalted position that can be occupied by a human being; to put upon the shoulders of some weak mortal a burden which even angels would tremble to bear; to add another to the unbroken line of pontiffs who have carried from the lifetime of Christ himself down to the present day, without a single corrupting change, the teachings of the Divine Master—those teachings which have lifted humanity out of a savage state, and made it something fair to behold. It is a wonderful election, because of the dignity of the electors, who are a small group of men whose virtues and whose merits have made them to stand out apart from the great mass of Catholics in all lands, and have raised them to the highest honor, after the papacy itself, which the Church can bestow on its children.

It is a wonderful election, because it is the only one in the world in which men of every nation and people under the sun are directly and intensely interested. It is a wonderful election, because of the solemnity with which it is conducted, and the means which are used to preserve the absolute freedom of choice, and to induce the voters to exercise their exalted privilege solely for the general good of the Christian world, and with a view to God's honor and glory alone.

To keep within the limits of one article I shall have to restrict myself to the nature

and procedure of the assemblage in which this election takes place, leaving untouched a great many side-questions which are of themselves intensely interesting.

The name "Conclave" belongs properly to the place rather than to the assemblage. It is the Sacred College of Cardinals which goes "into conclave" for the election of a pope; and the place is called "Conclave," because it is a portion of a building which is shut off from the rest, and entered only by the use of keys. In fact, for the election of a pope, the cardinals, who alone have the right to vote, and the few others who have the privilege of participating in the work of the election, are closed within narrow precincts, separated from the rest of the world, and actually kept under lock and key until they have elected a new bishop of Rome. The Conclave in this form, with all its details prescribed, dates only from the year 1274, when Gregory X., in the Council of Lyons, promulgated the rules which were to govern for the future the election of the Roman pontiff. Before this, however, the segregating of the cardinals, and keeping them in custody, as it were, during the election, had been practised, beginning as far back as the year 827, for the election of Gregory IV. After that, though no prescription law existed, the cardinals continued to shut themselves up during elections. It is curious to note that this custom was enforced by the people themselves, who, anxious for the speedy selection of a pontiff, placed themselves on guard, and prevented any one from coming out of the Conclave until a pope had been chosen.

The fifteen laws of Conclave, promulgated by Gregory X. in 1274, were the guide for conclaves until 1562, when Pius IV. confirmed them, and added twenty-nine other rules, which explained, and in some points modified, the prescriptions of Gregory. In 1621 Gregory XV. perfected still further the work of his predecessors by twenty new prescriptions and eight rules of

ceremony. Urban VIII. in 1625, and Clement XII. in 1732, turned their attention to the same matter, and added further provisions, and completed the legislation on the subject as it exists to-day.

To give the entire legislation in an article of this nature would be impossible, and a brief summary of the principal points will have to suffice. In the first place, the Conclave should be begun on the tenth day after the death of the preceding pontiff, the day of his death being counted as the first. This provision is made in order to give sufficient time for the funeral and burial of the deceased pope, and for the arrival of those cardinals who may not be present at the place of death. The time, however, may for just reasons be postponed or even anticipated, by the consent of the cardinals. It is decreed that the Conclave be held in the city and, if possible, in the palace in which the pope has died, but even this is not of strict obligation; and, when proper motives urge it, the cardinals may select some other place for the meeting.

The place having been determined, it is so arranged that each cardinal shall have his own separate room, which can be closed and locked, and that the entire portion of the house in which these rooms are situated may be closed and locked, separating it completely from the rest of the building. When the cardinals are thus shut in, no one may enter without the observance of very strict formalities, except those officials who are mentioned as having the right to take part in the Conclave. This does not mean that the cardinals can see absolutely no one from the outside during the election, for it is provided that certain persons may be admitted to visit them at certain hours and in the presence of witnesses. Neither is it true, as many suppose, that the cardinals are not permitted to see and converse with one another during the Conclave. They have full liberty to do so, and even to discuss among themselves the pending election. Indeed, on the first day of the Conclave, they are obliged to pay each other visits of formality, and may repeat their friendly calls as often as they see fit.

It is a popular but erroneous belief, also, that they are gradually starved until they effect an election. This belief does not accord with the actual legislation, though

it is not without some foundation; for it is true that, in the original laws of Gregory X., it is decreed that after three days they shall be supplied with only one course at each meal, and if the election is delayed after five more days, they shall be reduced to a diet of bread and water alone. In some cases the populace has interfered and has forced a protracted election to a termination by practically cutting off supplies altogether. But Clement VI. modified this legislation by simply recommending a modest frugality in the matter of food during the entire time of the election.

Within the precincts of the Conclave, is prepared a public chapel, with several altars, where the cardinals and other priests who participate in the Conclave may say their daily masses. This chapel is distinct from the one in which the voting for the pope takes place. The latter is a large chapel, with one altar; and about its sides are erected thrones, one for each cardinal. Each throne is provided with a canopy arranged by hinges and a cord, so that it may be lowered instantaneously. At each throne is a small writing-table, so that the cardinal may prepare his ballot, and keep tally of the voting when the count is announced. Most of the conclaves of late centuries have been held in the Quirinal Palace in Rome; but that having been seized and occupied by the King of Italy in 1870, the Conclave in which Leo XIII. was elected, in 1878, was held in the Vatican, where also the last one was held. A part of the palace is shut off as has been described, and the voting takes place in the famous Sistine Chapel.

To understand better the nature and procedure of a conclave, it will be well to note that, at the death of a pope, the Sacred College of Cardinals becomes the head of the Church as a body, and each cardinal is equal to every other in dignity and power. In order, however, that necessary business may be more easily and more quickly expedited, the attention to details is confided to a commission, consisting of the Cardinal Chamberlain of the Church, and one from each of the three orders of cardinals—the cardinal bishops, cardinal priests and cardinal deacons. While the Cardinal Chamberlain retains his office as head of this commission during the entire vacancy of the Holy See, the other three members change

every three days, their offices being filled by turn in order of seniority. This commission may expedite business, with the provision that it reports its work daily to the entire assemblage of cardinals, just as during the life of a pontiff, commissions, or congregations of cardinals, must report their work periodically to him.

Strictly, the members of the Conclave are the cardinals all and only. Every cardinal living, no matter what his condition, even though he may have incurred some ecclesiastical censure, has full right to be present and to vote. Each cardinal may bring with him two conclavists—one an ecclesiastic, and the other a layman. These act as his secretaries and aids. Besides these it is provided that there shall be admitted a sacristan, two masters of ceremonies, a confessor, two physicians, one surgeon, and a limited number of workmen and servants to attend to whatever necessities may arise on the part of the assemblage as a whole. The whole Conclave is under the custody of the living prince of the Chigi family, who is marshal, by tradition, of the Conclave.

On the ninth day after the death of a pope, counting the day of his death, at whatever hour he may have died, as the first, the last funeral services are held in the morning, and the body is laid for its temporary rest in a tomb in the canons' chapel in St. Peter's basilica. Here it reposes for one year, when it is removed to its final resting-place, which in the present instance is a handsome though simple tomb, already prepared under the direction of Leo XIII., in the church of St. John Lateran.

On the morning of the tenth day a solemn mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated by the Cardinal Dean of the College, who in the present case happened to be Cardinal Oreglia, the Chamberlain, invoking the special aid of the Third Person of the Trinity for the momentous election about to take place. Toward the end of the afternoon of the same tenth day the cardinals—all who have been able to reach Rome—convene at the Vatican, and draw lots for their rooms, and establish themselves in their quarters. Then they repair to the Sistine Chapel, where the object of their meeting is announced to them, and the rules and regulations governing the Conclave are read to them, and all details ex-

plained, and each takes the oath of fidelity. Leaving the chapel, the cardinals return to their apartments, and receive a number of formal visits from the officials of the Conclave, and from such outsiders as are privileged to see them for the last time before the doors are closed. At an hour and a half after the angelus, a bell is rung before the door of each cardinal's room to warn all visitors that the time for leaving is approaching. This is repeated after another half-hour, and again after another hour; this last time the warning being given in words that all who do not belong in the Conclave must depart. Then the Cardinal Chamberlain, with the three cardinals who constitute with him the governing commission, visit all the interior parts of the Conclave, including the room of each cardinal, to see that the cardinals only are there, and formally close the Conclave. Meanwhile, the majordomo visits the exterior, and locks all approaches to the Conclave. The next morning, at eight o'clock, a master of ceremonies goes through the Conclave, and calls the cardinals to their first meeting in the Sistine Chapel. There they convene; and the Cardinal Dean celebrates mass, and all the cardinals receive holy communion from his hand.

After this mass they return to their quarters for breakfast, and then go back to the Sistine Chapel for the first voting. On the top step of the altar is a chair, which is to be occupied by the one who may be elected pope. On a table is placed a box containing little balls of wood, on each of which is written the name of a cardinal. These balls at the beginning of each voting are mixed together, and the cardinal dean draws out three, which decide who are to be the tellers for that voting; and, in case there be any cardinals too ill to leave their rooms, and be present in the chapel, he draws three more, selecting in this manner the three cardinals who are to go to such absent ones and receive their ballots. This is only done with such cardinals as may be ill within the Conclave itself, not with such as may be at their own homes in a state of sickness, for no votes can be given outside the Conclave. Besides the table given to each cardinal at his throne, there are six, prepared in the middle of the chapel, for the use of any who

may arrive after the Conclave has begun, or for any cardinal who may fear that his neighbor might see him prepare his ballot, and prefers to do so at a distance from all observers. A large chalice is prepared, into which, standing on the altar, the ballots are to be placed.

When the cardinals are all assembled, every one else is excluded from the chapel, and the doors are closed and locked. The *Veni Creator* is then intoned and sung, and the prayer, invoking the assistance and guidance of the Holy Ghost, is recited, and the ballot begins. The tellers take their places at the altar, and each cardinal prepares his ballot at his little table. He has an oblong sheet of paper for this purpose, and at the top of it he writes his own name for final identification of his vote, should it become necessary. This he folds over, so that it is concealed, and seals it with a fictitious seal which cannot be recognized as his own. Then he writes the name of his candidate, and again folds it over, concealing it and sealing it again. On the outside he writes a fictitious motto. When the ballots are thus prepared, the voting begins with the dean of the College, and passes through the body by seniority. Each cardinal leaves his throne, and, holding his ballot aloft in plain sight of all, proceeds to the altar, where he repeats aloud the oath, swearing that he is about to cast his vote freely, yielding to no human influence whatever, for the one whom he believes, in conscience and before God, to be most worthy and best fitted to rule the Church. He then deposits his vote in the chalice, and returns to his place. Meanwhile, if there be any cardinals detained by illness in their rooms, the three cardinals, selected by lot for this purpose, go to those rooms, carrying a locked box with perforated sides, so that the contents may be plainly seen, and in turn receive the vote of each cardinal thus ill, after he has taken the same oath. Returning, the box is opened by the tellers, and the ballots placed with the others in the chalice. The tellers next count all the ballots, to see if their number corresponds with the number of cardinals in conclave. Then they break the outside seal on each ballot, and read aloud the motto inscribed on it, and the name of the candidate voted for.

Each vote is scheduled as it is read, not only by the tellers, but by each cardinal in his place. When all have been read, the count is made, to see whether any one has received the necessary two-thirds of the votes cast. As each ballot is read, it is strung on a file. Should any candidate receive the necessary two-thirds, he is elected, and the proceedings are at an end unless he should have exactly two-thirds, with none over. In this case, the second seal of every ballot is broken, disclosing the name of the voter, to see whether any cardinal has voted for himself. If any should have done so, the election is invalid; for it is plain that his one vote has completed the required majority, and he has practically elected himself.

If no one has received the necessary majority, before dissolving, a supplementary ballot is taken, which is called an "accession." Each cardinal prepares a new ballot as before; but, instead of using the formula "I elect," he writes: "I accede to," and if he wishes then and there to change his vote, names his new choice. If he does not wish to change his vote, after the words "I accede to" he writes "neminem"—"no one." In this accession the cardinals are restricted in their choice to the names which have been voted for in the first ballot. These new votes are deposited as before, and counted in the same manner, the number of votes each candidate acquires in this way being added to the number received in the original ballot. If by such accession one candidate receives the necessary two-thirds, he is declared elected, with the same reservation as before as to the possibility of his having voted for himself. In the operation of this "accession," by a promiscuous changing of choice, it is plain that it is possible that in the summing of the first ballots with those of the accession, more than one might receive two-thirds of the votes. In that case, there is no choice, and the voting for that session is finished without election. If neither the ballot nor the accession results in the election of a pope, the session closes, all the ballots are burned in such manner that the smoke exudes to the outside air, and the news is thus at once given to the world that no choice has been made.

Then the cardinals leave the chapel,

return to their quarters, and wait for the afternoon session which is held at a convenient hour after the cardinals have eaten their midday meal and have rested. The afternoon session is conducted in the same manner, and this is kept up morning and afternoon until a result is obtained. Should a foreign cardinal arrive after the Conclave has begun, and before a choice has been made, he gives notice of his presence, and, on the following day after the morning session, if no election has resulted, he is admitted, with proper formalities, and takes his place in the Conclave, continuing afterward to exercise equal rights with the others.

As soon as an election has been secured, a bell is rung, the doors of the chapel are unlocked, and two masters of ceremony, the sacristan and the secretary of the Sacred College enter the chapel. These, with the Cardinals Dean and Chamberlain and the three representatives of the orders of bishops, priests and deacons, present themselves before the newly elected Pope, and the Cardinal Dean asks him if he accepts the choice. On his replying affirmatively, all the other cardinals cause their canopies to fall, so that the canopy of the new Pope shall be the only one raised, thus distinguishing his throne from the others. Then the Cardinal Dean asks the Pope-elect by what name he will be called. His reply being received, the two senior cardinal deacons escort him to the sacristy, where he dons the white clothing of a pope, and returns to the chapel, and takes his seat on the chair which has been standing vacant on the top step of the altar. There he receives the reverence of each cardinal in turn; and when the Cardinal Chamberlain comes to him, he hands him the new "Fisherman's Ring," the one used by his predecessor having been destroyed after his death. This ring, or seal, is the same as the former one, except that the circle in which the name of the pontiff is engraved is left vacant, so that the new name may be inserted.

As soon as all the cardinals have ren-

dered their homage to the new Pope, the first and second cardinal deacons proceed to the balcony of St. Peter's basilica, and there, while the first cardinal deacon stands holding aloft the cross, the second announces to the people the election of the new pontiff, saying: "I announce to you a great joy; we have as Pope the Most Eminent and Most Reverend Lord — (name as cardinal), who has called himself — (name as Pope)." Meanwhile, the doors of the chapel are opened, and the others who have assisted at the Conclave are admitted to give homage to the Pope, as are many distinguished persons who may be in waiting.

The Conclave is over. The cardinals disperse, some going at once to their own homes in the city or to the places where they may be staying, some, if it be evening, remaining the night in the quarters they have occupied during the Conclave. The Church has its new head, and all proceeds as before. There follow the notifications to absent cardinals and to the sovereigns of the world, which are signed and sent on their way by the new Pope. Then, at an appointed day, comes the coronation of the Pope in St. Peter's, but he is Pope with all the power and privileges of the papacy from the moment he accepts his election.

Many details of ceremony have been omitted in this description, and only the essential procedure has been given. But from what has been written, a fair and, I hope, a clear idea may be gained of the solemnity and of the precision of the method of electing the head of the Church. It was no exaggeration to say at the beginning that it is the most wonderful election in the world. From this description it is clear that to guess beforehand who is likely to be elected Pope by any conclave is next to ridiculous. All care is taken to exclude purely human motives, and Catholics believe that it is the Holy Ghost, who, by special Providence, directs the proceedings to the result which best conforms to the Divine Will.



THE ART OF ENTERTAINING.

THE SIXTH OF THE SERIES "HOW TO ADMINISTER A HOUSEHOLD."

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

THE art of entertaining—most subtle and indescribable, least easily acquired of all the arts!

We may appreciate, and appropriate to ourselves, its manifestations; but it is too intangible and evasive to reduce to cold terms or mathematical directions. There are no well-defined rules covering the whole ground of good hostship. It comes to its possessor as unsought and unasked as Diana's kiss, and is as inborn a quality as charm.

The great entertainers of this world have ever been soul-jugglers, dispensers of the fire that really warms, and the bread that really feeds. "We pain ourselves to please nobody," is the Emersonian cry of the self-made entertainer the world over; but the born host gazes at their painful efforts in astonishment, and exclaims in the same sage-like tongue: "There are natural ways of arriving at the ends at which these aim, but do not arrive."

He understands that a guest is really entertained the most when the attempt to add to his comfort and happiness is least perceptible, and that the whole secret of the art lies in making no palpable effort toward its accomplishment. A guest should feel that he is what De Tocqueville described the American girl in her father's house as being—"the free-est thing on earth." The hospitality extended to him should be fetterless. A house-party, with a fore-ordained, cut-and-dried program of pleasures, is one of the most depressing forms of amusement ever invented. The conscientious host must hang upon the lintels of his door-post the homely proverb: "What's one man's meat is another man's poison." He should also hold converse with himself occasionally, and murmur in humbleness of spirit: "Who am I that I should venture to select all of my friend's pleasures?"

No guest cares to have his amusements scheduled for days ahead, any more than he would care to inspect the week's menu.

There is but one thing that eternally fascinates the human heart, and gives the salt to existence—the unexpected. Divest life of its uncertainty, the element of chance, and it becomes as unleavened bread—flat and savorless.

Is there any guest whose heart does not sink with apprehension when his hostess smilingly informs him that "a charming little program" has been arranged for his stay, and then proceeds to run over a list of amusements especially abhorrent to his soul? He smiles wryly in return; and, if he be sufficient of a philosopher, assures himself that "it is all in a lifetime," and cannot last forever, and that he is going back to town Monday morning—thank heaven!

There are those who insist that the real secret of the art of entertaining lies in rendering accessible to the guest every possible form of comfort and enjoyment, and then leaving him to his own devices—giving him the freedom of choice, as it were. This would seem eminently logical, as it is but a copy of the scheme on which creation was founded; and, to follow it to its ultimate conclusions, in all historical or legendary lore is there any record of a bidden guest extracting half the pleasure from a visit that some unbidden ones have managed to secure?

Take Beauty (although she happened to have been properly invited) when she found herself a guest in the Beast's house, free to roam whither she would, the delights of the palace and garden all hers, to explore unhindered; and the Beast, with that admirable sensibility and tact which made him the most agreeable fairy prince in the world, quietly effacing himself, playing the trump-card of mystery to pique a woman's curiosity, and thus winning the game.

The same awesome joy was experienced by Goldilocks when she visited the luxurious home of the Three Bears, and tested their beds, chairs and porridge, ere their untimely return.

It was also known by Jack in his various

pilgrimages to the home of the Ogre on the summit of the bean-stalk—all of which goes to prove that the majority of guests are overentertained.

Thackeray understood this, and spoke his opinion, when he wrote that deadly satire, "A Little Dinner at Timmins's." In descanting on dinner-giving snobs, he describes, with faithful art, a painful scene in which we have all participated: "The hostess is smiling resolutely through the courses, smiling through her agony, though her heart is in the kitchen, and she is speculating with terror lest there be any disaster there. If the soufflé should collapse, or if Wiggins does not send the ices in time, she feels as if she would commit suicide—that smiling, jolly hostess."

It is at such moments that we dumbly and dully comprehend what Lilian Whiting has so pertinently expressed, that "the responsibility of a hostess is far less for the warming, lighting and feeding of her guests than it is for the personal happiness of every one who crosses her threshold. A woman may refrain from inviting whom she pleases; but, having once bidden any person beneath her roof, she becomes personally responsible for his or her happiness while there."

So rare is this art of entertaining seen in its most perfect expression that the names of those who have successfully practised it have become the bywords of the centuries. There were a number of ladies in ancient Greece who, although somewhat disdainful of the conventions, were yet thorough mistresses of the subtleties and amenities of the art of the salon. This was later carried to perfection by the grandes dames of France, when the height of stately, dignified and yet spontaneous intercourse between men and women was reached. They had not then learned to depend wholly upon food and especially provided amusement for their entertainment. The dinners at that period were subservient to the conversation. At those famous gatherings, when all Paris was collected within the poor lodgings of that crippled jester, Monsieur l'Abbé Scarron, and his wife, later to be known as Madame de Maintenon, the salad would frequently prove inadequate to the number of guests. Then, without embarrassment, Scarron would turn to her for whom he

predicted immortality, and murmur: "There is not enough supper, Madame. Tell another story."

But the very fame of these hostesses bespeaks their rarity. They need no signposts to instruct them in the art of entertaining. It is the woman who possesses no especial intuitions who is in need of all the encouragement one can give her.

The Sunday newspapers and the magazines which are devoted to subjects supposed to be of especial interest to women contain countless descriptions of novel methods of entertainment, and these are often seized upon and improved by the woman of cleverness and resource; but for the inexperienced hostess it is an excellent plan to adhere rather strictly to the established customs of entertaining. Society happens to be a very ancient institution, with traditions which are not to be lightly overlooked and which, in most cases, have excellent reasons for being.

The very young are usually the only ones who welcome any extreme innovation in entertaining. The more mature, accustomed to the prescribed forms, are apt to grow sulky if hustled about from table to table at a progressive dinner, or if suddenly confronted with some new game whose intricacies they do not readily grasp. Take, then, the woman of moderate means, in whose breast the flame of hospitality burns, and who is anxious to show some appreciation of the social kindnesses she has received. We will picture her in her prettily furnished home or apartment, with her visiting-list spread before her, and a puzzled frown puckering her brow.

Mentally she runs over the ordinary category of entertainments—luncheons, "at homes," evening receptions, dinners, dances, and their various combinations. Now, of course, she could dispose of the whole question by simply sending out cards for an "at home." It would be crowded and uncomfortable, but it would serve its purpose in repaying her social dues.

But this particular hostess is really hospitable. She takes a genuine pleasure in having her friends about her, and, consequently, she decides to pay them the compliment of inviting them to dine with her. Owing to the size of her home, and her

facilities for entertaining, there will have to be a series of dinners, each one embracing a somewhat limited number of guests. She cheers visibly as she remembers the old saying that a dinner should never include a greater number of guests than the Muses nor a less number than the Graces.

The hostess next proceeds to decide upon which of the guests upon the list shall be invited to the initial dinner. She observes that among the names are a number of the "Deadly Borehams"—and decides that she will invite but a few of them at a time, and be at great pains to sandwich them between the cleverest and most amusing people of her acquaintance. Being a methodical individual, she draws up a little plat of her table, and bends her mind to the arrangement of her guests. Here is an exceptionally bright and talkative woman. She will place her beside a monosyllabic man who dislikes the exertion of talking, but is delighted to be entertained. Here is a woman whose conversational repertoire consists of her maladies, her children and her servants. Her proper niche is, of course, a problem; but, fortunately, the hostess finds on her list a complacent man, who interests himself with his food, and would regard such prattle as womanly.

The guest of honor, if a man, she places at her right; if a woman, at the right hand of the host.

She next devotes her attention to the dinner. This is an inexperienced hostess, remember, far from being an "old hand." She is nevertheless aware that, if one undertakes to give a dinner at all, the one important thing is the dinner per se.

Now, although she may have eaten many dinners, still, when it comes to the important detail of knives, forks, spoons, wine-glasses, et cetera, her memory is apt to play her false. In that case, she has but to turn to any good cookery-book, which will give her a list of appropriate menus and all the details of service.

This hostess wisely resolves not to attempt anything too elaborate, but to confine herself to the simpler menu; but she desperately determines that, so far as lies in her power, the food shall be faultlessly cooked and faultlessly served.

At last the night of the dinner arrives. Surely anything on which she has be-

stowed so much thought and attention can not fail, but, nevertheless, she solemnly counsels herself as she gives the final touches to her dainty dinner-gown before the mirror. "Remember," she says, warningly, to her image in the glass, "remember that no one cares a straw for your opinions or achievements. Avoid too much 'I.'"

Then she goes down to meet her guests, genuinely glad to see them, and showing it in voice and manner.

Presently dinner is served. The dining-room, glowing with softly shaded lights, is a picture. As the season is early fall, the table has been made lovely with daisies wrought into flat "Louis Quatorze" garlands, laid inside of the covers. The garlands are massed thickly in the center, and taper slowly toward the end, where they are tied with bows of yellow ribbon. Four of these garlands are laid about the table. At each cover there are single candlesticks, whose candles shed their light through daisy shades.

Two maids in white serve noiselessly and swiftly. The hostess learns a lesson in life, as well as in the art of entertaining—that the success of any undertaking lies in the amount of attention bestowed on the details.

The pleasure of guests is always greatly increased by the appearance of the table; and, although many luncheon- and dinner-tables unfortunately resemble a counter at a fancy bazaar, there is still a wide scope for original effects.

Among these was one recently utilized for a luncheon. A rope of heavy-headed pink clovers, whose stems were plaited together, was laid about a round table. In the center was a bowl of the same pink clovers, mingled with wayside grasses; while over it hovered three or four bumblebees, poised on invisible wires. The whole effect was charmingly "al fresco."

At a breakfast in August, given by a grave jurist to a number of reverend gentlemen, the table was adorned with the imperial wayside thistle, which stood stiff and stately in tall bowls, with the bronze and green of oak-leaves drooping about it; and from antique jars the goldenrod, like King Midas, bowed beneath its weight of gold.

In this day and hour of the world's history a hostess who would achieve distinction in her profession, and be a leader in the social world—which is one of the most exacting and arduous of the professions—must be original. She must occasionally startle and dazzle the onlookers by entertaining her guests in so novel a manner that all the world wonders.

We too often make the mistake of imitating each other's entertainments, and thus the flavor of individuality is gone from them. "Why," occasionally murmurs the tired soul to the weary body, "why are we expected to go through the same monotonous round of pleasures, and eat the same unvaried supper exactly at midnight?"

One appreciates the spirit of Emerson when he raised his immortal protest: "Why should all give dollars? Farmers will give corn. Poets will sing. Women will sew. Laborers will lend a hand. The children will bring flowers."

Why not apply this same irrefutable logic to social ethics? Let a hostess cease to be slavishly imitative. She will immediately achieve success if she but follow the line of her own talents. One of the most charming affairs which lingers in my memory is a garden-party. The hostess was a woman of marked artistic and musical ability, and, although her grounds were far from extensive, yet, with the skill of a true landscape-gardener, she had transported from the wild-wood young trees and shrubs, which were so skilfully disposed that sunlit spaces intermingled with shadowy dells, producing an effect of breadth and distance. Through the shrubbery could be seen the light and delicate gowns of women. Cakes, sandwiches, tea, cold beverages and ices were served during the afternoon.

The hostess, having an exquisite musical gift, had a number of her own songs sung at intervals by a young woman with a delicious voice who rendered "rag-time" melodies as delightfully as the more tender ballads.

It was a dainty, graceful memory-picture that we carried away with us; for the lady whose hospitality had enchanted us had

not given "dollars," but her time, her thought, her gift—all that she had to bestow, in fact. She had paid her guests the subtle compliment of affording them a private recital of the songs which were later to be whistled and sung throughout the country.

Another woman, who is a gifted artist, gave a series of luncheons last winter, and from each name-card smiled an exquisitely painted miniature of the guest whose place it marked, painted from a secretly procured photograph. While one gasped in admiration and delight at this possession, a closer examination revealed a second card beneath, held to the first by a bit of ribbon. Upon it was limned a clever and daring pen-and-ink caricature of the same features, and in this way laughter and admiration were indistinguishably mingled.

The objection may be made, however, that these were exceptionally accomplished women. True; but every one has some gift, some talent too long kept in its unfolding napkin.

One of the most charming of hostesses is a woman exceptionally plain in appearance, without specific accomplishments, but who yet possesses the marvelous art of bringing only the most congenial souls together, and drawing the best that is in them to the surface. It is unnecessary to say that regrets to her invitations are almost unknown documents. The invited guest will arise from a couch of pain, and hobble somehow to her sheltering roof, to feel again that delightful glow of self-appreciation, of pleased surprise at his own conversational powers. How forceful are his opinions, how weighty his views, when aired within her charmed circle!

So, after all due discussion and pondering of the subject, we must come back to the original premise, the same conclusion with which we started, that a host or hostess, like a painter, poet or musician, is born, not made. Lacking the natural aptitude, one may be trained in the art, and in time become a capable entertainer; but his efforts will forever lack that spontaneity, that soaring audacity of genius which loves and rejoices in the work of its hands.

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